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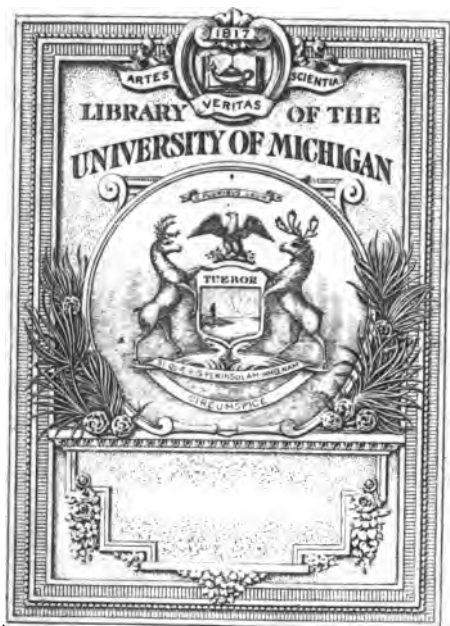
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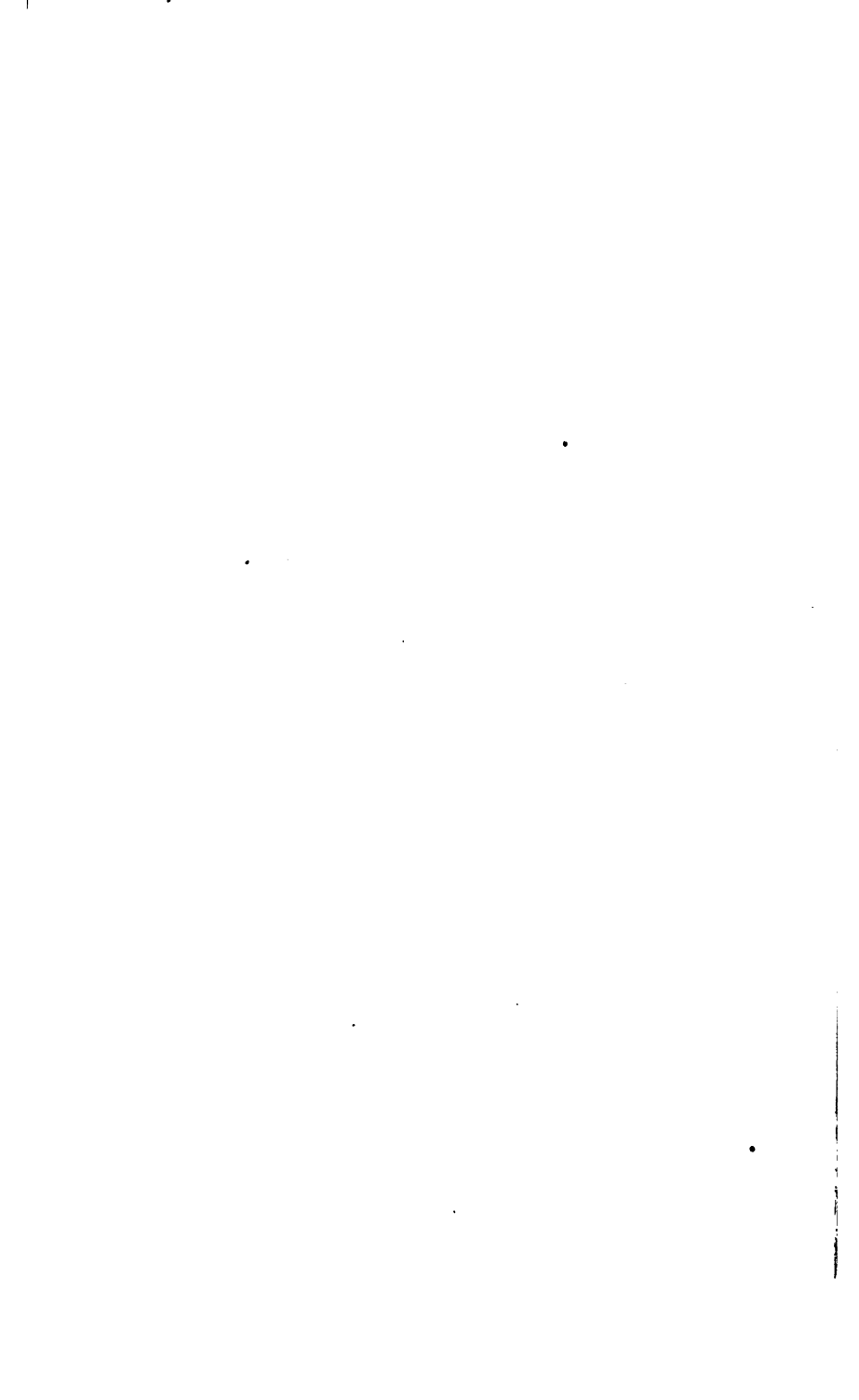
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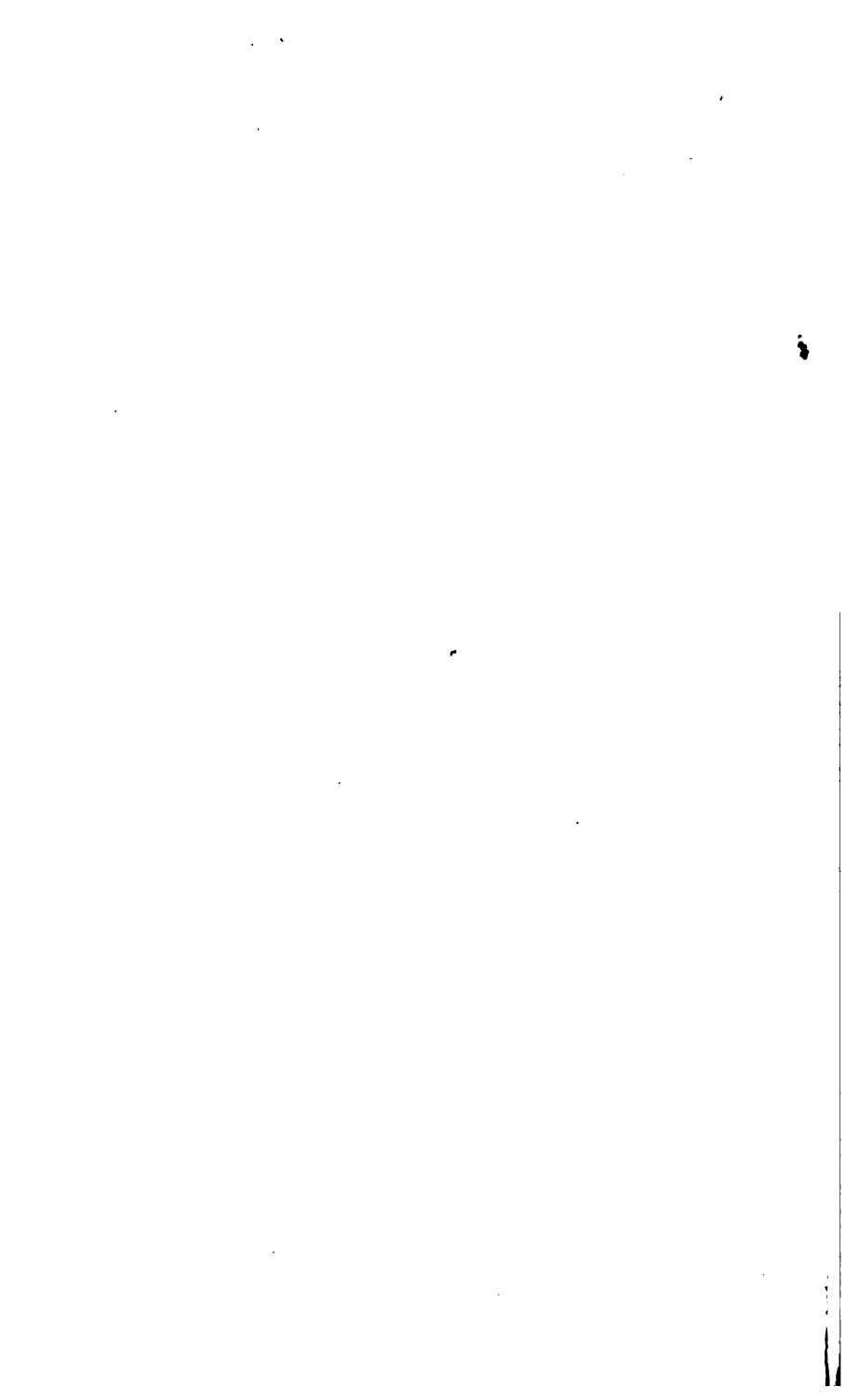


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C O M E D I E S

OF

Tit. Marcus
P L A U T U S,

TRANSLATED INTO

FAMILIAR BLANK VERSE,

By the Gentleman who translated THE CAPTIVES.

ASPICE, PLAUTUS

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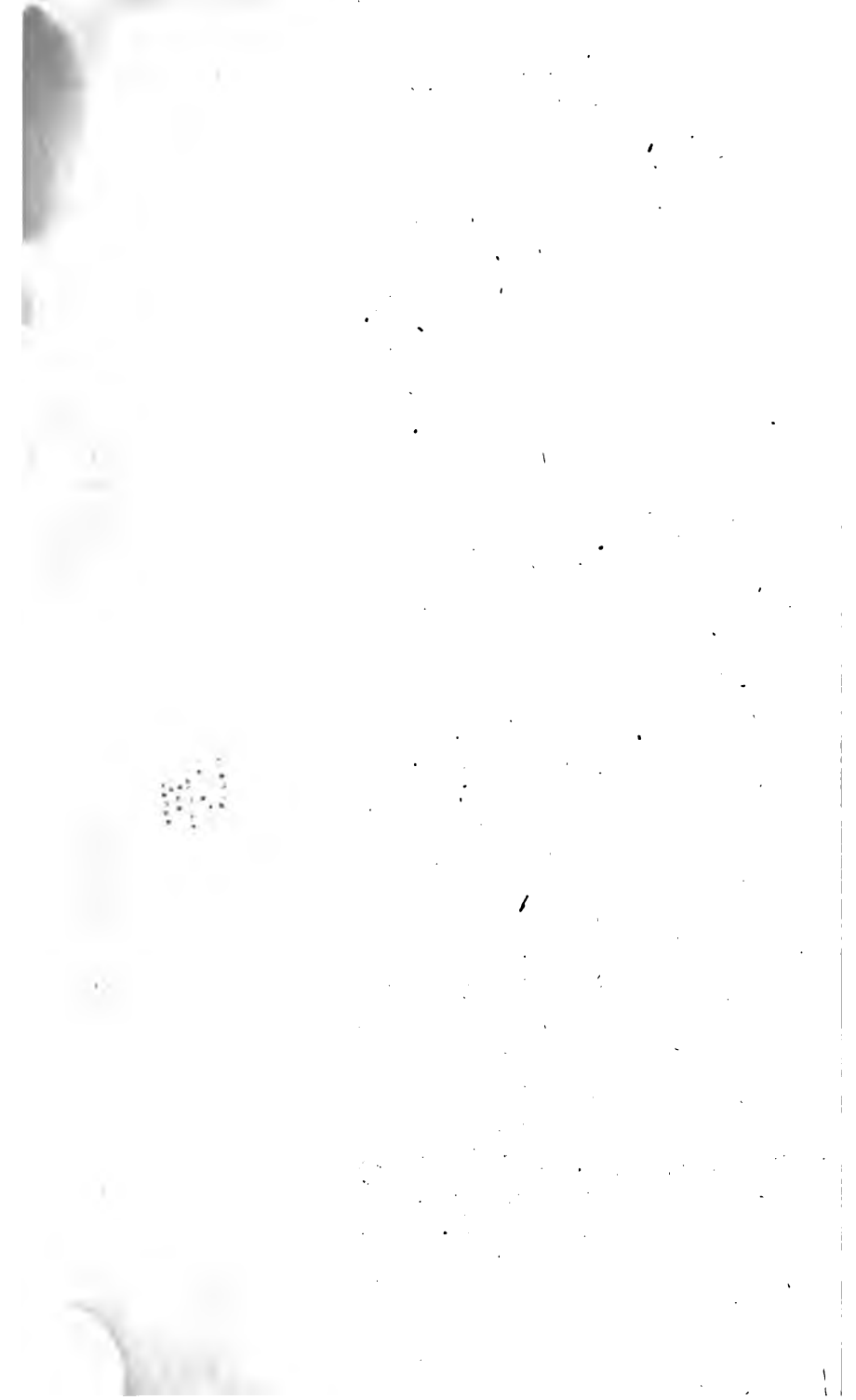
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VOLUME THE FOURTH.

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MCCCLXXII.



vol. IV

CONJUGAL FIDELITY.

(Stichus)

Cistellaria - The castle
Circulo - The Parasite
Fruentius - the husband
Cornelius - the Carthaginian.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

ANTIPHO, *an Athenian.*

EPIGNOMUS, *Husband of PANÉGYRIS.*

PAMPHILIPPUS, *Husband of PINACIUM.*

STICHUS, *Servant to EPIGNOMUS and PANÉGYRIS.*

SAGARINUS, *Servant to PAMPHILIPPUS and
PINACIUM.*

DINACIUM, *a Boy, Servant to EPIGNOMUS and
PANÉGYRIS.*

GELASIMUS, *a Parasite.*

PANÉGYRIS, *Daughter of ANTIPHO, and Wife of
EPIGNOMUS.*

PINACIUM, *Daughter of ANTIPHO, and Wife of
PAMPHILIPPUS.*

CROCOTIUM, *a Maid-servant of PANÉGYRIS and
EPIGNOMUS.*

STEPHANIUM, *a Maid-servant of PINACIUM and
PAMPHILIPPUS.*

SCENE, ATHENS.

* CONJUGAL FIDELITY.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

Enter PANÉGYRIS and PINACIUM.

PANÉGYRIS.

PENELOPE, I think, was from her soul
Unhappy, sister, to have liv'd so long
Barr'd from her husband's love, a widow'd life.

Her

* *Plautus* has called this comedy *STICHUS*, the name of a slave, who is a principal character in it. But as the subject is the affection of *Panëgyris* and *Pinacium* for their absent husbands, and their determination to persist in their constancy towards them, notwithstanding their supposed death, we have given it the name of CONJUGAL FIDELITY.

This comedy, like many other of our author's, has no Prologue.

V. 3. — *a widow'd life.*] The original is *vidua*, which meant not only those wives whose husbands were dead, but who were separated by absence, divorce, or otherwise.

Plautus in other passages uses it in the same sense.

Præter hæc si mihi tale post hunc diem

Faxis, faxo foris vidua visas patrem.

Menæchmi, Act I. Scene II. V. 3.

From this day forward, if you use me thus,
I'll turn you out of doors, and send you back
A widow to your father——

4 CONJUGAL FIDELITY.

Her sense of this, we judge of from our own,
Whose husbands are away ; for whose affairs, 5
We, as we ought, are anxious day and night.

PIN. 'Tis fit we do our duty ; and in that
We do no other than affection dictates.
But this way, sister—I have much to say,
Relating to my husband—

PAN. Things go well, 10
I hope, my dear?—

PIN. I hope so too, and wish it.
But I am vex'd, my sister, that your father,
My father too, as just a man esteem'd
As any in the city, should now act
So false a part ; injure our absent husbands 15
So much ; and that without a fault of theirs ;
Draw our affections from them too—These things
Weary my life, are worse than age and troubles.

PAN. Weep not, my sister ; nor, in thought do that
Your father threatens—We'll hope better from him. 20
I know him ; know, he only says these things

Again—

—*Nunquam ego hanc viduam cubari sivi.*

Cissellaria, Act I. Scene I. V. 46.

—I ne'er suffer

The girl to lie in widow'd sheets—

Thus also *Seneca*.

Decem per annos vidua respiciam virum.

Agamemnon, Act II. Scene I. V. 156.

After ten years of widowhood, shall I

Again behold my husband—

Virgins too, in the same state were called *viduæ*, widows.

Ante morantur virgines viduæ domi,

Patrique Orestes similis—

Ibid. V. 195.

What ! wait for thee at home thy widow'd virgins,

Orestes too, the image of his father !

In

In jest; nor would he for the wealth of *Perfia*,
Dug from their mountains, said to be of gold,
Confirm your fears by facts—Nay, should he do so,
It would but ill become us to be angry: 25
Much may be said, nor, without reason said;
For 'tis the third year of our husband's absence.

PIN. 'Tis as you say.—

PAN. And yet, whether alive,
In health, or where, or what about, (if ought
They are about) they make not us partakers, 30
Nor yet return—

PIN. Grieve you, that they neglect
Their duty, sister; when you do your own?

PAN. I do.—

PIN. Be dumb! nor let me hear from you
That sentiment again—

PAN. And wherefore, say?

PIN. 'Tis my opinion, sister, that the wife 35
Study their duty, and then practise it—
So, tho' my elder, I presume to advise
That you forget not yours—Say, they're unjust,
Nor treat us as they ought, let us remember
The duty we owe them, nor more expose 40
Our weakness to their strength.—

V, 22. — *the wealth of Persia, dug from their mountains*—] Whatever talk there might be in the time of *Plautus* of the golden mountains of *Perfia*, we hear nothing of them now. The *Perfians* indeed, have been remarked even to a proverb for their riches and grandeur; but those riches were obtained by other means, and not out of their mountains; for it is not certain at this very day, that there are in *Perfia* gold or silver mines of any note.

V. 35. — *that the wife*] These sentiments of *Pinacium* are not unworthy the greatest philosophers of antiquity. And what she here says, is well worthy the observation of the best of the sex.

6. CONJUGAL FIDELITY.

PAN. 'Tis right: I've done.

PIN. Take heed then to remember it.

PAN. I would not
Be deem'd unmindful of my husband, sister,
Nor shall he lose the favours he bestow'd:—
By *Pollux*! no—His kindness is my joy, 45
And well am I contented with my lot;
Nor do I seek e'en now to change my state.
But after all, 'tis in our father's power:
And well we know, parents must be obey'd.

PIN. I know it, and that knowledge aids my
sorrow; 50

For he already has declar'd his sentiments.

PAN. Then think we what remains for us to do.

S C E N E II.

Enter ANTIPHIO, [speaking to his servants within.]

ANT. That servant, let me tell you, is no good one,
Who waits till he has orders from his master;
Nor of his own accord will do his business.
Each month as it returns, you can remember
To ask for your allotment of provisions; 5

V. 48. *—'tis in our father's power.*] *Limiers* informs us that, by the law of the twelve tables, women were under perpetual tutelage or guardianship: nor did even marriage exempt them from parental authority, unless they had been emancipated, or set at liberty before. And it is also observable, that the *Grecians* exercised great authority in disposing of their daughters in marriage; by which means, they became in their new state, more subject to the yoke of obedience.

V. 4. *Each month as it returns, &c.*] As the *Gracians* had no kalends, (whence the proverb *ad Græcas calendas*: as we say, to-morrow come never) *Plautus* here adopts the *Roman* custom, which

was

ACT I. SCENE II.

And why not think of what is to be done
About the house?—If then, at my return,
I find not each part of the furniture
Put in its proper place, I shall rub up
Your memories with the advertisement 10
Of a bull's pizzle—One would almost think,
Not men, but swine liv'd with me in the house.
See it be clean at my return; for I
Shall soon be back; I go but just to see
My eldest daughter; and, if I am wanted, 15
Call me from thence; or wait for my return,
Which will be very soon.

PIN. Say, if our father
Should set himself against our resolution,
What, sister, would you do? 68

PAN. What do? submit.
His power's the strongest. 69 20

ANT. [*apart.*] Say, they choose their state,
To remain here, rather than elsewhere marry? 80

was to distribute to their Daughters their allowance on the kalends,
that is, the first day of every month: and this allowance was
usually a measure of corn, containing, (according to *Donatus*,
in his commentary on the following passage in *Terence*, which
may serve to illustrate this) as is commonly supposed, four bushels.
And this is what *Plautus* means by *demenso cibum*, their allot-
ment of provisions, as we have translated it.

*Quod ille unciatim vix de demenso suo,
Suum defraudans genium, comparat miser,
Id illa universum abripit.*

Phormio, Act I. Scene I. V. 9.

What he scarce, ounce by ounce, by short allowance,
Sorely defrauding his own appetite,
Had spar'd, poor wretch, shall she sweep all at once—

COLMAN.

Whence the etymology may possibly be from *mensis*, a month.

V. 21. —[*say, they choose their state,*] There is in this speech of
Antipho something whimsical and unconnected; not unlike the
discourse

8 CONJUGAL FIDELITY.

Why not? Is it for me, in my decline/ 81
 To war with them, who ne'er deserv'd it of me?/ 82
 No, no—I hate contention—I'm convinc'd 83
 What's fit/ But how begin? — Ay, there's the
 doubt. 75 25

Shall I wind round about obscurely with them/ 76
 As I'd no reason to find fault—Nor had I
 Been well inform'd/ of their deserving blame. 77
 But shall I try them gently/ or by threats? 78
 Oh! I shall hear enough—I know them well/ 79 30

PIN. [*apart to PAN.*] Methinks, we shall do better
 by intreaty

Than opposition./ I do not despair 70
 To gain my father's favour, should I ask it./ 71
 We can't oppose, but with disgrace and crime./ 72
 Nor shall I—Nor should you, might I advise./ 73 35
 No, let us use intreaty—I do know
 Our father well; he's not inexorable./ 74

ANT. [*apart.*] Yes—I will feign them guilty of
 some fault, 84
 Perplex their minds, and put them in some fright/ 85
 That done, I shall know how to act; and, as 40
 I find, discover plainly my intentions.—/ 86
 I know we shall have words enough—I'll in—
 But see, the door is open—/ 87

PIN. Sure I hear

My father's voice?/ 88

PAN. By *Castor's* temple, he!
 Let us accost and kiss him./ 89

PIN. Sir, good day! 45
 [*They both run to kiss him.*]

discourse of an old man who is dissatisfied, and yet cannot tell
 what measures to take to please himself.

ANT.

ACT I. SCENE II. 9

ANT. The same to you—What! both at once
upon me!

Have done—Away—/ 90

PIN. One kiss—

ANT. Enough of kissing.

PIN. Why so, my father?/ 91

ANT. I'm overseason'd with it.

PIN. Sit here, my father!/ 92

ANT. No, I'll not sit there.

Sit there yourselves—I'll sit upon this bench/ 593

PIN. Stay till I fetch a cushion.

ANT. For your care

I thank you—As it is, 'twill do for me./ 94

PIN. Give me leave, Sir.

ANT. No need—

PIN. Indeed there is.

[bringing a cushion.]

ANT. Well, I submit—So—so—'Tis very well./ 95

PIN. Children can never take too tender care 55

Of a lov'd parent—Whom should we esteem
More dear than you? And, next to you, our husbands,
Of your own choice—

ANT. You do as good wives should,
And hold your absent husbands as if present.

PIN. Decency, Sir, commands us honour those 60
Who've chosen us companions throughout life.

V. 48. *I'm overseason'd with it.*] The original is, *quia ita mea anima salsa evenit*. The allusion is to the seasoning of provisions: if there is too much salt put into the broth, the cookery is spoiled; if too little, it is insipid.

V. 58. —*as good wives should*] The original is, *matres-familias*, i. e. *uxores*, wives. See *A. Gellius*, Lib. XVIII. c. 6.

ANT.

10 CONJUGAL FIDELITY.

ANT. Is there no stranger here, to catch our words?

PIN. None; but ourselves and you.

ANT. Attend me then:

Unskill'd in women's manners and affairs,
I come to you a scholar—What endowments 65
Should matrons have, the best esteem'd? Say both.—

PAN. And why of us ask you of women's manners?

ANT. Troth, as your mother's dead, I'm seeking out
Another wife——

PAN. You easily may find
A worse wife, Sir, and one too of worse morals. 70
A better, sure you'll never find, nor could
The sun e'er shine on.

ANT. 'Tis on that account
I ask both your opinion, and your sister's.

PIN. I know, by *Pollux*' temple, what they should be,
Were they but such, as I think right, they ought. 75

ANT. Say then your thought, what women ought
to be.

PAN. They ought in public to shut up their
mouths,
That none speak ill of them deservedly.

ANT. Speak your opinion now in turn, *Pinacium*.

PIN. And what, Sir, would you have me speak
about? 80

ANT. When is it best discern'd a woman has
Good dispositions?——

PIN. When mischief's in her power,
And she restrains that power, and does it not.

ANT. Not amiss that.—Come on.—What says the
other?

V. 62. —to catch our words?] The old man puts this question
to his daughters only to render them the more attentive; as if
he had some matter of great importance to communicate to them,

Of

ACT I. SCENE II.

11

Of two conditions, which is best, to marry
A maiden, or a widow?

85

PAN. Sir, as far

As my poor skill will go, of many evils,
That evil which is least, is the least evil.

He that can live without a woman, let him;

And let him every day take special heed

90

Never to do that thing to-day, the which

He shall be sorry to have done, to-morrow.

ANT. What sort of woman do you think the wisest?

PAN. That woman, Sir, who in prosperity

Can know herself; and, when affairs are not

95

As once they have been, with an equal mind

Can bear the disappointment.

ANT. What I've done

Was all by way of merriment, to try

Your dispositions. This is the true business

For which I came, and wish'd to meet you here. 100

Some friends advise that I should take you hence

To my own house immediately.

PAN. But we,

Whose interests are at stake, advise quite otherwise.

Had you not lik'd the match, there was no reason

Why you should choose these husbands for us for-
merly;

105

And, as they're absent from us, 'twere unjust

To bear us off to your own house again.

V. 88. *That evil which is least, is the least evil.*] Pinacium here seems to be a little embarrassed, nor well to know how to make her father a direct answer to the question. Doubtless she had no inclination to have her father marry either widow or maiden, but was afraid to speak her mind openly, for fear of giving him offence.

ANT. What, shall I suffer you, while I'm alive
To live with beggars for your husbands!

PIN. Sir,

My beggar is agreeable to me; 110
Her king is to his queen agreeable,
And she, the same in poverty or riches.

ANT. Set you such value then on thieves and
beggars?

PAN. 'Twas to the man you married me, I thought,
Not to his money.

ANT. What! and are you still 115
In expectation then of their return,
After a three years absence?—Why not rather
Fly from the worst, and take the fairest offer?

V. 111. *Her king is to his queen*—] The original is, *suus rex reginæ placet*: which is not to be understood here in a literal sense. The dominion of the bed appertains to the husband, who was called, and is properly the *rex* or king: *regina* consequently, refers to the wife. *Regnum* in other authors is used in like manner for kingdom or dominion,

—*Querere læti frigida regna mei.*

Propertius, Lib. IV. Eleg. VII. V. 6.

—Mourn the cold dominion of my bed,
Ovid too uses *regna* in the same sense,

At si quis male fert indignæ regna puellæ.

Remedia Amoris, V. 15.

If any one repines at female reign——

V. 118. —*take the fairest offer*.] The original is, *conditionem primariam*. *Conditio* in *PLAUTUS*, generally signifies a proffer or offer, particularly of marriage.

—*Tu conditionem hanc accipe.*

Aulularia, Act II. Scene II. V. 60.

—Accept my proffer——

[*Terence* also uses the word in the same sense,

Accipit conditionem.

Andria, Act I. Scene I. V. 52.

She took their offers——

COLMAN.

PAN.

PAN. 'Tis folly, Sir, to lead folks to the chace
Against their will—That wife's an enemy, 120
Who's wedded to her husband 'gainst her liking.

ANT. Are you determin'd then, that neither of you
Obey your father's will?

PIN. We both determine
On strict obedience, never to forsake
The husbands you have given us.

ANT. Then, farewell. 125
I'll hence, and tell my friends your resolutions.

PAN. Your friends, if honest, will not fail to think
Our resolutions just.

ANT. As you know how,
Take the best care of their affairs at home. [Exit.

PAN. Now pleas'd we listen to such good advice. 130
Come, sister, let's go in.

PIN. I'm first for home.
If chance a message from your husband come,
You'll let me know it.

PAN. I'll hide nothing from you.
Do you the same by me—Holla! *Crocotium*,
Go fetch *Gelasimus* the Parasite— 135
Bring him along—I'd send him to the port.
May hap some ship may have arriv'd from *Asia*
To-day or yesterday.—I've still a slave
Whole days in waiting.—This I send 'tween whiles—
Make haste, and back return immediately. 140
[Exeunt severally.]

V. 119. —to lead folks to the chace against their will] An allusion to the proverb, *Invitis canibus venari*, used to signify, that things done against inclination never succeed well. See *Erasmi Adagia*, Chil. i. cent. 7. sect. 65.

. The act is opened by *Panegyris* and *Pinactum*, two sisters, who had married two brothers. Their husbands had gone abroad in

in order to retrieve their fortunes, and they had not heard from them for three years. Their father, supposing their husbands to be dead, strongly proposes to them to marry again; but, as they determine to persevere in their constancy, he at last acquiesces; and telling them, he intended to marry again himself, separately asks their opinions. *Panegyris* then sends her maid *Crocestim* to fetch *Gelasimus* the Parasite, in order to send him to the port, to wait the arrival of ships, in hopes of hearing some news of her own, and her sister's husband. And the time taken to find *Gelasimus*, fills up the first interval.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

* A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Enter GELASIMUS the Parasite.

I Do suspect that famine was my mother.
 Since I was born, I never had a belly-full.
 Whatever grudgingly I have return'd her,
 She has never yet return'd the obligation.
 She in her womb bore me but just ten months, 5
 But my thin paunch has borne her ten long years.
 Again.—She bore me but a little infant :
 The less the burden to her it should seem.
 'Tis no small famine bear I in my guts ;
 So great, by *Hercules* ! I scarce support 10
 Myself, beneath the mighty pressure of it.
 My labour-pains increase continually ;
 And, yet I know not how, I cannot bring
 This mother forth—I've heard it said—'tis common—
 The elephant goes ten years with her young.— 15

* ACT II.] Most of the editions make this the third Scene of the first Act ; and begin the second Act with the next Scene. *Parents, Taubman,* and the *Variorum*, begin the second Act here, and we have followed them ; as it is evident the stage is left vacant before *Gelasimus* enters ; and also that he sees *Pinacium* coming, and waits for him.

V. 15. *The elephant goes ten years with her young.*] This was a vulgar error ; nor, as it was a received opinion among people of the same rank in life, in the character of the Parasite, is there any harm in *Plautus's* adopting it. For this, take the authority of the elder *Pliny*. Speaking of the elephant, he says, *Decem annis gestare in utero vulgus existimat : Aristoteles, biennio ; nec amplius quam semel parere, pluresve quam singulos.*

Nat. Hist. Lib. VIII. c. 10.

The

16 CONJUGAL FIDELITY.

My hunger's of that breed, for I have had it
 These many years clinging about my inside.
 Is there a droll, a pleasant fellow wanted,
 Here I'm for sale with all my equipage;
 For I at any rate would fill these chasms. 20
 My father, when I was a tiny boy,
 Nam'd me *Gelasimus*: for from my childhood
 Laughter I rais'd in all—A talent this
 I owe to poverty—Being born poor,
 And fated so to live—For poverty 25
 Whom e'er she comes to, teaches every art.
 My father always said that I was born
 In time of dearth, which makes me sharper set.
 But then again, I have that easiness
 Of nature in me, I have not the heart 30

The common people think that they go with young ten years :
 but *Aristotle* says that they go but two years, that they breed but
 once, and no more, and that they bring forth but one at a time.

V. 22. *Gelasimus*.] *Gelasimus* signifies comical, ridiculous, *Greek*,
Γελασιμον, from *Γελαω*, I laugh. But as poverty not only renders
 persons ingenious, by putting them upon shifts and inventions,
 but also exposes them by their rags and mean appearance to *ridi-*
cule, the Parasite thinks he has a double title to his name, as he
 is not only *ridiculous* in himself; but in the other sense, made
ridiculous by others. Not unlike this is the following passage in
Juvenal, though there spoken of more seriously :

Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se
Quam quod ridiculos homines fecit.

Sat. III. V. 152.

Want is the scorn of every wealthy fool,
 And wit in rags is turn'd to ridicule.

DRYDEN.

See Act IV. Scene II. V. 70. Note.

V. 26. — *it teaches him all arts and sciences*.] The same senti-
 ment may be met with in many antient authors; in *Theocritus*,
Seneca, *Manilius*, and *Apuleius* in particular.

To let a man invite me twice to supper,
 An ancient form of speech, by *Hercules* !
 And one, in my opinion, best, most elegant
 That e'er was us'd, is now grown obsolete,
Come, sup with me—I prithee do—Your promise— 35
'Tis quite convenient—I must have it so—
I will not part with you, unless you'll come—
 But now they've got a damn'd vicarial word,
 The vilest of all sounds, *I'd ask you home*
To sup with me, but that I sup abroad— 40
 By *Hercules* ! I wish that every limb
 Of that vile form were crippled—nay, dead, murder'd,
 If the man after all did sup at home.
 These forms have so reduc'd me, I must learn
 Your foreign customs, and at last become 45
 The thin compendium of a common cryer ;
 Proclaim an auction, and e'en sell myself.

Enter CROCOTIUM.

CRO. This is the man, the very Parasite
 I was despatch'd to fetch—E'er I accost him,
 I'll list to what he's saying—

V. 38. —*vicarial word*—] The original is, *verbum vicarium*, which means, one word or saying in the stead of another.

V. 45. —*your foreign customs*] The original is, *mores ut barbari dicam*. In the course of these notes it has been more than once observed, that whenever this term is used, which would literally be translated, *barbarous* ; it only means *foreign* : the *Greeks* and *Romans* esteeming all foreigners *barbarians*, and calling them by that name.

V. 46. *common cryer, &c.*] It appears by this, that the business of a common cryer or auctioneer, was esteemed a very mean employment ; as it was usually performed by foreigners. See the foregoing Note.

GEL. But here are

50

A world of curious, mischief making folks,
 Still busied much in other men's affairs,
 Having no business of their own to mind.
 These, when they hear an auction is proclaim'd,
 Go to the cryer, sift out the why's and wherefores, 55
 Whether to pay a debt, or give a dinner,
 Or clear the dowry of a wife divorc'd.
 Such fellows I regard not of a rush.
 They labour for unhappiness, and sure
 They're worthy of their hire, and should receive it. 60
 Well! I'll rejoice them all, and plainly tell them
 The reason of my auction; for th' inquisitive,
 The busy fellow ever is ill-natur'd.
 Behold me then, myself the publick cryer
 Of my own auction—Loss on loss I've suffer'd, 65
 My property has given me much affliction;
 Many a drinking-bout departed, gone—
 How many suppers lost have I bewail'd!
 O what delicious drinking-bouts depriv'd of!
 What dinners lost within these last three years! 70
 I am grown old with wasting and vexation,
 And almost dead with hunger—

CRO. What a droll!

None equal to him when he wants a dinner.

GEL. 'Tis come to this, that I must make a sale
 Of all I have—O yes!—Draw near, good people, 75

V. 52. —in other mens affairs]

—tantumne est ab re tuâ otii tibi,

*Aliena ut cures; ea quæ nihil quæ ad te spectant.**Terentius, Heautontimorumenos, Act I. Sc. I. V. 23.*

Have you such leisure from your own affairs,

To think of those which don't concern you?—

COLMAN.

V. 75. —O yes!—] A word commonly used by cryers, corrupted from the old French word, *oyez*, hear.

It

It will be well for those that come and bid.
 First I put up my merry tales—Come on—
 Now, bid away—Who bids a supper for them?
 A dinner then!—Why *Hercules* for that
 Will love you—Sir, did you there bid a supper?—80
[to a spectator]

Did you there nod to me?—No Parasite
 Shall furnish you with better tales than mine—
 I'll be outdone by no man, neither in
 My *Grecian* ointments for your sweating baths,
 Nor other delicacies 'gainst a debauch, 85
 Nor quips, nor nice cajoleries, with store
 Of perjurations parasitical.
 This rusty strigil too, to rub you down,

V. 77. —*my merry tales*] We have here varied a little, though not materially, from the original, in order to give the auction a more modern turn.

V. 80. —*will love you* —] See Note on V. 92.

V. 83. *Grecian ointments for your sweating baths*] It is to be observed, that Parasites earned their dinners at great men's tables, not only by their jokes and buffoonery, but by the services they did them, by supplying them with unctions, &c. when they were bathing; and by other services of the like sort.

LIMIERS.

The original is, *unctiones Græcæ sudatorias*. The *sudatorium* among the Romans, as *Potter* informs us in his *Antiquities of Greece*, Vol. II. page 372, was a room most commonly round, and provided with fire, so contrived that it should not smoke, for the benefit of those who desired to sweat: After bathing, the Romans always anointed their bodies, either to close the pores, or, least the skin should become rough after the water was dried off.

V. 88: *This rusty strigil*—] The *strigil* was an instrument used by the Greeks and Romans, to scrape their bodies after they had bathed. It served them, besides, for the same purposes as our flesh-brush.

This empty vessel now dark brown with age—
 A Parasite, to make a voider of, [*pointing to himself*].
 To carry off your scraps—Necessity
 Bids me sell all, and to the best advantage,
 That I may give the tenths to *Hercules*.

CRO. A miserable auction, by my troth!
 The man seems plaguy hungry.—I'll accost him— 95

GEL. Who can this be, that's coming up to meet
 me?

Crocotium sure, *Epignomus's* maid.

CRO. Good day, *Gelasimus*.

GEL. I've no such name.

CRO. By *Castor's* temple, but it was your name.

I, puer, & strigiles Crispine ad balnea deter—

Perfius, Sat. V. 126.

—Boy, to *Crispinus's* baths repair.

Away, begone, and leave those strigils there.

They are mentioned again by *Petronius Arbiter*, in his *Satyricon*.
*Video Gitona cum linteis & strigilibus parieti applicitum, tristem
 confusumque.*

I saw *Gito* leaning against the wall with towels and strigils in
 his hand, but confused and dejected.

In the *Variorum* edition of this author, 1654, page 95, the
 reader may see the figure of it: And also in *Mr. Haliday's* Trans-
 lation of *Juvenal*.

V. 93. —*the tenths to Hercules.*] It has been observed in the
 course of these Notes, that the tenths were usually offered to
Hercules. But this was when private persons were concerned.
 In a public affair, the tenths of gain or increase, were sometimes
 offered to other gods. Thus, when the city of the *Veientes* was
 destroyed by the *Romans*, they sent the tenths of the spoil to
Pythian Apollo. See *L. Florus, Lib. II. c. 12.*

V. 95. *The man seems plaguy hungry.*] The original is,
Adhæsit homini ad infimum ventrem fames.

Literally,

—Hunger sticks to the very entrails of the man.

GEL.

ACT II. SCENE I. 21

GEL. There you are right—But 'tis worn out
with use. 100

Now *Miccatrogus* is my name—and aptly.

CRO. I've had my belly-full of laughing at you
This day, by *Castor*—

GEL. When and where?

CRO. Why here,
When you were felling off your goods by auction.

GEL. What! did you hear it then, you baggage?

CRO. Yes; 105
And 'twas an auction worthy of the cryer—

GEL. Where are you going?

CRO. Why, to look for you.

GEL. On what account?

CRO. *Panegyris*, my mistress,
Has given strict orders to intreat your company
Along with me directly to our house. 110

GEL. By *Hercules*, fast as my legs can carry me.
Are th' inwards dress'd? How many lambs are slain?

V. 101. *Miccotrogus is my name*] The original is, *Miccotrogus*,
little eater, from the Greek μικροί for μικρός little, and τρώω, I eat.
The Parasite is always harping on eating; it is quite in char-
acter to be so,

V. 112. *Are the inwards dress'd?*—

—*tum rite sacratas*

In flammam jugulant pecudes, Et viscera vivis

Eripuunt, cumulantque oneratis lancibus aras.

Virgil, Æneid, Lib. xii, V. 213.

The priests before the fires the victims slay;

Eager the smoking entrails rend away;

And on the altars rang'd, the loaded chargers lay. }

PITT,

This custom the reader will find explained at large, in *Potter's*
Grecian, and in *Kennet's Roman Antiquities*.

V. 112. — *How many lambs are slain?*] It was a custom among
the Heathens to feast upon the remains of their sacrifices after
their

CRO. She has not sacrific'd at all—

GEL. How, how!

What wants she then with me?

CRO. I think it is

To ask you for ten bushels of your wheat. 115

GEL. You mean that I should borrow them of her.

CRO. No, that you lend as much to us—

GEL. Go, tell her.

I've nothing left to give, or lend, or spend,

But this bare cloak—unless she'll buy my tongue.

CRO. What! you've no tongue can say, I give—

GEL. I've lost 120

My old one; I've one left can say, *give me*.

CRO. Plague take you!

GEL. It returns the same to you.

CRO. Well, will you come or no?

GEL. Go, hie you home:

Tell her, I come directly—Haste, be gone—

[Exit CROCOTIUM.]

I wonder she should bid them send for me, 125

That never since her husband's absence, ask'd me.

their gods and priests had eaten as much as they chose of them. This made the Parasite so inquisitive about it, in order to get a good meal. *Minucius Felix*, in his Dialogue in defence of Christianity, called *Octavius*, makes *Cæcilius*, his advocate for heathenism, object this to the Christians, that they refused to eat of the remains of what had been offered up in sacrifice.

—*Præceptos cibos, & delibatos altariibus potus abhorretis*—

Cap. 12.

—You abhor the viands our priests have touched, nor will you taste a single drop of the wine, which has been consecrated at our altars.

And this is agreeable to what *St. Paul* had wrote to the Gentile converts to christianity, that among other things they should keep themselves from things offered to idols. See the *Acts*, chap. xv, ver. 20. and chap. xxi. ver. 25.

I can—

I cannot guess, unless she'd make a trial,
 If I would come, or no—I'll find her meaning—
 But see, her boy *Dinacium*—Do but see,
 How like a pictur'd thing the fellow stands! 130
 How often has he drawn the wine to th' lees,
 And in a cup no bigger than my thumb—
 [stands apart.]

SCENE II.

Enter DINACIUM, with a fishing-rod, books, and
 a basket in his hand.

DIN. Not *Mercury*, the messenger of *Jove*,
 E'er carried to his father such good news
 As I have for my mistress. — I'm so laden
 With pure delight, I shall deliver nought
 But in a stile magnificent and pompous. 5
 I bring the loves and graces to her ears,
 And my glad heart o'erflows its banks with joy.
Dinacium, mend thy pace, and let thy speed
 Be worthy of thy message—Now's the time
 To acquire praise, honour, immortal glory: 10
 Surpass the virtues of thy ancestors,
 Comfort thy longing mistress, who awaits
 With eagerness her husband, her *Epignomus*;
 Whom, as she ought, she loves—Haste then, *Dinacium*,
 Fly, if you please, or run—No notice take 15

V. 132. —no bigger than my thumb.] The commentators say, this is spoken ironically; and that the speaker means a very large cup or glass.

V. 8. —mend thy pace.] The original is, *pedes hortare*, literally, urge thy feet.

24 CONJUGAL FIDELITY.

Of any—Elbow all—Make good your way,
And, if a lord oppose you, knock him down.

GEL. And whither runs at such a rate my wanton,
My nice *Dinacium*, with his rod and hooks,
And basket in his hand?

DIN. [*apart.*] But after all 25
My mistress ought indeed to come to me
With cap in hand—or send her messengers
With golden presents, and a chariot ready
To bring me home—for I can't walk afoot.
I'll e'en turn back—'Tis properer for her 25
To come to me in supplicating mood—
Think you I nothing know, or trifles bring?
Such news important from the port I tell,
A treasure of such joy, my mistress dares not,
Except she knows it, ask it of the gods. 30
And shall I bear it of my own accord?
I like it not—nor think it is my duty.
It more becomes the dignity, methinks,
Of such a messenger, for her to come
And beg me to impart to her this news. 35
Great men take state upon them; and 'tis fit.
Yet when I think again, how should she know,
I am so knowing?—I have not the heart
Not to return, to speak, to tell her all,
To snatch her from her griefs, and in beneficence, 40
Surpass the glories of my ancestors,
And bring unhop'd for comfort to my mistress.
Well! I'll outdo *Talthybius* himself,
And look on other heralds with contempt.

V. 43. —outdo *Talthybius* [*herald*] *Talthybius* was a famous
Grecian herald, or messenger, at the siege of Troy. Homer informs
us, he was sent with *Eurybat* and *Antenor*, to fetch *Briseis* from
Achilles. *Iliad*, Book I.

But

But here's no space—A chariot cannot turn. 45

This is unlucky.—Ha! What's this?—The door,
I see, is shut—I'll up to it, and knock— [knocks.

Hast to the gate—Open the door this moment—

See, if they stir—I'm shamefully neglected—

How long must I stand knocking?—All asleep! 50

I'll try then which is strongest, or my feet

And elbows, or the doors—I wish the gate

Had shewn its master a fair pair of heels,

So it were furnish'd for't—I'm tir'd with knocking.

This knock, and this the last— [knocks again.

GEL. I'll speak to him. 55

Good day to you.

DIN. To you the same.

GEL. What now?

Turn'd fisherman?

DIN. How long is't since you eat?

GEL. Whence come you? What ha'st there? Why
in a hurry?

DIN. What's that to you, friend?—Trouble not
yourself!

GEL. What's in your basket there? 60

DIN. Snakes; don't you see them?

V. 45. —*here's no space.*] The *Stadium* or place where the Olympick games were run, was an open course of six hundred twenty-five Roman feet in length, and answers nearly to our furlong, or half a quarter of a mile. *Dinacium* in speaking must be supposed to be running from one end of the stage to the other; which being but a short race, is the occasion of his thus exclaiming—*Here*, i. e. the stage.

V. 60. —*Snakes; don't you see them?*] The original is, *Quas tu vides colubras?* Snakes, don't you see them? *Muretus* informs us, that the ancients had a notion, that people who were out of their senses, were tormented by the *furies*; and that they saw flaming torches in their hands, and hissing snakes on their heads, as they are usually represented.

DIN.

26 CONJUGAL FIDELITY.

GEL. Nay, why so angry?

DIN. If you'd any shame,
You would not question me.

GEL. Is there no truth
To be got out of thee?—

DIN. Ay, marry! is there.
You'll go to bed to-night without a supper.

SCENE III.

Enter PANEGYRIS.

PAN. Who broke these doors down, good now!
—Nay, where is he?
Was't you?—What! come upon me like a thief?—

[to GELASIMUS.]

GEL. Madam, good day!—I come at your command—

PAN. And for that reason must you break the door down?

GEL. Chide your own people—They are the offenders.

5

I wait on you, to know your business with me.
I thought 'twas pity that the doors should be
So hurt.

DIN. So, you was ready to bring help—

PAN. Who's that I hear so near me?

DIN. 'Tis *Dinacium*.

PAN. Where?—

10

DIN. See him here: nor heed that hungry Parasite.

PAN. *Dinacium*!—

DIN. So it was my elders call'd me.

PAN. Well! what's the business?

DIN.

ACT II. SCENE III. 47

DIN. Do you ask my business?

PAN. Why should I not?

DIN. Why, what is yours with me?

PAN. What! scorn me, impudence! Answer quick, *Dinacium*.

DIN. Then bid them leave us, that detain my message. 15

PAN. Why, who detains thee?

DIN. Ask you that? A lassitude
In all my limbs detains me.

PAN. I perceive
It has not seiz'd your tongue.—

DIN. No chariot could
Out-strip me from the port; and all for you.

PAN. And what good news?

DIN. Much better than your hopes. 20

PAN. Then I'm alive—

DIN. And I am a dead man.
This nasty lassitude drinks up my marrow.

GEL. [*aside*.] What then am I?—The marrow of
whose guts
Is eaten up with hunger?

PAN. Met you one?—

DIN. Many—

PAN. But any men?

V. 16. —*a lassitude*— *Dinacium*, to make himself and his message seem of more importance, pretends to be weary and fatigued with running in haste to bring his mistress the joyful news of her husband's arrival. But it was only a feint, a common trick that has been practised by lazy loitering servants, ever since his time, and doubtless long before in all countries, as well as at *Rome* or *Athens*.

V. 21. —*I'm alive, &c.*] The original is, *Salva sum, at ego perii*.

DIN.

26 CONJUGAL FIDELITY.

DIN. Yes, several. 25
But no such scoundrel as this fellow here.

GEL. How's that?—I've suffer'd these affronts
too long:

But if you e'er provoke me thus again—

DIN. You will be plaguy hungry—to be at me.

GEL. I'll make you know—that you have spoke
the truth. 30

DIN. Well, I would have all clean—Bring out
your brooms;

And a long reed, to eradicate the labours
Of these same spiders, and their curfed webs.—
I'll rout their looms.

GEL. They'll catch their deaths with cold. 35

DIN. Think you they have but one coat to their
back;

Like you?—Here, take these brushes—

GEL. Well, I will.

DIN. I will scrub here—Go you on t'other side.

GEL. It shall be done—

DIN. One bring a pail of water.

GEL. This fellow plays the *Ædile*, and ne'er minds 40
The suffrage of the people. [*aside.*]

DIN. Come, make haste.
Sprinkle before the house, and paint the ground.

GEL. I'll do't.

DIN. It ought to have been done before.

V. 40. —*the Ædile*—] The *Ædile* among the *Romans* was an officer, whose business it was to see that the streets, temples and houses were kept clean. They were chosen by the votes of the common people; and to this *Gelasius* here alludes.

V. 42. —*paint the ground*] The original is only *pinge humum, fœl. floribus*, with flowers, say most of the commentators. But *Limiers* will have it to mean only *mark the ground*; which must necessarily be done by sprinkling water on it.

Then next, I'll rout these spiders from the doors,
And from the wall—

GEL. A mighty business sure! 45

PAN. Neither know I what all this fuss is for,
Unless some guests are coming.

DIN. Spread the couches

GEL. [*aside.*] The couches first for dinner—That
looks well.

DIN. Some cleave the wood, others go gut the fish
The careful fisherman brought here but now. 50

[*meaning himself.*]

Toss down the gammon, and the bacon there.

GEL. [*aside.*] The fellow, troth, talks sensibly
enough.

PAN. I fear you've little minded my directions.

DIN. I've minded them, and minded nothing else.

PAN. Then say for what I sent you to the port. 55

DIN. I will then—When you first dispatch'd me
thither,

Just as the sun-beams rose above the waves;

No sooner had I ask'd the porters there,

If there were any ships arriv'd from *Asia*,

And they said, no, but I espied a bark, 60

I think the largest that my eyes e'er saw.

It made the port full sail; the wind, too, fair.

Then all were asking whose the vessel was,

And what on board; when, lo! I spy *Epignomus*

Your husband, and his servant *Sticbus* with him. 65

PAN. Ha! What! Said you *Epignomus*?

V. 57. [*Just as the sun-beams rose*] *Dinacium*, instead of answering his mistress directly, notwithstanding his hurry, begins a long circumstantial story, little to the purpose. *Plautus* here with great humour keeps up the character, which is that of a vain, prating fellow, who is always giving himself an unreasonable air of importance.

GEL.

GEL. Your husband—

The man by whom I live.

DIN. He's come, I say.

PAN. And saw'st thou him himself?

DIN. I saw the man ;
With pleasure too—He has brought a power of gold
And silver with him.

PAN. That's good news indeed ! 70

GEL. Give me the brooms, and I'll go work in
earnest.

DIN. Linen and purple—

GEL. To keep warm my belly.

DIN. Couches of ivory gilt—

GEL. Most royally

Shall I lye down to supper—

DIN. Pieces of tapestry,
Rich *Babylonian* carpets—and fine things. 75

GEL. Well sped, by *Herc'les* !

DIN. Then, as I was saying,
Singers, and artists both of wind and string,
All miracles of beauty hath he brought.

GEL. That's brave ! Amusements, when I'm o'er
my bottle ;
Then am I merriest.

V. 70. *That's good news indeed !*] Most of the editions place this,
as we have done, to *Panegyris* : But *Pareus* gives it to *Gelasimus*.
It is not, however, very material, as it will suit either character.

V. 75. *Rich Babylonian tapestry.*]

*Colores diversos picturæ intexere Babylon maxime celebravit, &
nomen imposuit.*

Plinii, Nat. Hist. Lib. viii. cap. 48.

In *Babylon* they used to wear their cloths of divers colours ; and
cloths so wrought were called *Babylonian*.

“ When I saw among the spoils a goodly *Babylonish* garment,
“ &c.” *Joshua*, chap. vii. ver. 21.

DIN.

ACT II. SCENE III.

31

DIN. Sweet ointments too, 80

And of all sorts.

GEL. I'll no more sell my jokes—

No auctions now—I've an estate in fee.

You puppies, that hunt auctions by the nose,

Mischievous whelps, go hang yourselves—O *Hercules*!

I gratulate thee on th' increase of tenths 85

I vow'd to thee.

DIN. Then after all, came Parasites.

GEL. Then I'm undone!

DIN. Such drolls were never seen!

GEL. No! I'll return the dust I swept but now.

PAN. Saw'st thou my sister's husband, *Pamphilippus*?

DIN. No.

PAN. He's return'd?

DIN. 'Twas said, they came together. 90

I hurried off to tell you the good news.

GEL. I must e'en sell these jokes then after all;

I thought to have kept them—Ah! how will these rascals

Sneer at my cost?—Tho' *Hercules* indeed,

Being a god, will come off well enough. 95

PAN. In, in, *Dinacium*, give my servants orders,

Prepare a sacrifice—Farewel, *Gelasimus*—

GEL. Can't I be helpful?

PAN. I have slaves enough

To spare.—

[*Exeunt* PAN. and DIN.]

GEL. *Gelasimus*, thou'rt finely fob'd.

If one's not come, nor t'other, that's arriv'd, 100

Will stand thy friend—I'll home, and search my
books,

Instruct me from the sayings of the best:

V. 85. *Hercules, the tenths I owe to thee.*] See Act II. Scene I.
V, 107. Note.

For

32 CONJUGAL FIDELITY.

For if I cannot beat these foreign fellows

Out of the pit, I'm utterly undone.

[*Exit.*]

* * This Act is opened by *Gelasius* the Parasite, who after a long soliloquy is joined by *Crocotium*, who delivers her message, and he sends word by her, that he shall attend her mistress directly. He is joined by *Dinacium*, a boy of *Panegyris*'s, who had been waiting at the port, had seen his master *Epignomus* in a vessel just going to land, and is going in haste to acquaint his mistress with the good news. He knocks at the door, when *Panegyris* enters; to whom, after ordering every thing for an entertainment, he communicates the good news; and *Gelasius*, hearing from *Dinacium* that *Epignomus* had brought some other Parasites with him, in order that they may not supplant him in his patron's favour, determines to consult his books, and equip himself with a fresh cargo of jokes and witty sayings. The time necessary for which purpose, fills up the second interval.

End of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Enter EPIGNOMUS *with a Musick-Girl, and*
STICHUS.

EPIGNOMUS.

TO Neptune, and to all his tempests, thanks!
For that I've had a safe and prosperous voyage,
And am return'd in safety home again.
To Mercury too, who aided me in traffick,
And rais'd my stock fourfold, I give like thanks. 5
Those whom I left in grief at my departure,
I now shall meet at my return with joy.
I saw my father *Antipho* but now,
And found him, whom I left a foe, my friend.
What will not money do?—Soon as he saw 10
I was return'd in affluence, I wanted
No mediator.—In the very ship,
Even upon deck, we were all friends again,
And here he and my brother sup with me.
Both yesterday were in one port together. 15
To-day I'm somewhat sooner under sail.
Stichus, conduct these people I have brought
Into the house—

V. 4. — *who aided me in traffick,*] Mercury among the ancients was supposed the god of traffick or gain. On which account some have derived the name *Mercurius*, a *mercibus*, i. e. from *merchandise*. See the beginning of the Prologue to *Amphitryon*.

V. 8. — *my father Antipho—*] The original is, *affinem meum*. *Affinis* signifies any relation by affinity or marriage; not by blood,

34 CONJUGAL FIDELITY.

STICH. Sir, should I speak or not?—
The many hardships are to you well known,
With which, I in your service have been sconc'd. 20
One day from all my miseries, I'd fain,
On my arrival give to Liberty.

EPIC. 'Tis just and right—*Stichus*, this day is
thine;
Go, spend it where you please—I'm not your hin-
derance.

I'll give you too a keg of good old wine. 25

STICH. Excellent good!—To-night I'll have my
mistress.

EPIC. Ten, if you please, when at your own expence.
Where do you sup to-night?

STICH. Since you're so kind,
I've here a mistress in the neighbourhood,
Her name *Stephanium*, your brother's maid. 30
I have invited her to sup with us

V. 22. *Liberty*.] The original is, *Vela me Eleutheriam capere advenientem domum*. In Greece it was customary for slaves, when they obtained their liberty, to keep a holiday; and this was called *Eleutheria*, from its being sacred to *Jupiter Eleutherius*, the asserter of liberty. See an account of it in *Potter's Antiquities of Greece*, chap. xx.

PLAUTUS again alludes to the same in his *Perfa*; where he introduces a slave named *Toxilus*, rejoicing that his master was gone from home, and promising himself as much pleasure, as if he had obtained his freedom; whence he makes him say,

—— *Bisflicè eleutheria agito* ——

Perfa, Act I. Scene I. V. 29.

I've celebrated royally to-day

The feast of liberty ——

V. 31. *I have invited her to sup*.] The original is, *eam con-
dixi in symbolum ad carnem*, literally, I have invited her to pay
her club with us at supper. And a little lower, V. 30, *I invite
her to our supper, eadem symbolum dabo*, invite her to our supper;
literally, give her her club for supper.

At *Sagarinus's*, her fellow-servant.

She's mistress to us both, so we are rivals.

EPIC. Conduct these in—To you I give this day.

STICH. And if I do not make the most of it, 35

Say 'tis my fault—Now will I cross the garden,

And see my lass I am to have to-night;

Invite her to our supper, which I'll order

To be got ready straight at *Sagarinus's*—

Then for the market :—I'll be caterer. 40

Wonder not, gentlemen, that slaves should have

[to the spectators.

Their invitations with their wench and bottle;

It is allow'd at *Athens*—Now I think on't;

('Twill be less trouble.) We've a back-door here:

(For they more use the back part of the house.) 45

That way I'll go to purchase the provisions;

And bring them by the same across the garden;

It is a common passage to both houses,

Follow me this way—Now I'll make a day of it.

[to the Musick-girl, &c.] [Exit.

V. 43. —[It is allow'd at *Athens*—] *Plautus* here apologizes to the spectators for introducing this libertine custom of drinking, &c. on the *Roman* stage, by reminding them, that the scene was at *Athens*, where there was at that time a greater freedom of this sort permitted than at *Rome*; where the manners were then more rigid and severe.

V. 49. —[I'll make a day of it.] The original is, *hunc lacero domum*. This, we think, refers to slaves: The master gives the slave a day to do what he will with. The slave says, *lacero*; I'll torture him, till I get all I can out of him. So a little before, V. 35,

——If I do not make the most of it,

Say 'tis my fault.

The original is, *meam culpam habetis; nisi probi & serviciavero*—Say, 'tis my fault if I do not put it to the torture.

SCENE II.

Enter GELASIMUS.

GEL. My books I have consulted, and am confident

My fund of drollery will well secure
My patron to myself—Now I am looking
When he returns from port, to sweeten him
Upon his first arrival—

EPIG. Sure it is 5
The Parasite *Gelasimus* I see.

GEL. With lucky omens I came forth to-day:
A weasel snatch'd a mouse up at my feet,
And eat it at a mouthful in my sight.
Thus as the weasel found to-day a dinner, 10
I am in hopes I shall—The omen speaks it.
Behold *Epignomus* that's standing there:
I'll go and speak to him—*Epignomus*,

V. 3. —*my patron*—] *Meum regem*; literally, my king; meaning *Epignomus*, who maintains me. See *The Captives*, A& I. Scene I. V. 29, Note. Vol. I. of this Translation.

V. 8. *A weasel snatch'd a mouse up at my feet*,] The weasel and the cat, were among the antient Greeks and Romans accounted beasts of augury. Modern superstition has substituted the hare in the room of them; who, if one crosses the way before them, is esteemed by the vulgar as lucky or unlucky, as she happens to turn to the right hand or to the left.

V. 9. —*eat it at a mouthful*—] *strenna obsecnavit*. This is the reading of the Aldus edition, which Limiers prefers, and, we think, rightly. The common editions read —*strenā obsecnavit*.

V. 10. —*a dinner*,] The original is, *vitam*, life, means of living.

How

How glad am I to see you!—How my tears
Gush out for joy!—Have you enjoy'd your health? 15

EPIG. I have with care—

GEL. Why that's well said, and friendly.
The gods be still propitious to your wants!
I wish you health, Sir, to my heart and soul.
You'll sup with me now on my first arrival?

EPIG. I am oblig'd to you—But am promis'd
forth. 20

GEL. Give me your word—

EPIG. 'Tis fix'd.

GEL. I prithee, do.

EPIG. 'Tis an agreement---

GEL. Troth, 'twill give me pleasure.

EPIG. I doubt not that---When time shall serve,
I'll come.

GEL. The time serves now---

EPIG. By *Pollux*' temple! no,

I cannot come.

GEL. What hinders? Come,---I know 25
You'll come---Yet, what at hand I have to give you.
I cannot say---

EPIG. Nay go---And for to-day.
Invite some other guest.

V. 18. *I wish you health, Sir, to my heart and soul.*] The original is,

Propino tibi salutem plenis faucibus.

I drink your health with a full mouth.

An expression so characteristic of the thirsty Parasite, that we are sorry it cannot be rendered into *English* literally.

V. 19. *You'll sup with me*—] It is more than once observed in the course of these notes, that when any one arrived from a voyage or a journey, it was the custom for the first friend that met him, to invite him to supper.

GEL. You promise then?

EPIC. If it was possible,---I'd not refuse you.

GEL. This I can promise---None shall be more welcome. 30

EPIC. Adieu!

GEL. Is it resolv'd?

EPIC. It is---I sup

At home.

GEL. Since you'll not promise me this favour,
Say, shall I sup with you?

EPIC. You should if possible;
But I have nine to sup with me already.

GEL. A fellow I---you may put any where. 35

V. 34. *But I have nine to sup with me already.*] As three is the number of the Graces and nine of the Muses, the ancients never chose to have fewer at their table than three, nor more than nine. This we are informed of by *A. Gellius* from *Varro*, as follows:

Dicit autem [Varro] conviviarum numerum incipere oportere a Gratiarum numero, & progredi ad Musarum: Id est proficisci a tribus, & consistere in novem: ut cum paucissime convivæ sunt, non pauciores sint quam tres; cum plurimi, non plures quam novem.

Notandum Anicorum, Lib. xiii. cap. 11.

He [*Varro*] tells us, that the number of guests ought to commence from the number of the Graces, and to go on in gradation to that of the Muses. So that when they are but a few, they should not be less than three; when a larger number, not more than nine.

Macrobius also mentions the same. See his *Saturnalia*, Lib. i. cap. 7.

V. 35. *—You may put any where.*] The original is, *imi subfelli virum*, a man whose seat is the lowest. The expression occurs again,

—imi subfelli viros—

Captives, Act III. Scene I. V. 11.

Who are content to take the lowest seat

At table —

This was the seat usually allotted for Parasites.

EPIC.

EPIG. They are ambassadors, great men
With powers plenipo'---and from *Ambracia*.

GEL. Why then, let your ambassadors, great men
Take place ;---the lowest of the low serves me.

EPIG. 'Twould not look well to mix you with
ambassadors. 40

GEL. Suppose I say, I'm an ambassador.

EPIG. No---But to-morrow---You will find the
scraps.

Farewel--- [Exit.

GEL. I'm a dead man---Plain---Out of doubt---
There's one man less by thee, *Gelasimus*---
I'll ne'er give credit to a weasel more. 45

A most uncertain animal it is,
And ever changing place ten times a day.
Yet I could trust her with my life, my food.
I am determin'd to convene my friends
Upon this question---How to starve in form--- 50

[Exit.

V. 37. --and from *Ambracia*.] *Ambracia* was a city in that
part of Greece called *Epirus*, the modern name of which is *Albania*,
and *Ambracia*; reduced to a small village.

V. 42. --an ambassador.] The original is *orator*, which signifies
an ambassador as well as an orator. *Gelasimus* quibbles on the word.

V. 49. --to convene my friends] It appears to have been a
custom among the Romans to consult their friends in form on any
question of consequence: and *Plautus* seems often to throw a sneer
upon it.

* * * This Act is opened by *Epignomus*, followed by his servant
Stichus. He gives an account of his reception at the port by his
father-in-law *Antipho*. *Stichus*, in return for his good service,
asks leave to spend the rest of the day in feasting with his friends;
his master grants it. *Gelasimus* then congratulates him on his
arrival, and being refused supping with him, determines to con-
sult his friends what to do on the occasion. The time necessary
for so doing, makes the third interval.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Enter ANTIPHO *and* PAMPHILIPPUS.

ANTIPHO.

AS heaven shall save me, and continue long
The blessing of my daughters, I rejoice
To see your brother and yourself return'd
In safety home, after your prosperous voyage.

PAM. You've said enough; did I not know your
friendship,
Your goodness oft experienc'd heretofore,
Gives credit to your words—

ANT. I'd ask you home
To sup with me, but that your brother told me,
When he invited me, you supp'd with him.
It were indeed more proper, that you both 10
Went home with me, and supp'd after your voyage,
Than I with him:—But that I'll not contend—
Nor think I mean to insinuate myself—
But you and he, and both your wives, to-morrow
Shall spend with me—

PAM. And the next day with me. 15
He yesterday engag'd me for to-day.
But are we, *Antipho*, well reconcil'd?

ANT. Since, as I wish'd, you've thriven in the
world,

Peace, as 'tween friends it ought, be then between us,
And intercourse.—For let me tell you this— 20

Accord—

According as men thrive, their friends are true;
Go their affairs to wreck, their friends sink with
them.—

Fortune finds friends.—

Enter EPIGNOMUS.

EPIG. Well, I am now at home,
And being so, one feels too great's the pleasure,
When after absence, one finds all things well. 25
My wife has ta'en such care of my affairs
While I was absent, I've no doubt remains. —
My brother *Pamphilippus*, with his father!

PAM. *Epignomus*, how fares it?

EPIG. How with you?
How long is't since you reach'd the port?

PAM. Some time. 30

EPIG. What! and since that, all's calm 'tween
him and you?

ANT. Calm as the sea, which brought you both
to shore.

EPIG. 'Tis of a piece, consistent with yourself.
Shall we unlade to-day?

PAM. Softly, good Sir,
Better we lade ourselves with something good. 35
How long to supper?—I've not din'd to-day.

EPIG. Go in with me, and bathe.

PAM. I'll but step home,
Just in, and thank the gods, and greet my wife.

EPIG. Your wife is coming hither, with her sister.

V. 21. *According as men thrive*— This sentiment is so common in almost every ancient author, that it seems needless to point out the particular passages.

V. 28. —*with his father*—] The original is, *cum facero suo*, with his wife's father-in-law.

PAM.

42 CONJUGAL FIDELITY.

PAM. That's well.—I shall go back the sooner then. 40

I will be with you presently—

ANT. Stay and hear
A story e're you go, you and your brother.

EPIG. With all my heart.

ANT. Once on a time there was
An old man, as I am—He had two daughters,
As I may have; and married to two brothers, 45
As mine may be to you.

PAM. I wonder how
This story will turn out. [*aside.*]

ANT. The younger of them
Brought a fine girl home with him from abroad,
That sang and play'd—as you may now have done.
The old man was a widower, as now I am. 50

PAM. Proceed.—The story seems to come in pat. [*aside.*]

ANT. When th' old man said to him who own'd
the girl,
As I may say to you—

PAM. Well, I attend,
And hear you every word.

ANT. I've given you
My daughter for a bedfellow; and 'tis right 55
You should provide a bedfellow for me.

PAM. Now who says that?—Is it as *you may say*.

ANT. 'Tis just as I may say to you—Take two;
Returns the youngster, if one's not enough:
If two be not sufficient, take two more. 60

PAM. Who, Sir, I pray, speaks now?—He; as
'twere I?

ANT. He, as 'twere you—The same.—The old
man then

He,

He, as 'twere I, an't please you, cries out, four—
 Provided that you pay me for their board,
 Else they will eat me up.—

PAM. The old man sure 65
 Must be a stingy fellow to say that;
 To ask their board after so free an offer.

ANT. The young man rather was a sneaking
 fellow,

That could refuse, tho' ask'd, a grain of wheat.
 As he had given a portion for his daughter, 70
 'Twas fit he should receive one with the girl.

PAM. Methinks the young man acted with dis-
 cretion,

When he refus'd a portion for the girl.

ANT. Th' old man would gladly have hook'd in
 a maintenance;

But finding that impossible, he said 75
 He'd take her on such terms as he could have.

Done! cried the youngster—Well, done! cries the
 old one—

Is it a bargain, one says—'Tis, says t'other.
 But I'll go in, congratulate my daughters,
 And after to the javelin, where I'll bathe, 80
 And cocker up my age. Then I'll await you
 After my bath, at ease upon my couch. [Exit.

PAM. A curious fellow, this old *Antipho*!
 How workman-like he put his tale together!
 The rogue would fain be young again—But he 85
 Shall have his bedfellow to keep him warm;

V. 80. —*after to the javelin*—] He means to the sign of the
 javelin. The original is, in *pilum*—Lambin would read *pieluch*,
 from the Greek *πυλόν*, a large vessel in which the ancients bathed
 themselves. This reading *Salmastius* approves of. If so, it must
 be translated *to the bath*.

I know

I know no other use for one he has.—

How fares our Parasite *Gelasimus*?

Is he in health?

EPIG. I saw the rogue but now.

PAM. How goes he on?

EPIG. Like one that is half starv'd. 90

PAM. 'Tis pity that you ask'd him not to supper.

EPIG. It were ill luck to be a loser now

At my arrival—See, speak of the wolf,

And you may see his tail—The prowling beast

Is just upon you—

PAM. Shall we make sport with him? 95

EPIG. You speak my thoughts—

S C E N E II.

Enter GELASIMUS.

GEL. As I began to tell you,

[*to the spectators.*]

Genteels, while I've been absent I've consulted

My friends and my relations; who agree,

V. 93. *Speak of the wolf, and you will see his tail.*]

—*Lupum in sermone*—

A proverbial expression, used when the person you are speaking of comes upon you unawares or by surprize. *Terence* has it, *lupus in fabulâ*, in his *Adelphi*, Act IV. Scene V. Ver. 21. and *Cicero* the same,

De Varrone lequebamur, lupus in fabula.

Ad Atticum, Lib. xiii. Epist. 33.

We were speaking of *Varro*, and he came upon us unexpectedly.

The reader may see the proverb expatiated upon and explained at large, in *Erasmus's Adagia*, Chil. iv. cent. 5. sect. 50.

S C E N E II.

V. 2. —*consulted, &c.*] See Act III. Scene III. V. 49.

I should

I should e'en starve myself to death.—But don't
 I see our *Pamphilippus*, with *Epignomus* 5
 His brother?—'Tis the man—I will salute him.
 My life, my joy, my *Pamphilippus*, welcome,
 My look'd for friend! welcome with safety home!

PAM. *Gelasimus*, good day—

GEL. You've had your health!

PAM. I've ta'en good care of that—

GEL. And I'm glad of it. 10
 I would I had a million at command.

EPIG. What would you do with it?

GEL. Do!—I'd invite
 This gentleman to sup—and leave you out.

EPIG. There you but speak against your interest.

GEL. Then I'd invite you both.

EPIG. In troth 15
 I'd ask you willingly, but have not room.

GEL. Invite me but, I'll make my part good
 standing.

EPIG. There's one thing may be done—

GEL. Ay, prithee, what?

EPIG. Why, you may come when all the guests
 are gone.

GEL. A plague upon you!

EPIG. You may wash with us, 20
 But mark—I ask you not to sup.

GEL. Confound you!
 What say you, *Pamphilippus*?

PAM. I'm engag'd
 To sup abroad—

GEL. Abroad!

PAM. Abroad, by *Hercules*!

GEL. A mischief on you, sup from home so tir'd?

PAM. How would you manage?

GEL.

46 CONJUGAL FIDELITY.

GEL. Order one at home; 25
Send word you cannot come—

PAM. And sup alone?

GEL. You shall not want for company—Ask me.

PAM. But I'm afraid my friend will take it ill,
Who's been at this expence on my account.

GEL. With ease 'twill be excus'd—List then to me.
Order a supper to be dress'd at home— 30

EPIC. What! disappoint his friend at such a time!
No, not with my consent—

GEL. Will you be gone?

Think you I do not see what you're about?

Look to yourself—[to PAMPHILIPPUS.] He, like a
hungry wolf,

Gapes after your estate—Then, know you not, 35
How men are set upon that walk by night?

PAM. I'll have the more to meet and guard me
home.

EPIC. He will not stir, not he, as you're so earnest
To have him stay at home—

GEL. Then order quickly

This supper for yourself, your wife and me. 40
By *Hercules*! you'll say I counsell'd right.

PAM. With this same supper, I foresee, *Gelaſtimus*,
You will go supperless to bed to-night.

GEL. And will you go?

PAM. The truth is, I sup here,
Hard by, here, at my brother's.

GEL. Certain so? 45

PAM. Most certain—

GEL. May some stone then, as you go,
Knock you o'th' head!

PAM. No fear of that—I go
Over the garden, and ne'er see the street.

EPIC.

EPIC. *Gelasimus*, how dost?

GEL. You entertain

Ambassadors—Take your ambassadors— 50

EPIC. Nay, 'tis your business—

GEL. If 'tis mine, I'm ready—

Use me, invite me—

EPIC. Yes, I think I've found

One place where you may be accommodated.

PAM. I think it may be done.

GEL. My dear good man!

EPIC. If you could squeeze— 55

GEL. Close as a wedge, I warrant:

Room for a kitten, there is room for me.

EPIC. I'll find some way or other.—Come along—

GEL. What, this way?—

EPIC. Ay, to prison; where, I think,

You'll not indulge your genius to the height.

Come, brother—

PAM. I'll but home, and thank the gods. 60

And then be with you straight.

GEL. And where shall I—

EPIC. To prison, as I said.

GEL. If 'tis your will,

I'll go ev'n there—

EPIC. Immortal gods! This fellow

V. 53. —*where you may be accommodated*.] *Ubi assues*, literally, where you may recline on a couch; but that will not answer what follows.

V. 54. —*my dear good man*!—] *O lux oppidis*! literally, O light of the town!—*Virgil* uses the same mode of expression.

O lux Dardanix!

Æn. Lib. ii, V. 281.

O light of Troy!

Would

48 CONJUGAL FIDELITY.

Would for a dinner or a supper's sake,
Be gibbeted to-morrow —

GEL. That's my humour. 65
I can encounter any thing but hunger.

PAM. You will not with us then?—Sir, your good
fortune

Hath long enough been pamper'd at my house.
While you was Parasite-general to us both,
We ruin'd our affairs—I would not now, 70
After I've laugh'd at you, be made your butt.

[*Exeunt* PAM. and EPIG.]

GEL. What gone!—*Gelasimus*, what resolution
Can'st thou now take?—Shalt thou!—Can I!—To
thee!—

For me!—Thou see'st how dear provisions are!
Thou see'st benignity and human kindness, 75
Where they both end!—Thou see'st too how buffoons
Are set at nought, and ever their own fools.
By *Pollux*' temple! no one soul shall see me
Alive to-morrow—Well, I'll e'en go in.

A rope about my neck shall be my portion; 80
Which I should scarce have dar'd to venture on,

V. 70. —*I would not now, &c.*] The original is, *Nunc ego nolo e Gelasimo mibi te Catagelasimum*. This is in allusion to his name, *Gelasimus*, from the Greek Γελασιμος, ridiculous, comical, making people laugh, Καταγελασιμον, something to be laughed at. See Act II. Scene I. V. 22. Note.

V. 80. *A rope about my neck shall be my portion.*] *Nam mibi jam intus potione vincea ornabo gulam*. I will stretch my neck in a halter, and hang myself. It seems to be a pun on the word *vincea*, hanging, as if it was *vinacea*, of or belonging to wine. So that it might be translated, a hanging draught. But it is a poor piece of wit, to say, he will choke himself with liquor, that he may not be said to die of hunger.

But

But that the world should ne'er have wherewithal
Maliciously to say, I died of hunger. [Exit.

* * * This Act is opened by *Antipho* and his son-in-law *Pamphilippus*, who arrived some little time after his brother *Epignomus*, and whom he had not seen since his entering the port. *Epignomus* then enters, and after settling matters concerning a supper, mentions going to pay his duty to his wife; but his brother telling him he saw her coming that way with her sister, he declines it. *Antipho*, after some discourse with his son-in-law, goes off to bath and prepare for the supper. They make themselves merry at the expence of poor *Gelasimus*; who, not being permitted to sep with them, goes off in the utmost despair. And indeed here the Play might with great propriety end. There is nothing to fill up this interval; and the rest is entirely episodical.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Enter STICHUS.

STICHUS.

IT is a common, but a foolish custom,
 In my opinion, if you expect a person,
 Still to look out for him: when, by *Hercules*!
 On that account, he comes no whit the faster.
 Thus am I looking out for *Sagarinus*, 5
 Who, for that reason, never mends his pace.
 'Troth, if he comes not, I'll e'en take my place
 Alone—I will but fetch the keg of wine
 From home, and strait to supper;—for the day,
 Like an old man—seems to decline apace. 10
 [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter SAGARINUS.

SAG. Hail! *Athens*, nurse of *Greece*!—Thou native land
 Of my dear master, hail! I joy to see thee.
 But my chief care is my *Stephanium*'s health;
 My fellow-servant and my love—By *Stichus*

V. 1. —*but a foolish custom*—] This foolish custom is much in practice even at this very day.

V. 10. —*seems to decline apace*.] The original is, *senex tabescit* dies, a metaphor taken from the quick decay of animal life.

I sent

I sent word I was well, and let her know 5
I should be here to-day, and she be sure
Get ready a good supper in good time.
But see, *Stichus* is here.

Re-enter STICHUS, with a keg of wine.

STI. Well done, my master,
To make your servant *Stichus* such a present.
Immortal gods! what joy are in my arms! 10
What dancing, laughing, jollity and jokes;
What kissing, toying—

SAG. *Stichus!*

STI. Holla!—Well!—

SAG. How fare you?

STI. I fare well, my little *Sagy*.
Here's *Bacchus*, lad, will sup with us to-night.
Know, boy, the supper is bespoke; the place 15
Free to ourselves, here at your house—At ours,
There is a feast—*Your* master, and his wife,
And *Antipho* sup there—and with them, *mine*.
Here was a present for you! [*holding up the keg.*]

SAG. Say, who was

The man that gave it you? 20

STI. What's that to thee?

Prithee make haft and bath—

SAG. 'Tis done already.

STI. That's well—Then follow me into the house.

V. 20. —*that gave it you?*] *Quis id donavit autem?* There are many various readings of this passage. Some editions have it, *quis somniavit autem?* of which commentators are hard pressed to explain the sense. Some, *quis obsonavit autem?* Others, *quis obsonavit?* STI. *Aurum*. We have followed the reading of *Pareus*, which seems less forced, and more natural.

SAG. I follow——

STI. 'Tis my will, we drown all care
This day—Leave all external things behind you—
Now we're at *Athens*—Follow me, my lad— 25

SAG. I follow.—This first setting off is rare,
On my arrival—Gifts and omens good.

S C E N E III.

Enter STEPHANIUM, from the house.

STEP. Spectators, let it not your wonder raise,
That I, who live at that house, came out hence!
The reason is, that I but now was sent for,
Upon the news their husbands were expected
By our two ladies—We all hurried thither 5
To strew the couches, and see all things nice.
But I found time not to neglect my friends,
And got the supper dress'd here for my *Sticbus*,
And fellow-servant—*Sticbus* is our caterer.
And for the cooking, I've a deputy. 10
Now I'll be gone, and ready to receive
My guests—I see them coming—

V. 23. —*we drown all care*] The original is, *eluanus*, we
drown, or wash away. It is not said *what*; so we have supposed
care might have been intended. Though it may mean, we'll
consume all our *money* and *provisions*.

SCENE IV.

Enter SAGARINUS and STICHUS.

SAG. You come forth,
And bring our equipage along—I make you
[to STICHUS.

King of the keg—I am resolv'd our feast
Shall be to-day, in all respects well order'd.
As heaven shall save me! we shall sup politely, 5
Here, in this place—It is our will and pleasure,
Whoever passes joins our company.

STI. Agreed—So every man bring his own wine,
The tenths of *Hercules* will then be fuller;

V. 1. —*you come forth, &c.*] *Sagarinus* here puts on an air of grandeur and importance, as if they had a great deal of company to introduce to their entertainment.

V. 2. —*bring our equipage along*——] The original is, *ferre pompam*. So *Plautus* again,

Quo te'd hoc noctis dicam proficisci foras,

Cum istoc ornatu, cumque hac pompa, Phædrome?

Curculio, Act I. Scene I. V. 1, 2,

Whither away, and at this time of night,

Accoutred thus, and with this equipage?

Terence too uses the word in the same sense:

—*Transseundum nunc tibi ad Menedemum, et tua pompa,*

Eo traducenda est——

Heautontimorumenos, Act IV. Scene IV. V. 17.

—You must go over,

You and your equipage to *Menedemus*.

COLMAN.

V. 7. —*joins our company*] *commissatum*, which *Lambin* derives from *κωμάζειν*, to revel, to play the wanton, not from *comedere*, to eat.

V. 9. the tenths of *Hercules*—] See the Note on Verse 92. of Act II. Scene I.

54 CONJUGAL FIDELITY.

None but ourselves shall suffer for our feasting. 10

Our supper's lonely, 'tis a sort of monotrophe,

We wait upon ourselves—'Tis well enough

For people of our rank—Nuts, beans, and figs,

A plate of olives, and a mess of lupines.

Enough's a feast—It best becomes us slaves 15

To moderate our expence, than to exceed—

Each one according to his station—They

Who're opulent; drink out of tankards, cups,

And bowls:—Our little *Samian* jug serves us;

And yet, we live, and yet we cut our coat 20

According to our cloth.

SAG. Should we not settle

On which side of our mistress eath should sit?

STR. Be you above—Yet, let me tell you, friend,

I shall divide that with you—Say, which province

You'll undertake—

SAG. What do you mean by province? 25

STR. Choose you of *Fontinalis* to be lord,

Or *Bacchus*?—

V. 11. —a sort of *monotrophè*,] *Monotrophus* is from *μονος*, alone, and *τρέφω*, I feed; and means one who waits upon himself at meals.

V. 19. —Our little *Samian* jug—] See the Note on V. 58, 59, A& II. Scene II. of *The Captive*, Vol. I. of this Translation.

V. 21. according to our cloth.] The original is,

—*Efficimus pro opibus nostra moenia.*

We build our walls according to our abilities.

Allegorically, as *Lambin* tells us, from citizens, who build the walls of their city, as their opulence will more or less allow of.

V. 26. —of *Fontinalis* to be lord, or *Bacchus*?] *Fontinalis* was the deity that presided over springs and fountains, and *Bacchus* was the heathen god of wine. So that *Stichus*'s question in plain English is, Will you be lord of the water, or of the wine?

SAG.

SAG. O, of *Bacchus* to be sure.
 But whilst our mistress's tricking out and curling,
 Let us divert ourselves together.—I
 Appoint you master of the feast, my *Stichus*. 30
 STR. A lucky thought!—But 'twould become us
 more
 On a hard bench to sit like Cynicks, than
 To loll upon these couches.

V. 30. — *master of the feast*—] The original is, *strategum*. *Strategus* properly signifies, the captain-general of an army. But, as the commentators tell us, metaphorically, the master or ruler of a feast. So in St. *John's* account of our Saviour's first miracle, at the marriage of *Cana* in *Galilee*, chap. ii. ver. 8.

“ Jesus saith unto the servants, Draw out now, and bear unto
 “ the governor of the feast.”

On which passage, Dr. *Dodd* observes, “ that among the *Greeks*,
Romans and *Jews*, it was usual at great entertainments, especially
 “ at marriage-feasts, to appoint a master of the ceremonies,
 “ who gave directions not only concerning the form and method
 “ of the entertainment, but likewise prescribed the laws of drink-
 “ ing.”

V. 32. — *to sit like Cynicks*—] The antient *Grecians* sat at meals.

Ἐκαθίστοτο δὲ καὶ δεκνόντες ὁ τότε. *Athenæus*, Lib. v.

At that time the guests sat at meals.

This appears from many passages in *Homer*, *Catullus*, and other
 antient authors. Neither was it the custom of the *Grecians* only,
 but of most other countries, to sit at entertainments. It was
 practised by the primitive *Romans*. This *Servius* tells us in a note
 on a passage in the viiith *Æneid* of *Virgil*. It was the custom too
 of the *Egyptians*. For the sacred historian informs us, that *Joseph's*
 brethren, when in *Egypt*, sat at their entertainment.

“ And they sat before him, the first-born according to his birth-
 “ right, and the youngest according to his youth — ”

Genesis, chap. xliii. ver. 33.

But afterwards, when men began to be soft and effeminate, they
 exchanged their seats for couches, in order to eat and drink with
 more ease. Yet some, who accustomed themselves to a severe way

SAG. 'Tis rare luxury——
 But prithee tell me, master of the feast,
 Why stands the goblet here, nor pass about? 35
 How many cups are drank?

STR. Why, just as many,
 As you have fingers on your hand—So says
 The old Greek song——

of living, retained the antient posture. This was done by the Cynic philosophers.

Mos habebatur, principum liberos cum ceteris idem ætatis nobilibus sedentes vesci in aspectu propinquorum, propria et parciore mensâ.

Tacitus. Annal. Lib. xiii.

At meals, it was the manner of the children of princes, accompanied with other young nobles, to be served in a sitting posture, in the sight of their nearest kindred, at a separate table, and more sparingly covered.

GORDON.

See more of this in *Potter's Antiquities of Greece*, Vol. II. chap. 20, page 375, &c.

V. 35. *Why stands the goblet here,*] What is here translated *goblet*, and in the next verse, *cup*, are in the original, *cantbarus* and *cyathus*. *Cantbarus*, the commentators tell us, was a vessel to hold wine, in the shape of a beetle, Greek *καὶνδαρος*, and was sacred to *Bacchus*, the god of wine.

Serta procul tantum capiti delapsa jacebant :

Et gravis attrita pendebat cantbarus ansâ.

Virgil. Ecloga vi. ver. 16.

——his flowery wreath

Just from his temple fall'n, lay strown beneath ;

His massy goblet drain'd of potent juice,

Was hanging by, worn thin with age and use.

WARTON.

Cyathus was a cup, holding about an ounce and a half of liquor, much the same as a gill, or a quarter of our pint. This the Romans used to fill out of a larger vessel, which used to stand by them, much in the same manner perhaps, as we fill punch into a glass out of a bowl.

Drink

Drink five cups, drink three cups,

But never drink four. [singing.] 40

SAG. Here's to thee then in twice five cups—

Be wise,

And pledge me—I drink thus to all of us—

Here's to thee, here's to me, here's to my love,

Stephanium—

STI. If you'll drink away then, drink.

SAG. The cup shall never stand with me.

STI. I think 45

A decent feast, were but our mistress here!

Were she but come, there would be nothing wanting.

SAG. Why that's well said.—Here's to you, boy,
again—

V. 39. *Drink five cups, &c.*] The original is in Greek, ἡ πέντε πίν', ἡ τρεῖς πίν', ἡ μὴ τέτταρα. *Never drink four*, that is, says *Limiers*, *drink two*, which makes ten in all, the number of fingers on both hands. There is a great deal of refinement on this and the following in all the commentators. Some are of opinion that he would have him drink ten cups of wine, as the letters which form his mistress's name *Stephanium*, are ten in number. According to that of *Martial*.

Nævia sex cyathis, septem Justina bibatur,

Quinque Lycas, Lyde quatuor, Ida tribus.

Lib. i. Epig. 72.

Six cups to *Nævia*, to *Justina* seven,

To *Lycas* five, to *Lyde* four,

To *Ida* only three.

If the reader chooses any thing farther of this sort, he may consult *Lambin* on *Horace*, Lib. iii. Ode 19, and *Erasmi* *Adagia*, Chil. ii. Cent. 3. Sect. 1.

V. 41. —*in twice five cups*—] *Decumâ fontî*. The commentators are divided in their sense of this passage; of which there are many various readings. *Turnebus* understands it of wine diluted with a tenth part of water. *Lippius* says, it means ten cups of wine. *Sticbus* had spoke of five cups, and *Sagorinus* is of opinion, twice five should be drank off.

You've

58 CONJUGAL FIDELITY.

You've wine?—O, for a dainty relisher!—

STI. If what is here don't please you, noth'g will. 50

Here, take some water—

SAG. *Stichus*, you are right.

None of your kickshaws—Piper, drink about—

Now mind your hits—You must drink this, by *Hercules*!

What! do you flinch?—I must have no refusal—

You see what must be done—And drink you shall. 55

Look to your hits, I say—Nay, take this cup.

The wine's not tax'd: You need not fear that here.

Come take your pipes out of your mouth.

STI. When he

Has drank his cup, mind you my rules, or else

Be toast-master yourself—I like not bumpers. 60

We shall have nothing soon to drink—By *Pollux*!

You'll turn the keg at this rate bottom upwards.

V. 52. *None of your kickshaws, &c.—*] 'Tis probable there was one dish on the table better than the rest. *Sagarinus* wanted that all to himself, without troubling himself what came to the others share; therefore *Stichus* answers him, that if he does not partake equally of what was before him, he should have nothing at all, and should drink only water. *Sagarinus* alarmed at the threat, proceeds to eat of every thing before him, and not to be more dainty mouthed than his companion. LIMIERS.

V. 62. —*bottom upwards—*] The original is, *cadus verti potest. Vertere cadum*, *Gronovius* tells us, is to make the cask dry, to empty it, which cannot be done, unless it is turned.

—*fusque per berbam*

Indulgent wine, et vertunt crateras abenos.

Virgil. Æn. Lib. ix. ver. 164.

—stretch'd along the grafs

Drink up the wine, and turn the brazen jars— PITT.

SAG.

SAG. What matters that?—Tho' you've drank
pretty deep,
You are not cut—Come, Piper, when you've drank;
To it again—Come, quick, puff out your cheeks 65
Like any angry serpent—Let him, *Stichus*,
That breaks the rules, be fin'd a cup of wine.

STI. A good law that—And you shall have your
will,
Because you ask but right—Mind it yourself;
For if you break it, I'll retain the forfeit. 70

SAG. Why right again and just—
STI. Here's to you then—
And that's the first—'Tis droll enough to see
Two rivals on such terms—Drink from one cup
And kiss one wench---'Tis comical enough!
I you, you I, both of one mind in that. 75
Both love one wench. ---With me! why, she's with
you:

With you! with me---One envies not the other.

SAG. Enough, enough---Let us have no ill omens.
Now could I be as playful as a kitten.

Say, shall we call her out?---And she shall dance. 80

STI. Agreed.

SAG. My dear, my pretty one, my sweet
Stephanium, come forth; come to your loves---
You're fair enough for me.

STI. To me, most fair.

SAG. Come, make us merry, as you always do
With your good company---We're just come home, 85
And long to see you---Honey, little *Stephy*---
If both be lovely in your eyes, your sweethearts,
Come forth—

SCENE V.

Enter STEPHANIUM.

STEP. Here, at your service, my dear lads---
 Now lovely *Venus* help me! I'd been with you
 Here long ago, but, that I staid to trick
 Myself out for you.---'Tis our sex's way,
 That be a woman ne'er so clean and nice,
 And trim and dress'd, the work is never done.
 A courtesan shall by one fluttish act
 Easier offend, than please by all her neatness.

SAG. Prettily said!

STI. And *Venus* spoke by her,
 My *Sagarinus*——

SAG. What's the matter, man? 10

STI. The pangs of love all over me——

SAG. All over?

That's hard indeed!

STEPH. Where shall I place myself?

SAG. Where'er you please——

STEP. Between you both, I think,
 For sure I love you both.——

STI. 'Tis over with me.

My means are going all to wreck and ruin. 15

V. 15. *My means, &c.*] The original is, *vapulat peculium*.
 Literally, *my means are scourged*. *Vapulo* has here a passive sense.
 And so it has in *Judénal*.

—— *abi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum*——

Sat. iii. ver. 18.

You lay on with your cudgel, and I bear
 The blows——

I ne'er

ACT V. SCENE V. 61

I ne'er shall get my freedom by these doings.

STEP. Make room, my dears, that I may sit between you.

Now this is as I like—For I would fain
Be well with both—

STI. Then I'm undone indeed!

SAG. What say'st then?

STI. What, indeed!

SAG. Nay, by the gods! 20

This day shall never pass without a dance.

Come, honey; come, my sweet—Give us a dance,
And I'll dance with thee.

STI. Now, by *Pollux*' temple!

You shall not get the better of me there.

I'll have a touch with her, as well as you. 25

STEP. Well, if I am to dance, you'll give the piper
A cup of wine—

STI. A cup too for ourselves.

SAG. The piper first—Here take it—Afterwards,
When you have tip'd it off, as you were wont,
We'll have a merry song, will make us itch 30
Down to our little finger nails—Some water here.

SAG. Here, piper, take it off—But now, your
liquor

Pleas'd not, it seems; now you can suck it in—
Here, take it, man—Now, while the piper's at it,
Give me a kiss, you rogue—A rare whore's trick 35
To give a friend a kiss just as he passes.

What! tho' the piper boggled at his cup,
It has not hurt him.—Come, now blow away.

V. 33. This the editions make the beginning of another scene;
[Scene VI.] but there is not the least occasion for it.

STI.

STI. Ay, let's have something soft—For our old wine,

Come give us a new tune.

SAG. [*dancing.*] Where's your *Cinædic* 40
Or your *Ionic* dancers can do that?

If in this round you get the better of me,
Challenge me at another—Dance like that—

STI. Or you like this. [*dancing.*]

SAG. O brave!

STI. O rare!

SAG. O excellent!

STI. Enough!—

SAG. Ay, one's as good as t'other—I, 45
I challenge your *Cinædic's* one and all—

No more to us than rain is to a mushroom.

Come, let us in—We've dusted it away,
As long as our wine lasted.——Your applause,
Spectators—And you may go home to supper.

[*Exeunt.*]

V. 40. Here again the editions make a new scene; [Scene VII.] but with as little reason as before.

V. 40. —*your Cinædic or your Ionic dancers*] See *The Counterfeit*, A& V. Scene II. Ver. 29. Vol. III. of this Translation.

V. 47. *No more to us than rain is to a mushroom.*] A mushroom cannot have too much rain. It is produced by rain, nourished by rain, and by rain is kept alive. As therefore no rain is too much for a mushroom, so no tumbler is on a par with *Sagarinus*.

DE L'OEUVRE.

* * Here *Plautus* drops all the principal characters. You hear no more of them; and the whole A& is taken up in the entertainment, *Stichus*, by his master's leave, was enjoying. He invites *Sagarinus*, the servant of his master's brother, and his fellow-servant *Stephanium*, who was mistress to them both. They eat, drink, sing

sing and dance, and so the Comedy, after the usual address to the spectators, concludes.

It may be worthy of observation, that *Plutarch*, in his Life of *Lucullus*, when he is observing upon the debauched old age of that *Roman*, compares it to the old Comedy.

Εστὶ δ' οὖν τοῦ Λουκουλλοῦ βίου, καθάπερ ἀρχαίας παλαιῆς κωμῳδίας, ἀναγνῆναι τὰ μὲν πρῶτα πολιτείας καὶ στρατηγίας, τὰ δ' ὕστερα, ποτοὺς καὶ δειπνα, καὶ μονονουχί, κωμούς καὶ λαμπάδας καὶ παιδιὰν ἅπαντα.

It is true, in *Lucullus's* life, as in the old Comedy, we meet with policy and action in the beginning, and good eating and drinking in the end; and indeed scarce any thing but feasting, and revellings, and sports.

This is so much the case of this Comedy of *Plautus*, that the sentiment, if not the very words, seems particularly applicable to it.

The End of CONJUGAL FIDELITY. —

THE



THE
C A S K E T.

VOL. IV.

F

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

AUXILIUM, *a god, who speaks the Prologue.*

DEMIPHO, *a merchant of Lemnos.*

ALCESIMARCHUS, *a young gentleman of Sicyon.*

LAMPADISCUS, *a servant of PHANOSTRATA.*

PHANOSTRATA, *wife of DEMIPHO.*

SILENIUM, *daughter of DEMIPHO and PHANOS-*
TRATA.

MELÆNIS, *a bawd, of Sicyon.*

HALISCA, *her maid-servant.*

BAWD, *of Sicyon, mother of GYMNASIUM.*

GYMNASIUM, *a courtesan.*

SCENE, SICYON.



T H E
C A S K E T.*



A C T I.

S C E N E - I.

Enter SILENIUM, GYMNASIUM, *and* BAWD.

S I L E N I U M.

A S I have hitherto, my dear *Gymnasium*,
Lov'd you, and rank'd your mother and your-
self

Among my friends, so you've both made your
friendship,

This day apparent.—Had you been my sister,
I know not how I could have been more honour'd. 5
Indeed, in my poor thoughts it could not be.
All other business have you laid aside

* PLAUTUS has called this Comedy CISTELLARIA. The word is formed from *cista*, a basket or casket; thence *cistilla* and *cistellaria*, the same as MOSTELLARIA, on which see the note. We have therefore called it *The Casket*.

This Piece, like some other of our author's, has no Prologue.

So often, to devote yourselves to me.

I own, on this account, my obligations

Due to you both, and give you both, my thanks. 10

GYM. By *Pollux*! easy 'tis on such conditions

To visit you, and do you all good offices.

So handsomely, and with such elegance

You've dinn'd us, we shall ne'er forget the kindness.

SIL. 'Twas done with a good will; and ev'ry
thing 15

I think you wish, it shall be mine to get.

BAWD. 'Troth! I shall always think we came to you,

Blown hither, as the sailors us'd to say,

On a calm sea, and with a prosperous gale.

So kindly have we been receiv'd to-day, 20

Nor was there any thing displeasing to me,

Except that silly custom——

SIL. What! I pray you?

BAWD. The fellow brought about the glass too
feldom;

And spoil'd besides the colour of the wine.

GYM. Pray, is it decent here to mention it? 25

BAWD. Decent! 'Tis right—There is no stranger
here.

SIL. My love's your due, who love and honour me.

BAWD. It is but right, my dear *Silenium*,

V. 22. *Except that silly custom—*] The original is, *disciplina*, the manner, way, or custom of your house.

V. 24. *—the colour of the wine.*] The original is, *infuscabat merum*, made the wine brown, by mixing water with it. Some editions read *infucabat*; from *fucus*, a kind of white paint, which the Roman ladies used to make their skin look fairer; the meaning then would be, made the wine white. I have translated the passage so as to take in either sense. *Lambin* says, that it perhaps alludes to the Greek proverb, οἶνον ἀπολίπας ὕδαρ ἐγχύσας, *You have spoiled the wine by pouring water into it.*

Our

Our order 'mongst ourselves should keep up love,
 And aid each other—When our dames of birth, 30
 And grandee matrons, you may see how they
 Cultivate friendship mutual; and cement
 Their mutual correspondence, if we do
 The same, and imitate their prudent custom.
 Yet thus scarce live we, they so envy us 35
 Of what they have, no share will they allow us.
 Yet would be glad to have us be without
 Strength of our own, and need their aid in all things,
 That we may live their supplicant dependants.
 Should you wait on them, you would rather give
 them 40
 Your room, than company.—Before the world,
 'Tis true, they're civil to us: but in private,
 Whene'er occasion offers, underhand
 They throw cold water on us—They give out
 That we have commerce with their husbands; call
 us 45
 Their harlots; for they still would keep us under,
 Because we are the daughters but of slaves
 Made free; and not free women like themselves.

V. 45. — *Have commerce, &c.*] The original is *solere*—with an *apopsopesis*—*Scortari*, understood, probably in a modest sense, in which we have endeavoured to render it.

V. 48. — *not free women like themselves.*]

Slaves were intirely in the power of their masters, and could not themselves dispose of their own persons; consequently they could not (properly speaking) be courtezans. *Libertæ* were usually provided for by their *quondam* masters, and were often indeed mistresses to them. But the profession of a courtezan peculiarly belonged to the *Libertinæ*, who seldom had any other way of maintaining themselves. Hence it was, that to lead a loose life, was called leading a libertine life, or such a life as libertines used to live: for the men, as well as the women, of that rank were com-

Your mother and myself were of the trade;
 We both were courtezans—She brought up you, 50
 And I this girl: [*meaning GYMNASIUM.*] from un-
 known parents both.

Nor did I drive my own to prostitution;
 To gratify my vanity, but that
 I might have means to keep us both from starving.

SIL. But surely, it had been more eligible 55
 To have got the girl an husband—

BAWD. Ah! by *Castor*!
 She has every day an husband; one to-day;
 To-night she'll have another—I ne'er suffer

monly debauched. No *libere* were ever allowed to take up the
 profession of debauchery or prostitution.

A passage from TACITUS may serve to illustrate this.

Eodem anno gravibus senatus decretis libido fœminarum coercita, cautumque ne questum corpora facerent, cui avus, aut pater aut maritus, eques Romanus fuisset: nam VISTILIA, prætorîâ familiâ genita, licentiam stupri apud ÆDILES vulgaverat; more inter veteres recepto, qui satis pœnarum adversum impudicas in ipsa professione flagitii credebant.
Annal. Lib. ii. cap. 84.

The same year the lubricity of women was by the senate restrained with severe laws; and it was provided, that no woman should become venal, if her father, grandfather, or husband were Roman knights. For VISTILIA, a lady born of a Prætorian family, had, before the Ædiles, published herself a prostitute, upon a custom allowed by our ancestors, who thought that prostitutes were, by thus avowing their infamy, sufficiently punished.
 GORDON.

V. 51. *I this girl*] meaning *Gymnasium* her daughter [*from unknown parents both.*] The original is, *ex patribus conventitiis*, which the commentators tell us, means whore-masters, unknown or chance fathers, because their mothers were prostitutes.

The girl to lie in widow'd sheets.—That soon
Would bring our House to famine. 60

Gym. It behoves me
Ever to be what you would have me, mother.

BAWD. 'Troth! if you'll ever be what I would
have you,

I sha'n't repent my pains—For if you are
What I would always have you, you will never
Become a *Hecale*; but continue always 65

V. 59. — *in widow'd sheets.*—] See *Conjugal Fidelity*. AGT.
Scene III. Note, V. 4.

V. 65. *Become a Hecale*;—] Thus the edition of *Aldus*, which
Salmasius says is right. *Nunquam Hecale fiet*. It was a proverbial
expression to signify, You will never be poor. This *Hecale* was
a very poor old woman. We find her mentioned by *Plutarch*.

*As to what concerns Hecale (says that author) and the story of
her entertaining Theseus in this expedition; it seems to be not alto-
gether void of truth; for from hence the people round about, meeting
upon a certain day, offered a sacrifice, which they called Hecalesium
to Jupiter Hecalion, in honour of Hecale, whom, by a pleasing
diminutive, they called Hecalenē; because, when she entertained
Theseus while he was but a youth, she, as the custom of old people
is, called and caressed him by such diminutive names.*

Life of Theseus.

Ovid also speaks of her:

*Cur nimis est, Hecalen; nulla est; quæ cepit Iron,
Nempe quod alter egens, altera pauper erat.*

Remedia Amoris, V. 747.

Not *Hecale* or *Iris* chuld arrive
At *Hymen's* joys, tho' long they did survive:
For both were poor——

TATE.

The reader will find more on this subject in *Cælius Rhodoginus*,
Lectiones Antiquæ, Lib. xxx. cap. 11. where this passage of *Plautus*
is cited; and commented upon at large, and professedly explained.

As young and fair as now :—And while you fleece
Others, you'll be a gain to me, without
Farther expence of mine.

Gym. The gods so grant it !

Bawd. Without your help, the gods themselves
can't do it.

Gym. By *Hercules* ! then, I'll do my best endeavours,

70

But amidst all this chat, my dear *Silenium*,
(I never saw you sadder) prithee tell me,
Why so averse to mirth ?—You do not heed
Your dress as heretofore—How deep you sigh !
And then so pale—Speak, tell us both the matter, 75
And how we may assist you—Don't o'erwhelm me
Thus with your grief, your trouble and your tears.

Sil. I am uneasy, my *Gymnasium*, ill,
And pine away—My spirit is depress'd,
My eyes are painful ; and I feel a faintness— 80
What shall I say, but that my folly drives me
To this sad state ?—

Gym. Be then your folly buried
Where it arose—

Most of the other editions read *Hecate* for *Hecata*, the name the commentators tell us *Proserpine* was called in the infernal regions. But which-ever reading is adopted, the meaning is the same, *You will never be poor and old*.

V. 66. *As young and fair as now :—*] The original is, *ætatulam obtinebis*, a word often used by our author to signify *life*.

V. 77. *—your grief, &c.*] The original is, *lacrymis tuis mihi exercitum imperare*. The commentators observe, that *exercitus* here means *pain and trouble*. M. De L'Oeuvre thinks *Plautus* intended a pun, between *exercitus* in this sense, and that of an *army*.

SIL.

SIL. What shall I do?

Gym. Why, hide it
Inly, i' th' deep recesses of your breast:
Be conscious of it to yourself alone. 85
Let none else know it.

SIL. But I've pain at heart—

Gym. What's that? From whence have you this
pain at heart?

Pray tell me—For the men say, that a heart
Is not in me, nor any other woman.

SIL. If any heart I have that can feel pain, 90
It pains me—If I've none, I feel however,
Pain here— [pointing to her heart.]

Gym. The girl's in love!

SIL. Is love, I pray you,
So bitter then at first?—

Gym. By *Castor*! love
Hath both its gall and honey in abundance.
Sweet to the tast—But in't we swallow bitter 95
Ev'n till we loath—

SIL. The malady with which
I pine, my dear *Gymnasium*, has that form.

Gym. Love's full of treachery.

SIL. So he makes his spoils
On me—

Gym. Take courage—Your disease will mend.

SIL. I trust it would, were the physician pre-
sent 100

That could apply the medicine to this malady.

V. 98. —*so he makes his spoils*] The original is, *in me pecula-
tum facit. Peculare; to rob, defraud, or despoil.*

V. 100. —*were the physician present*] meaning her lover *Alcefi-
marcbus.*

GYM. Oh! he will come——

SIL. A tedious word, he will,
To a girl in love, unless he come indeed.
But 'tis my fault I am tormented thus;
Who still have wish'd with him, and him alone, 105
To spend my days.——

GYM. Well it becomes a wife
To love one man; to wear out life with him,
To whom she once is married—But with us,
A courtesan is like a wealthy town;
Which cannot get a livelihood alone, 110
But wants a multitude.

SIL. Pray mind the affair
In hand—I'll tell you why I sent for you.
My mother, finding me averse to the name
Of courtesan, and, since I had in all things
Obey'd her will, comply'd with me in this, 115
To let me live with him I lov'd so dearly.

BAWD. In troth, the more fool she!—But have
you never
Kept company with any man?

SIL. With none
Except *Alcesimarchus*: neither has
Another man injur'd my chastity. 120

BAWD. And by what arts, I pray you, did this man
Gain your good grace?——

SIL. At *Bacchus'* feast it was—
My mother carried me to see the shew.—
As I return'd, he from his secret stand
Had cy'd me to the door—And from that time 125
He by endearments, entertainments, presents,
Engag'd at once her friendship and my own.

V. 122. *At Bacchus' feast*] *Per Dionysia*. This has been explained in the course of this work.

GYM. Would any one procure me such a man,
I'd give a good account of him, I warrant.

SIL. What need of words? — A mutual inter-
course

130

Began a mutual passion 'twixt us both.

BAWD. O my *Silenium*!

SIL. What?

BAWD. You should feign love,
Not feel it; if you do, immediately
You'll more regard the welfare of your lover
Than of yourself——

SIL. Ay, but he swore, in words 135
Most sacred, to my mother, that he'd marry me;
But now another is provided for him,
A *Lemnian*, his relation, here hard by.
His father's meer authority has done it.

V. 139. *His father's meer authority, &c.*] The *Athenians* had
enacted a law, that the nearest relations of orphans should be
obliged to marry them. This we find alluded to in *Terence*.

—— *Hæc virgo orba est patre,
Hic meus amicus illi genera est proximus;
Nunc leges cogunt nubere hanc——*

Adelphi, Act IV. Scene V. V. 16.

The father's dead—This friend of mine, it seems,
Being her next relation, by the law,
Is forc'd to marry her——

COLMAN.

In a note on which passage, that gentleman observes from
M. Dacier, "That this appears in many instances to have been
"a law in force with the *Athenians*, and was probably handed
"down to them by the *Phœnicians*, who originally received it
"from the *Jews*."

*And every daughter that possesses an inheritance in any tribe of the
children of Israel, shall be wife unto one of the family of the tribe of
her father, that the children of Israel may enjoy every man the inhe-
ritance of his fathers.*

Numbers, chap. xxxvi. ver. 8.

And

And now my mother is displeas'd with me, 140
That I return'd not home, on my first knowledge
Of his intended marriage with another.

BAWD. Nothing's unfair in love.

SIL. Permit, I prithee !

Your daughter to be here only three days ;
And look to my house, while I attend my mother, 145
Who has sent for me.

BAWD. She's at your disposal.

Tho' let me tell you, they will be three days
Of trouble and of loss—

SIL. Friendly and kind !

But, my *Gymnasium*, if while I am absent,
Alcesimarchus come, chide him not roughly. 150
Howe'er he has deserv'd of me, I love him,
Be gentle with him, lest you anger him.
Here are my keys—And if there's any thing
You've need of, freely take it—I must go—

GYM. You have drawn tears into my eyes.

SIL. My dear, 155

Adieu !

GYM. Of your dear self take care.—But do you
Go off so much in deshabille ?

SIL. 'Tis fit

My dress should suit my fortunes—

GYM. But take up

Your robe at least—

SIL. No, let it drag ; myself

Am drag'd along—

V. 141. *That I return'd not home,*] This looks as if *Silenium* had lived with the young gentleman before. Yet it does not appear that this was customary.

GYM.

ACT I. SCENE II. 77

GYM. Since you will have it so, 160
[*taking up her robe.*]

Adieu!—Look to your health—

SIL. Yes, if I can.

[*Exit SIL.*]

GYM. Well, mother, would you any thing with me,
E'er I go in?—In my mind, she's in love.

BAWD. That's what I'm ever dinning in thy ears,
Never to be in love—Go, get you in— 165

GYM. Would you ought else?

BAWD. Your health—

GYM. And yours—Adieu!

[*Exit GYM.*]

SCENE II.

BAWD. I am, for all the world, like half the sex
That keep our trade—Soon as we've got our load,
We prate away, and chatter more than need.
This very girl, that's now gone off in tears,
Did I take up an infant, and expos'd 5
In a lone lane, and bred her up as mine.
Here is a certain youth, nobly allied—
(Why should not I, now I have eat my fill,
And got my skin full freely, free my tongue—
I cannot keep it, tho' so great a secret.) 10
His father lives at *Sicyon*, of a family

V. 11. —*lives at Sicyon*—] *Sicyon* was a noble and very ancient city of *Peloponnesus*, a part of *Greece*, not far from *Corinth*. It was, as the elder *Pliny* informs us, famous for shops stored with metals of all sorts.

It [*Dipænus et Scyllis*] *Sicyonem se contulere, quæ diu fuit officinarum omnium metallorum patria.*

Nat. Hist. Lib. xxxvi. cap. 4.

These men [*Dipænus* and *Scyllis*] went together unto *Sicyon*, a place for a long time famous for shops of all sorts of metals.

The

The noblest there.—The youth grew desperate,
 Lost in the love of her you saw in tears,
 And she of him—I made a present of her
 To this *Melenis*, a good friend of mine; 15
 Who oft had ask'd me for some boy or girl,
 An infant, whom she might pretend her own.
 Soon as I could, I granted her request,
 And gave her this.—When she had got the girl,
 She was directly brought to bed of her, 20
 Without a midwife, or child-bearing throes;
 Unlike these fools, who bring it on themselves.
 And then, to make a fair pretence for having
 A child supposititious, 'twas, forsooth,
 To flatter her gallant, some foreigner. 25
 We two alone are in the secret; I,
 Who gave the girl, and she, who took her of me.
 Except yourselves, indeed. [*to the spectators.*] This
 is the story.
 If any thing comes of it, you'll remember—
 I must trot homeward— 30

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

The PROLOGUE.

Enter AUXILIUM.*

Aux. How this old foul loves
 To tattle, and to tittle!—Tho' a god,

* *Auxilium*, which signifies *aid*, *help*, or *assistance*, is here not only personified, but made a god of: and, as M. Gueudeville observes, a god was necessary to tell the spectators the plot of the Comedy; for the *Barud* was acquainted with the subject after the finding, and

She has scarce left me any thing to say.
 She has 'forestall'd the market with her prate
 Of this supposititious girl; when, had she 5
 But held her tongue, I, who am call'd a god,
 Could have explain'd it better—For my name's
Auxilium—Now attend me, and I'll tell you
 How the plot lies.—At *Sicyon* were the feasts
 Of *Bacchus* not long since, to which there came 10
 A certain *Lemnian* merchant—Full of wine
 And youth, he in the street, at dead of night,
 Compress'd a girl—Conscious, for such a crime
 What he deserv'd, he, with his heels took shelter,
 And quick made off to *Lemnos*, where he liv'd. 15
 The girl was here deliver'd of a daughter,
 After due time; and, ignorant of the man
 That did the deed, her father's servant made
 Partaker of her project; and to him
 Gave the poor girl to be to death expos'd. 20

and bearing off the infant *Silenium*, but was ignorant of every thing that was transacted before it: nor did any but a god, know the secret, to the discovery of which he here gives the key.

This Prologue is, not as usual, before the opening of the Comedy. But it is, not the only instance in our author. In *Miles Gloriosus*, or *The Braggard-Captain*, the Prologue begins the second Act; and in *Amphitryon*, there is, a second Prologue, or, as Mr. THOMSON has observed, rather a kind of continuation of the Prologue, which makes the second Scene of the first Act.

V. 9. —at *Sicyon* were the feasts— See Note on V. 16 of the last Scene.

V. 11. A certain *Lemnian* merchant—] i. e. *Demipho*.

V. 13. a girl—] *Phanostrata*.

V. 16. —of a daughter—] *Silenium*.

V. 18. —her father's servant—] *Lampadiscus*.

This

This he strait did—This woman took her up—
 The servant cunningly observ'd the place,
 The house, to which the bantling was convey'd.
 The Bawd, as you have heard her own, but now,
 Gave her the courtezan *Melenis*, who 25
 As her own daughter, educated her
 In honesty and virtue—Now, this *Lemnian*
 Married a neighbour, and a near relation.
 The wife was complaisant enough, and died—
 He, having paid due honours to her memory, 30
 Came hither, and was married to the girl
 He had compress'd; and knew her for the same.
 She told him, she, from the compression, was
 Deliver'd of a daughter, whom she gave
 To a servant, to expose immediately. 35
 That servant strait he orders to search out,
 If e'er she might be found who took her up:
 The servant to this task applied himself,
 Assiduous to find out the courtezan,
 Whom he, from his concealment, had observ'd 40
 To take away the child he had expos'd.
 I'll tell you now all that remains untold,
 And so discharge my debt—A youth there lives
 At *Steyon*;—his father is alive—
 This expos'd girl he loves to excess, the same 45
 You saw but now go weeping to her mother:
 She pays his love with that, which of all loves
 The sweetest is, love mutual.—But such is
 The state of all things human, that no bliss
 Of man's perpetual—The father thinks 50
 To give his son a wife—Her mother hears it,

V. 43. — *a youth there lives*] * *Alcesimarchus*.

V. 51. *Her mother*—] *Melenis*.

And sends for her directly to come home.
 And thus the matter stands—Farewell! and conquer,
 As you was wont, with valour undismay'd.
 Retain your old allies, support your new ones. 55
 Still your supplies by your just laws increase.
 Destroy your foes, and praise and laurels gather—
 And may the vanquish'd *Carthaginians* still
 Feel from your arms their proper punishment.
 [Exit.

V. 58. —*the vanquish'd Carthaginians—*]

From this passage, and another in *The Carthaginian*, it seems to appear, that both these Comedies were represented during the height of the second *Punic* war.

* * This Act is opened by *Silenium*, who is properly the heroine of the piece; a Bawd, who had given her to *Melenis*, to be brought up as her own, and *Gymnasium*, a courtesan, to whom she had just given an entertainment, in order to talk with them concerning her passion for *Alcesimarchus*.

In the second Scene, the Bawd, who had drank pretty freely, begins by way of PROLOGUE, to explain to the spectators the business of the Comedy; and after mentioning some incidents, goes off rather abruptly, and leaves the conclusion, to the god *Auxilium*, or *Assistance*, who fills up the third Scene, by way of PROLOGUE; the purport of which, like too many of our author's, is to explain the plot, and open too many of the incidents before the piece is well begun. This ends the first Act; and the interval is filled up with a conversation of *Silenium* with *Melenis*, her supposed mother, and the steps taken by her to prevent her being a-dupe to *Alcesimarchus*.

End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Enter ALCESIMARCHUS *and* MELÆNIS.

ALCESIMARCHUS.

LOVE, I believe, was he who first invented
The tortures us'd among mankind.—For proof,
I need not look abroad: from my own feelings
I have sufficient ground for my conjectures:
In feeling mutual tortures, I surpass
All men—I'm tofs'd, tormented, agitated, 5

V. 6. — *I'm tofs'd, tormented,*—] A passage from *Euripides* may serve to illustrate this; and the reader may not be displeased to see it quoted. In his *Hippolytus*, the *Nurse*, supporting her mistress *Phædra*, thus exclaims—

ὦ κακὰ δυνῶν, συγερὰ τε νόσοι·

τί σ' ἔγω δράσω; τί δὲ μὴ θράσω;

Τόδε τοι Φέριγος λαμπρόν, ὃ δ' ἀβήρ-

ῥέω δὲ δόμων ἤδη νοσερὰς

Δέμνα κίττα;

Δεῦρο γὰρ ἔλθεῖν, πᾶν ἔπος ἦν σοι,

τάχα δ' εἰς θαλάμῳ σπύσεις τὸ πάλιν·

Ταχύ γὰρ σφάλῃ, κ' ἔδει χαίρεις·

οὐδὲ σ' ἄρῃσκε τὸ παρὸν, τόδ' ἀπὸν

φίλτερον ἤγῃ.

Act I. V. 177-

O ills of mortals! O ye dire diseases!
What shall I do for you? What shall I not do!
For you, this radiant light; this air, are ready—
Out of the house too, are the coverings
Of your diseased bed.
For, to come hither was your every word,

Tho'

Prick'd, rack'd upon the wheel of love; distracted,
 Torn, fainting am I hurried round; and thus
 My inmost mind is in a cloud, that where
 I am, I am not; where I am not, there
 My mind is: such are all my faculties,
 I like and like not as the moment passes.
 Fatigu'd in mind, thus does love draw me on,
 Pursues, drives, drags me, seizes and retains,
 Drains me to nothing; and then gives me all: 15
 All that he gives, retracts, and so deludes me.
 From what he once persuaded, now dissuades;
 What he dissuaded, holds out to my choice.
 He treats me like the raging sea; and wrecks
 My mind to madness;—nor is there an evil 20
 I do not feel, but that I cannot down
 And sink outright. My father, in the country
 Detain'd me six days running at his seat there;
 Nor could I see the mistress of my soul.
 'Tis horrid to relate——

MEL. D' you bam us thus, 25
 For that at *Lemnos* you've another mistress,
 Rich and betroth'd? Then have her—It is true,
 We cannot number friends, or wealth with you;

Tho' to your chamber back perhaps you'll hasten.
 Soon will you change, and take delight in nothing.
 The present does not please you, but the absent,
 You think more dear——

V. 9. *My inmost mind*—The original is, *mentem animi*, the mind
 of the soul. The mind is to the soul as the eye is to the body.
 The same expression we meet with in *Lucretius*——

Mens animi vigilat.

Lib. iv. ver. 762.

Again,

Perturbata animi mens, in mœrore.

Lib. vi. ver. 1181.

But I've no fear, our faith will stand as firm.
If you are wrung, you know whence it proceeds. 30

ALC. May all the gods confound me!—

MEL. Take your wish.

ALC. If e'er I marry her my father gives me!

MEL. And me, if e'er I give into your arms
Daughter of mine!

ALC. And would you wish, *Melenis*,
I should forswear myself?

MEL. Sooner than I

35

And my affairs be ruin'd, and my girl
Deluded thus.—Be gone, and find out those
Will trust your oaths—With us, *Alcesimarchus*,
You've forfeited your title to our friendship—

ALC. Try me but once—

I

V. 39. *You've forfeited your title to our friendship.*] The original is, *confragisti tesseram*. Literally, *You have broke your tally or ticket*. They were, as *Limiers* observes, pieces of wood cut lengthways, and made to fit in such a manner that they might be joined together. The antients had many sorts of them. Those here mentioned were the *tesserae hospitales*, tallies or tickets which gave a right to be entertained as a guest. *Plautus* again mentions them.

—*si ita est tesseram*

Conferre si vis hospitalem, eccam attuli.

Pænulus, *Æt* V. Scene II. V. 87.

—If this be so,

Compare my hospitable tally: here

See, I have brought it with me—

We find it mentioned too in *Euripides*.

—ὁ ἵτοιμος ἀφ' ὅθεν δεῖναι περὶ

ἑνὸς τε πέμπειν σύμβολ', οἱ δ' ἀράττει ε' εὔ.

Medea, v. 612.

—I'm ready with a liberal hand

To send to you my hospitable tallies,

In order that it may be well with you!

MEL.

MEL. I've made that tryal oft; 40
And have as oft had reason to repent.

ALC. Nay, give her to me—

MEL. I, in this new matter,
Of the old proverb will avail myself.
What I have given, I wish I had not given;
And what I have left ungiven, I shall not give. 45

ALC. And so, you will not send her back again?

MEL. Answer yourself for me.

ALC. Not send her to me?

MEL. You know my resolution, Sir, already.

ALC. Fix'd in the heart?

MEL. You think that I attend not:
What you say now? 'troth I don't hear at all. 50

ALC. Not hear? alas! then what is to be done?

MEL. Think you of that—You know your own
affairs.

ALC. Why then, may all the gods and goddesses,
Superiour, middle, and inferiour deities,
May *Juno*, queen and daughter of high *Jove*, 55
His uncle *Saturn*—

MEL. 'Troth, his father rather.

V. 49. —*that I attend not*:] The original is, *quin ego contemnor quidem*. *Commentari*, *Parcus* tells us, is, *to mind something else, not to hearken to what is said*.

V. 55. *May Juno, queen and daughter of high Jove*,] *Juno* was sister and wife of *Jupiter*, and not his daughter: *Saturn* was father of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, and not his uncle. *Ops* was the wife of *Saturn*, and not his grandmother. The commentators say, that this confusion is intended by *Plautus* to shew the anxiety of the young gentleman's mind on being deprived of his mistress. And indeed he in some measure says so himself, V. 59.

You're the cause of all these blunders—

ALC. May *Ops* the opulent, grandame of *Jove*!—

MEL. His mother say—

ALC. Ay, daughter, 'uncle, *Jove*—

You mad me—You're the cause of all these blunders—

MEL. Proceed, proceed—

ALC. May I not know your mind? 60

MEL. Say on—I never shall desist—'Tis fix'd—

ALC. Why then, may *Jupiter*, may *Juno*, *Saturn*—

May all—I know not what to say—Yet stay—

Hear, woman—Know, my resolution's taken.

May all the gods, great, little, middle, all, 65

Curse me; ne'er may I live to give *Silenium*

A single kiss! if I destroy you not,

Your daughter, you, myself, immediately—

And then to-morrow morning, murder both of you.

And afterwards, the third time I attack you, 70

By *Hercules*! I'll quite demolish you—

Unless you give her back to me again.

I've said it—So farewell—

[Exit.

MEL. He is gone in,

And in a rage—What am I now to do?

If she return, things are but where they were. 75

Whene'er dislike comes on him, out of doors

He'll turn her, and bring home his *Lemnian* wife—

But I will in and follow him—In his frenzy

He may do mischief, if we are not cautious.

In short, as justice is not to be had,

When poor with rich contend, I would much rather

V. 65. *middle, &c.*—] *Dii patellarii*. The gods were distinguished into *greater, lesser, or middle* ones, by the sacrifices offered to them, each according to their rank. To those of the first order, they made large oblations, and offered them in large dishes or broad pieces of plate. To those of an inferior order, they made lesser offerings, and in small platters. LIMIERS.

Take

ACT II. SCENE II.—III. 87

Take all my trouble in vain, than lose my daughter. 80
But who's this hast'ning hither strait! On both sides
Danger and dread attack and quite distract me.

[*goes apart.*]

SCENE II.

Enter LAMPADISCUS.

LAM. I've follow'd the old woman thro' the streets,
And plagu'd her with my clamour—How she's been
Upon her guard, and would remember nothing!—
How have I sooth'd the jade! how promis'd mountains!
What arts have I not us'd, what tricks not tried! 5
With much ado, I forc'd from her the truth,
Upon my promise of a keg of wine.

SCENE III.

Enter PHANOSTRATA.

PHA. Methought I heard the voice of *Lampadiscus*,
My servant, 'fore the house!

LAM. You are not deaf,
Mistress;—you heard aright.

PHA. Why are you here?
LAM. To give you joy—

PHA. Well, what's the matter now?

LAM. But now I saw a woman quit these doors. 5

PHA. She that took up my daughter?

LAM. 'Twas the same.

PHA. What follow'd?

LAM. I then told her how I'd seen her
Take up my master's daughter in the *Hippodrome*—

PHA. And shew'd she any fear?—

MEL. [*apart.*] I tremble now.
How my heart leaps!—For well I recollect 10
The infant girl was brought me from the *Hippodrome*,
Whom I've brought up my own—

PHA. Say on, I pray—
My soul's impatient to hear all your tale.

MEL. [*apart.*] Would you could hear no more!—

LAM. Then I proceed?
And with the daughter talk in terms like these: 15
Depend upon it, your chance-mother here,
Calls you hers, meerly lest you should desert her.
She's but your nurse, then think her not your mother.
I am the man recalls, and leads you back
To opulence; where you may place yourself 20
In a rich family; and your father may
A dowry give of twenty talents with you.
Nor will you here, after the *Tuscan* mode,
By prostitution be obliged to obtain
A dowry.

PHA. Is she, say, a courtesan 25
That took her up?

LAM. She was a courtesan—
But I'll unfold to you the whole affair—
I had just brought the girl by my persuasion
To my opinion: when, with tears, intreaties,

V. 14. —*I proceed? &c.*] There are many various readings of this whole passage. Some lines are supposed to be lost, which M. De L'Oeuvre supplies from the *Variorum*, published by Gronovius: which editions we have followed.

V. 23. —*after the Tuscan mode.*] It was usual for the young women of *Etruria* or *Tuscany*, to gain their marriage portions by prostitution.

MAROLLES.

Clasping

Clasping her knees, th' old woman begg'd and pray'd 30
 She'd not desert her;—swore in sacred terms
 She was her daughter, and she had given her life.
 Her whom you seek, she cried, I gave to a friend,
 To bring up as a daughter of her own;
 And she is still alive—Where is she, say? 35
 Insifted I—

PHA. Preserve me, gods! I pray.

MEL. [*apart.*] But me you have undone.

PHA. You should have ask'd
 To whom she gave her—

LAM. I did ask—She told me,
 She gave her to the courtezan *Melenis*—

MEL. [*apart.*] He names me too!—Undone!—

LAM. When she was silent, 40
 I question'd the old woman the next moment.
 Where lives she, said I?—Lead—Shew me the house.
 She's carried off, she cries, and lives abroad.

MEL. [*apart.*] That brings cold water to a faint-
 ing wretch.

V. 44. *That brings cold water &c.*] The original is, *obspat aqualam—be sprinkles water on me.* The metaphor is taken from the custom of throwing water upon persons in a fainting fit, in order to bring them to themselves. *Plautus* again uses pretty much the same manner of expressing himself,

——*guttulā*

Petius ardens mibi aspersisti——

Epidicus, Act IV. Scene I. V. 28.

——a little drop of healing comfort

Has cool'd the burning heat within my bosom.

Animo male est, aquam velim——

Amphitruo, Act V. Scene I. V. 6.

I'm sick at heart now—would I had some water—

THORNTON.

LAM.

LAM. Where'er she's gone, we shall pursue her—
What !

D'you trifle with us ?—Your destruction's near—
Not thus far off, by *Hercules* !—I insisted,
'Till the old woman swore, she'd shew the place.

PHA. 'Twas wrong to let her go—

LAM. O ! she is safe—

But said, there was a certain female friend, 50
Involv'd with her in this affair, with whom
She'd wish to meet—I know that she will come.

MEL. [*apart.*] She will discover me, and in her
distress

Involve me too.

PHA. What am I now to do ?

LAM. Go in ; and keep your spirits up, be sure. 55
If your good man come home, bid him stay there
In case I want him, that he be i' th' way.
I must run back again to the old woman.

PHA. Take care now, *Lampadiscus*—

LAM. Never fear,
I'll give a good account of the affair. 60

PHA. My hopes are in the gods and you—

LAM. And mine,
That you may see your daughter safe at home.

MEL. Stay, stay, young man, and hear me—

LAM. Is it me
You speak to, woman ?—

MEL. You—

LAM. What would you with me ?
For I am very busy—

V. 48. 53. —*she'd shew the place, &c.*] Of these passages
there are many various readings. We have followed the *Dolphin*
by M. De L'Oeuvre.

MEL.

ACT II. SCENE III. 91

MEL. Who lives here? 65

LAM. My master *Demipho*.—

MEL. Is it the same
Who has betroth'd his daughter to the youth
Of such great wealth, *Alcesimarchus*?

LAM. He.—

MEL. What other daughter are you searching for?

LAM. I'll tell you.—His wife's daughter, tho'
she's not 70

The daughter of his wife—

MEL. What riddle's that?

LAM. Know then, my master had another daughter,
And by another woman—

MEL. Yet but now
You surely said, you were in search of one,
Daughter of her you talk'd with.

LAM. True, I am. 75

MEL. Then, prithee, say, how this can be the first,
Who's now his wife?

LAM. You weary me with prating,
Woman, whoe'er you are—The middle woman,
Who was his wife, he had this daughter by,
Giv'n to *Alcesimarchus*—This wife died— 80
You take me now?—

MEL. I understand that well.
But how the first is last, the last is first;
This is the knot I would untie—

V. 78. —*The middle woman*.] The original is, *medioxumam*, the middle woman, though his first wife, and mother of the daughter whom he has betrothed to *Alcesimarchus*, whom he married—he having had *Phanostrata* before, as a woman, not as a wife, till now; afterwards his first wife (the *middle woman*, though there were but two) being dead.

LAM.

LAM. Truth is,

He had this dame before he married her—
She was with child by him, and brought forth a
daughter, 85

Whom, yet an infant, she expos'd—I am
The very man expos'd her—But a woman,
Some other, took her up, while I look'd on.
After some time, my master weds the mother—
And 'tis that daughter we are now in search of— 90
Why lift you up your hands and eyes to heaven?

MEL. Proceed now, whither you so fast were
going—

I stop you not—I see the whole affair—

LAM. Thanks to the gods, or else, you'd ne'er have
left me, [Exit:

MEL. However ill inclin'd, 'tis now my business, 95
Spite of my teeth, to be an honest woman—
The secret's out; and better 'tis for me.
To make friends here, than have the bawd detect me.
I'll home, and bring *Silenium* to her parents. [Exit.

* * * This Act is opened by *Alcesimarchus*: who, after describing the anxieties his love for *Silenium* had engaged him in, is joined by *Melenis*; who, absolutely refusing to gratify his passion by giving up *Silenium* to him, he, after many execrations, goes off with a threat to destroy himself. *Melenis* goes apart, and gives way to *Lampadiscus*, the servant who had exposed *Silenium*; and who, in the second Scene, gives an account of the steps he had taken towards finding out what was become of her. The entrance of *Phanocrata* his mistress, makes the third scene; who receives from him the detail of his commission. *Melenis* finding she was discovered, and that sooner or later she must fall a victim, resolves to make a virtue of necessity, and with a good grace to restore *Silenium* to her parents. The time employed for the disposal of the girl, fills up the interval of this act.

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

*Enter MELÆNIS, with a casket; SILENIUM,
and HALISCA.*

H A L I S C A.

I'VE told you all—Now follow, my *Silenium*,
To those, who've better claim to you than I.
Tho' I shall miss you much, I'll reconcile
My mind, to what conduces to your good.
Here, in this casket, you shall find the toys
Giv'n me by her, who left you with me first;
By which you might more easily be known.
This casket take, *Halisca*: [*giving it*] and with speed
Knock at that door, and let them know, I beg
Somebody would come out to me directly. 10

V. 5. —*the toys*] *crepundia*. See *The Shipwreck*, Act IV.
Scene IV. Vol. II. V. 56 of this Translation, note. To which
we shall only add, that on this circumstance, in this as well
as in that Comedy, depends the discovery which is to follow.

S C E N E

* S C E N E II.

† Enter to them **ALCESIMARCHUS**, with his sword drawn.

ALC. Death take me to thy arms, kind loving friend !

SIL. My mother, we're undone !

* Here *Pareus* makes a new Scene ; we think not at all improperly, and have therefore followed him.

† Enter **ALCESIMARCHUS** with his sword drawn.] **HORACE** in his Epistle *De Arte Poetica*, V. 94. observes, that

Interdum tamen et vocem Comœdia tollit,

Iratusque Chremes tamido diligit ore.

Yet Comedy sometimes her voice may raise,

And angry *Chremes* rail in swelling phrase.

FRANCIS.

On which that gentleman observes, " That Comedy hath passions in common with Tragedy ; and then it may imitate the tragick style. We may therefore say on this occasion what *Quintilian* does of eloquence : "

Omnis eloquentia habet aliquid commune : id imitatur quod commune est.

Every species of eloquence hath something peculiar to itself ; that which is peculiar let us imitate.

And here we would also observe, that this must undoubtedly refer to some Comedy in which *Chremes* is the name of a character. Else this character of *Alcesimarchus* through the whole would be at least as proper an instance.

Ben Jonson too has taken notice of this character ; and something in the same manner.

MITIS. " In good faith, signior, your author hath largely outstript my expectation in this scene, I will liberally confess it. For when I saw *Sordido* so desperately intended, I thought I had a hand on him then.

CORDATUS. " What ? You suppos'd he should have hung himself indeed.

MITIS.

ALC. Here shall I strike,

Or on the left side, here—

MEL. [to SIL.] The matter, child?

SIL. See'st not *Alcesmarchus*, with his sword—

ALC. What art about?—Why this delay?—Quit,
quit

5

The light at once—

SIL. Run, run—Beseech you, help!

Left he destroy himself— [HALISCA running to assist,
drops the casket.

ALC. My goddess, safety,

Sweeter than safety to a wretch like me!

'Tis you alone, whether I will or no,

'Tis you, preserve my life.—

MEL. Could you've been guilty
Of such a dismal act?

ALC. I've nought with thee. 10

Dead am I to thy voice—But here I have her;

Nor will I ever lose her more—By *Hercules*!

She's here, and rivetted to me for ever.—

Where are ye, slaves?—Soon as I have her safe

MITIS. “I did, and had fram'd my objection to it ready,
“which may yet be very fitly urg'd, and with some necessity;
“for tho' his purpos'd violence lost the effect, and extended not
“to death, yet the intent and horror of the object was more than
“the nature of Comedy will in any sort admit.

CORDATUS. “I? What think you of *Plautus* in his Comedy
“called *Cistellaria*, then? where he brings in *Alcesmarchus* with
“a drawn sword, ready to kill himself, and as he is e'en fixing
“his breast upon it, to be restrain'd from his resolv'd outrage by
“*Silenium* and the *barwd*? Is not his authority of power to give
“our Scene reputation?

MITIS. “Sir, I have this only evasion left me to say, I think
“it be so indeed; your memory is happier than mine.”

Every Man out of his Humour, ACT III. Scene VIII.

Over the threshold; bolt, bar, chain the doors. 15

[*carries SILENIUM into the house.*]

MEL. He's gone, and born her in!—I'll after him,
And tell him the whole tale: if any thing
Can calm him, and from his resentment save me.

[*Exit with HALISCA.*]

* * This Act is opened by *Melænis*; who enters with *Silenium*, to whom she had been relating all she knew; and in her hand the casket which contained some toys which the person who brought *Silenium* to her, had given her, that by them she might more easily discover her parents. This casket she gives to her servant *Halisca* to hold, and is going into *Demipho's* house to make the discovery: when they are suddenly surprized by *Alcesimarchus*, who in the second Scene, enters with his sword drawn, and is going to kill himself; which, *Silenium*, *Melænis* and *Halisca* running to prevent, the latter accidentally drops the casket. *Alcesimarchus* thus unexpectedly meeting with his mistress, is reconciled to life, and goes with her into the house. *Melænis* and *Halisca* follow them; and this interval is taken up with the former's relating to *Alcesimarchus* all she knew, in order to secure herself from his resentment.

End of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Enter LAMPADISCUS.

LAMPADISCUS.

I Never knew one worthier of the torture
Than this old jade!—What!—To deny point-
blank

All she'd confess'd!—But see, my mistress comes!
What's here?—A casket!—trinkets!—What means
this?—

[*seeing the casket which HALISCA had dropt.*
Nobody's near—I'll play a childish trick 5
And stoop to it— [*taking up the casket.*

*Enter PHANOSTRATA.*PHA. What art about, *Lampadio*?LAM. This casket, ~~my~~ mistress—Was it from our
house?—

For here I took it up, just at the door—

PHA. What news from the old woman?

LAM. News! There's not
On earth so vile a jade—Why, she denies 10
Each circumstance that she confess'd but now—

And shall I let the jade delude me thus?

No—I'll die any death rather than bear it.

V. 6. *And stoop to it—*] We have translated this passage accord-
ing to the sense given to it in the *Delphin* edition. *Lambin* gives
it another turn, and that no very cleanly one.

VOL. IV.

H

PHA.

PHA. Gods! I adjure you! [*looking in the casket.*]

LAM. Why call on the gods?

PHA. Save us!

LAM. What is't?—

PHA. These are the very trinkets 15
Along with which you expos'd my girl to die.

LAM. Art in thy senses?

PHA. [*still looking at them.*] They're the very same.

LAM. Persist you?—

PHA. Yes, the same— [*still looking at them.*]

LAM. If any woman

But you had said it, I had thought her drunk.

PHA. I speak not idly. No, by *Castor's* temple—20
Say, whence should these things be—This casket, say,
What god could lay it 'fore our very door?

Sure, sacred hope, on purpose at the instant,
Comes to my help in person--- [*They stand apart.*]

SCENE II.

Enter HALISCA.

HAL. If the gods

Lend me not help, I am undone---Nor know I
Where to apply, so vex'd am I in mind.

I dread my back, should but my mistress know

How careless I have been—Did I not here, 5

Before these doors receive, and in my hands

Hold fast the casket?---Where it is, I know not,

Unless, as I imagine was the case, I dropt it

Just hereabout---Good folk, spectators, say,

Has any body found it? Ta'en it away? 10

Or who?---I pray you, this or that way, went he!---

But I am ne'er the wiser to ask these,

And

ACT IV. SCENE II.

University
of MICHIGAN

And vex myself---They're sure to take a pleasure
In the misfortunes of our sex—I'll mark
If there are any footsteps; for the casket, 15
If no one has been here since I went in,
Must have laid here---And what's this here!--- 'Tis
gone---

'Tis lost I fear---Unhappy, careless wretch!
'Tis gone---And, by the loss, I'm lost myself.
But I'll go on as I begun, and search, 20
Within, I fear---Without, I dread---On all sides
I am unhappy---Lot of human kind!---
Now is the man rejoicing who has got it,
Tho' of no use to him, it may to me—
But I lose time, while I neglect to look— 25
Halisca, mind, look at the earth—Look down,
And, tracing with your eyes, conjecture shrewdly.

LAM. Here! mistress!—

PHA. What?

LAM. This is the very person—

PHA. What person?

LAM. She that dropt the casket.—See,
She's seeking, in the very place it fell. 30

PHA. 'Tis plain—

HAL. Here, here he went—I see the mark
On this side, of a slipper in the dust—
I'll trace it this way—Here he stood and talk'd
With some one else—Here, in this very place

V. 32. —*Lot of human kind!*—] The original is, *illo sunt homines misere miseri*. Instead of *illo*, some editions read *billo*, *ab billum*, *rei nibili*, a thing of nothing. If so, the sense will be, how often are we unhappy for nothing? But we agree with *Limiers* in his note on this passage, and have translated it accordingly.

V. 32. —*of a slipper*—] The original is, *socci*, of a buskin.

The bustle rose—He did not enter here— 35
 But here—he stop'd : and at this place went out—
 Here was a conference—The marks shew, too—
 What!—what are these?—But here's a single foot-
 step—

He goes out there—Let me consider it—
 Hither he went from thence—He pass'd no farther. 40
 'Tis all in vain---What's lost, is lost---My skin
 Lost with the casket---I'll go in again--- [going.]

PHA. Stay, woman.---Here are they would speak
 with you.

HAL. Who calls me back?

LAM. Who calls you?---A good woman,
 And a bad man---

HAL. Away with all that's bad : 45
 I want the good--- [going.] Yet, whoe'er calls me
 back,

Knows better what he'd have, than I who'm call'd---
 I will return---[to LAM.] Have you seen any one
 Pick up a casket hereabout of trinkets,

V. 35. *The bustle rose*—] Most of the editions read *turbo*. But
 that of *Aldus* and *Pareus* read *turba*; which reading is here fol-
 lowed.

V. 41. *'Tis all in vain*—] The original is, *actum rem ago*.
Rem actam agere is a proverbial expression, used to signify, *to*
labour in vain. See *Erasmus's Adagia*, Chil. i. cent. 4. sect. 70.
 In this sense it is used by many authors. *Cicero*, *Terence*, *Livy*, &c.
 See our author again, *Pseudolus*, Act I. Scene III. V. 28. and
 the note on that passage, V. 45. *The Cheat*, Vol. III. of this
 translation.

V. 41, 42. —*my skin lost with the casket*.] *Halifca* means that she
 shall lose her skin, or, in the vulgar phrase, lose leather, by being
 scourged for her carelessness in losing the casket.

V. 49. *Pick up a casket*—] The original is, *querere*, which
Pareus tells us, sometimes is used in the same sense as *inquire*,
interrogare.

That I, unlucky, lost?---For in my fright, 50
While we all ran to stop *Alcesimarchus*
From an attempt upon his life, I think,
I drop'd the casket here ---

LAM. This is our woman.

Mistress, let us attend ---

HAL. I'm quite undone!

What answer to my mistress, who with care 55
Gave it in charge, as the best means by which
Silenium might her parents know again;
The girl my mistress brought up from a child,
Whom from the courtesan she had ---

LAM. She tells

Our very tale---And, giving us these marks, 60
Knows where your daughter is---

HAL. She does---And now

Most willingly would give her to her parents---
You're absent, friend, [*to LAM.*] and minding other
matters---

I commend mine to you --

LAM. They're yours I'm minding.

And all you say, I swallow like my food--- 65

I only answer'd by the bye, to a question

My mistress ask'd---Now I return to you---

If you have need, say; and command my service.

What was you seeking?---

*lucri facere, adipisci, to acquire, to turn to profit, to obtain. And
cites from Ennius---*

Nautisque mari quærentibus vitam.

Limiers therefore has translated it *trouver*; and we have rendered
it, by *found*. *Lambin* reads *acquirere* in his text, and contends
much in his notes that it is the right reading.

V. 65, --*I swallow like my food*--] See *Aulularia*, or *The Miser*,
Vol. II. of this translation, Act III. Scene VI. V. 68. Note.

H 3

HAL.

HAL. Friend!---Good lady too!

I greet you---

PHA. And we you---What are you seeking?
70

HAL. Why, I was tracing out the marks of somewhat.

I've some how lost---

PHA. What is it?---speak---What is it?

HAL. Something---A loss to some---But to our family

A great concern---

LAM. A slippery chap, I doubt---
And fly---Ha!---Mistress!---

PHA. So she seems, by *Caster*! 75

LAM. She's like a vile and cursed animal---

PHA. What animal?

LAM. A caterpillar she,
That in a vine leaf winds itself about;
So winds she in her story---Say, what seek you?

HAL. A casket, youth, just now escap'd from me. 80

LAM. Escap'd!---You should have got a larger cage.

HAL. The prey was not so great --

LAM. A wonder that!
A little casket holds much money's-worth.

PHA. Let her go on---

LAM. She has my free leave to do so.

V. 80. —*Youth*—] *Adolescens*. M. Gueudeville censures *Plautus* here for an oversight; a slight one indeed, he calls it, in making *Haliscia* address *Lampadiscus* by the term *young man*, when it appears that he was a man grown up, when he exposed *Silenium*. But he might have remembered, that the *Romans* called every man *adolescens*, *young man*, till they were turned of forty years of age.

PHA.

PHA. Say then, what was within?

HAL. Some childrens toys. 85

LAM. Here is a certain man knows where it is---

HAL. And here's a certain woman, would be thankful,

Would he produce it---

LAM. But this certain man
Expects to be rewarded for his pains.

HAL. Ay, but the woman has not wherewithal, 90
Who has lost the casket---

LAM. He demands some money.

HAL. He may demand it, but to little purpose.

LAM. He will not, woman, give his pains for
nothing.

PHA. Have done your prate---'Twill be to your
advantage.

I do confess, I have myself your casket. 95

HAL. Salvation's self be with you! But where
is it?

PHA. 'Tis here, and safe---But I would talk with you
Of this my great concern---And here I make you
Partaker of my happiness---

HAL. What mean you?---

Who are you?---

PHA. I'm the mother of that girl, 100
Who had these toys about her when expos'd.

HAL. And do you then live here?

PHA. Your guess is right.
But I beseech you, woman, to the point,
And lay aside all circumstance---Speak out---
How did these toys come first into your hands? 105

V. 96. *Salvation's self*—] See *The Captives*, Vol. I. of this
translation, Act III. Scene III. V. 18. note. Second edition.

HAL. They were my mistress's daughter's.

LAM. That's a lie---

They were my mistress's property, not yours.

PHA. Don't interrupt her---

LAM. I am dumb---

PHA. Go on,

Woman; and tell me where the owner is---

HAL. Here in the neighbourhood---

110

PHA. By *Pollux*' temple!

My husband's son-in-law lives there---

LAM. Most true---

PHA. Still are you interrupting me?---Go on---

What do they call her age?

HAL. Just seventeen.

PHA. She is my daughter then---

LAM. Her age confirms it,

HAL. All that you sought, you've found---I'll seek
my mistress---

115

LAM. They've all they want---I'll seek a mistress
too---

PHA. I've found my daughter, whom with care
I sought for.

HAL. Safe to return, what once is given in trust,
Is just and right; else, the benevolent
Suffers, who did the kindness,---This our found-
ling,

120

Doubtless, turns out your daughter---And my mistress
Will sure return your own---With that intent
She left her house---Best learn the whole from her;
I'm but a servant---

PHA. All you ask is right---

HAL. I choose you owe to her the obligation---125
But I beseech you, give me up the casket---

PHA. What say you, *Lampadiscus*?

LAM. 'Tis your own ;
And you should keep your own---

PHA. And yet, I pity her.

LAM. In my opinion, this you ought to do---

Give her the casket, and go in with her--- 130

PHA. I'll follow your advice---Here, take the
casket--- [giving it.

And let's go in---But, what's your mistress' name?

HAL. *Melenis*---

PHA. Lead the way---I'll follow you.
[*Exeunt.*

V. 130. *Give her the casket*--- *Lampadiscus* seems to mean, that the property of the casket is in his mistress *Phanocrata* ; but he advises her at last to give it to *Halisca*.

. This Act is opened by *Lampadiscus*, who seeing the casket *Halisca* had dropt, lying upon the ground, takes it up to see what it contained ; is joined by *Phanocrata* his mistress, to whom he gives it. She, on looking into it, finds it to contain the toys she had given to him when he went to expose her daughter. Rejoiced at this discovery, he is going to find her out : when in the second Scene, *Halisca* (who on recovering from her fright had discovered her loss) enters from the house, and spends much time in looking for the casket in the place where she had dropt it. At length *Phanocrata* and *Lampadiscus*, owning they have found it, produce the casket, and give it to *Halisca* ; who, having told *Phanocrata* that her mistress's name was *Melenis*, they all go into the house together. And this proceeding fills up the fourth interval.

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

A C T . . . V.

S C E N E I.

Enter DEMIPHO,

DEMIPHO,

WHAT is this business here?---In every street
The current talk is, that I've found a
daughter.

They say too, that *Lampadio* has been seeking me
I' th' Forum.

Enter LAMPADISCUS.

LAM. O my master ! Say, whence come you ?

DEM. Strait from the Senate---

LAM. Sir, I give you joy, 5
That by my means you have increas'd your family.

DEM. It is no joy to me---I do not like
To have more children by another's help.
But what is this ?

LAM. Go in here to your son's--
You will acknowledge a new daughter there--- 10
Your wife is there already---Quick, go in---

DEM. All other matters must give way to that.

[Exeunt into the house.]

V. 3. *They say too, that Lampadio*—] Here, as well as in
Act IV. Scene I. V. 6. *Lampadiscus* is called *Lampadio*. It does
not appear for what reason: but as it is so in all the editions we
recollect to have seen, we have not varied from them.

The

The COMEDIANS.

Spectators, wait not for their coming out.
None will return---They'll finish all within.
That done, they will undress---He that's in fault, 15
Will suffer for't---He that is not, will drink
Your healths---Now, as to what remains for you,
Spectators, this our Comedy, thus ended,
Follow your ancient custom, and applaud us.

V. 14. —*They'll finish all within*] Terence has concluded one of his Comedies just in the same manner :

Ne expectetis, dum exeunt hic : intus despondebitur :

Intus transfigetur, si quid est, quod restet—

Andria, Act V. Scene VI. V. 16.

—Wait not till they come forth : within
She'll be betroth'd, within, if ought remains
Undone, 'twill be concluded——

COLMAN.

V. 15. —*they will undress—*] That is, pull off the stage-dress in which they had performed their respective parts.

V. 16. *Will suffer for it, &c.*] It was part of the business of the Ædiles, to punish bad actors, and to reward good ones. See *Amphitryon* in this translation, Vol. I. Prologue. V. 74. Note.

There is a passage in *Lucian*, which may serve to illustrate this matter. The reader may not be displeased if we quote it. It is in the Dialogue he calls *The Fisherman*, or, *The Philosophers reviewed* ; and is thus translated by *Christopher Eckard*, as printed in what is called *Dryden's* translation of that author.

“ The master of the stage frequently chastises those bad actors,
“ who in badly representing *Minerva*, *Neptune*, or *Jove*, spoil
“ the character of a god ; yet the gods are never angry with these
“ masters for delivering the persons and characters up to be
“ punished, but are rather pleased to see them so used. To mis-
“ att a servant, or a messenger, is a smaller fault ; but to mar
“ a *Jove* or a *Hercules*, is almost an inexpiable crime.”

* * * This act, which consists only of one Scene, and that a very short one, contains nothing more, than the return of *Demipho* from the Forum, after having there heard the news of the discovery of his daughter. *Lampadiscus* enters from the house of his son-in-law, confirms the truth of it; and that his daughter and his wife are already there. They go into the house: and the comedians acquainting the spectators that what else remained, the acknowledgement of *Silenium* to be the daughter of *Demipho* and *Phanocrates*, and her marriage with *Alcesimarchus*, with requesting the usual *plaudis*, finish the Comedy; much the shortest of our author: it consisting of only one single incident, the losing and finding a casket, which contained some toys, by means of which, a girl who had been exposed in her infancy, discovers her parents.

The End of the CASKET.

THE
PARASITE.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

THERAPONTIGONUS, *a captain.*

PHÆDROMUS, *a young gentleman of Epidaurus, in
love with PLANESIUM.*

CÚRCULIO, *parasite to PHÆDROMUS.*

COOK,
PALINURUS, } *servants of PHÆDROMUS.*

LYCO, *a banker.*

CAPPADOX, *a pandar.*

The MASTER of the wardrobe, as CHORUS.

PLANESIUM, *beloved by PHÆDROMUS.*

BAWD.

SCENE, EPIDAUROS.



THE
PARASITE*.



A C T I.

SCENE I.

Enter PHÆDROMUS with a lighted torch, some slaves following him with wine and provisions for an entertainment: and PALINURUS.

PALINURUS.

WHITHER away, and at this time of night;

* PLAUTUS calls this Comedy CURCULIO, the name he gives to a Parasite, who is a principal character, and on whose intrigues much of the business of it depends. We have therefore called it *The PARASITE*.

V. 1. *Whisper away*—] This Comedy, like some others of Plautus, has no Prologue. It was not usual for him to write one, unless it was to explain the subject of the piece. But after his death, when any of his Comedies were revived by the Comedians, they often used to intermix somewhat of their own writing; a reason for which they gave in a Prologue. So in particular in the Prologue to *Casina*. *Limiers from Salmastus.*

Accoutred

Accountred thus, and with this equipage?

PHÆ. Where *Venus*, and her son command me :
where

Affection calls me—Whether it be midnight,
Twilight of evening, dawn of day, no matter—
The assignation made, we must attend
'Spite of our teeth—

PAL. At length howe'er, at length—

PHÆ. At length, howe'er you are impertinent!

PHAL. 'Tis neither right nor reputable, you
Be your own boy, and carry your own wax-light. 10

V. 2. *Accountred thus, &c.*] Gallants, when on their amorous excursions, had particular accoutrements, by which they might be known, as well as strangers, mariners, &c. Among others there were two, by observing of which, no one could be deceived. They had carried before them a torch of a particular make; and their slaves marched solemnly before them, loaded with wine and other provisions for a debauch. And this is what *Palinurus* calls *pompam*, which we have translated *equipage*.

Gyanderille from *De L'Oeuvre*.

V. 3. *Where Venus and her son command me, &c.*] The original is, *Cupidoque imperat, suadetque amor*. *Nonius* the grammarian tells us, that though *cupido* and *amor* seem to mean the same thing, yet they are different. *Cupido* is used to signify the effect of inconsiderate necessity, and *amor* that of the judgement; and brings this instance from our author in proof of it. We have therefore translated it agreeably to that idea.

V. 6. *The assignation made—*] The original is, *Status conditus dies*, which means *the day fixed for pleading a cause*. We have made use of the word *assignation*, which may be understood in that sense, as well as in its more common one, as a term in galantry.

V. 10. *Be your own boy—*] Part of the nuptial apparatus, were handsome boys, elegantly dressed, who carried a lighted torch before the bride and bridegroom.

DE L'OEUVRE.

PHÆ.

PHÆ. Should I not bring the work of little bees
Deriv'd from sweets, to my sweet little honey?

PAL. But whither shall I say you're going now?

PHÆ. Ask me, and I'll inform you—

PAL. Should I ask,
What would you answer?

PHÆ. This the temple is 15
Of *Æsculapius*—

PAL. Well, and that I've known
More than a twelvemonth—

PHÆ. Next to it, you see
A door shut close—Hail! door that shut'st the closest.
How hast thou far'd of late—

PAL. What! has a fever
Left you but yesterday, or two days since? 20
Supp'd you last night?

PHÆ. What! do you laugh at me?

PAL. Are you not mad, to hail the door; and ask
After its health?

PHÆ. By *Hercules*! I've known
This door, a door most trusty and most secret—
He mutters not a word: and when he's open'd 25
Is still and hush—And when at night, his mistress
Comes out to speak with me, in private says
Not the least word—

PHAL. Are you not doing, *Phedromus*,
Something unworthy of yourself and family;
Or else about some prank? Say, are you not 30
Laying a snare to catch some modest girl;
Or one at least who ought to be so?

V. 18. — *little bees*—] The original is, *apicularum*. In ancient writers, all lovers make use of diminutives in speaking of their loves. So *melliculo*, *little honey*, in the next verse.

PHÆ. No.

And Jove forbid I should!

PAL. I wish the same.

I'd have you always so to place your love,
 If you are wise, that if the town should know it, 35
 It may not be to your disgrace—Take care
 Always, you be not infamous—If needs
 That you must love, love before witnesses.

PHÆ. What's that?

V. 34. —*so to place your love,*] The original is, *Ita tuum conferte amare. Amare for amorem, a Græcism, as τὸ ἔργον for ἔργον.*

V. 37. —*you be not infamous*—] The original is, *ne sis intestabilis*, which signifies, *one whose evidence cannot be taken as a witness, nor who by the Roman law can make a will.* It was a law of the Twelve Tables, IMPROBUS. INTESTABILIS. QUE. ESTO. See *A. Gellius*, Lib. xv. cap. 13. And to this *Horace* alludes.

— *uter Ædilis fuerit vel
 Vestrum Prætor, is intestabilis, et sacer esto.*

Sat. iii. Lib. ii. ver. 181.

If either of you shall become an Ædile
 Or Prætor, let him be accurs'd, and struck
 Out of my will.

And we are told by *Ulpian*, Lib. xxviii. Digest. Tit. 1. that there was a decree of the senate, that whoever was found guilty of writing a libellous poem, could neither make a will himself, nor be a witness to one made by another.

Besides this, *Lambin* will have it, that a double entendre was intended by *Plautus* in the word *intestabilis*, and a most indecent one indeed. But we are pretty confident the indecency never entered into the author's head, but existed only in that of the commentator; who is very remarkable for explaining *ad imum*, some indecencies that are really to be met with, and for supposing many others which never were intended. This is very observable in his commentary on *Horace*, as well as on our author. On looking into *Taubman*, we find, what is in him rather common; he in this instance, splits on the same rock with *Lambin*.

PAL.

ACT I. SCENE I. 115

PAL. Take heed that you proceed
with caution.

PHÆ. Does not live here a pandar?

PAL. None forbids 40

To purchase of him what's on sale, provided
You have but wherewithal to pay for it.

The publick road is free for all the world,
If to get at it, you break down no fence;
So from the married woman you abstain, 45
The widow, virgin, and the free, why then
Love where you list.

PHÆ. This is the pandar's house.

PAL. A curse light on it!

PHÆ. Why?

PAL. Because it serves

So infamous a master—

PHÆ. So! Revile!

PAL. With all my heart I wish it—

PHÆ. Yet have done. 50

PAL. Why, Sir, 'twas you yourself bade me go on.

PHÆ. But now I bid you hold your tongue—

What I

Was going to say, is this—There's a young maiden—

PAL. Belonging to the pandar who lives here—

PHÆ. You have it right—

PAL. The less am I in danger 55

Of dropping it—

V. 56. *Of dropping it—*] —*ut excidat.* This passage has much perplexed the commentators. It is differently read in different editions, and by all supposed a very difficult passage. If therefore we have mistaken the sense in translating it, we err in good company. Here again *Lambin* is for turning this into an indecent double entendre; but with as little reason as that mentioned in Note on V. 321. In order to do this, he prefers the reading of some editions, *excidat.*

PHÆ. Intolerably faucy !
 He fair would make a courtezah of her.
 But, as she loves me ev'n to desperation,
 I'd have her to myself.

PAL. How's that ?

PHÆ. I'd have her
 My own, I say; because I love her too. 60

PAL. This same clandestine love's a wicked thing :
 'Tis utter ruin.

PHÆ. Troth, 'tis as you say.

PAL. Say, has she enter'd yet the lists of love ?

V. 59. *I'd have her*—] The original is, *cum illâ facere nolo mutuum* — *Quia proprium facio* — The reader, if he pleases, may consult Lambin on this passage; where he will find a long and most elaborate note; the whole of which seems to be no more than attending to the difference between the words *mutuus* and *proprius*. *Dare mutuum*, which signifies *to borrow*, sometimes *to lend*; either of which implies *repayment*; which was not the intention of the speaker; but *facere proprium*, is *to make a thing absolutely one's own property*; and this is what *Phædromus* would be at. *Plautus* has again used *dare mutuum* in this sense.

*Ad forum ibo; nudius sextus quoi talentum mutuum
 Dedi reposcam* —

Trinummus, Act III. Scene II. V. 101.

Now will I to the Forum; and demand

The talent which I lent six days ago — THORNTON.

V. 63. — *the lists of love?*] The original is, *Jamne ea fert jugum?* Does she yet bear the yoke? So literally. Metaphorically, as we have translated it. *Horace* uses *ferre jugum* in the same sense.

Nondum subactâ ferre jugum valet,

Cervice; nondum munia comparis

Æquare, nec tauri mentis

In venerem tolerare pondus.

Lib. ii. Ode v. V. 1:

See, thy heifer's yet unbroke
 To the labours of the yoke,
 Nor hath strength enough to prove
 Such impetuous weight of love.

FRANCIS.

PHÆ.

PHÆ. As far as I'm concern'd, chaste as my sister;
Unless a kiss or two has made her otherwise. 65

PAL. Ever remember this. Flame follows close
Upon the heels of smoke. In smoke, indeed,
Things cannot be consum'd, in flame they may.
He that would have the kernel, breaks the nut-shell.
Who would debauch a girl, begins with kisses— 70

PHÆ. But she's quite modest: nor to any man
Has yet allow'd her favours—

PAL. All this talk
I could believe, if modesty and pandars
Could live together.

PHÆ. Judge of her yourself.—
When she has had an opportunity 75
Of stealing off in private, she comes to me,
Gives me a single kiss, and strait returns.
The pandar being now sick, takes up his lodging
In *Æsculapius'* temple; and this gives her

V. 70. — *begins with kisses*—]

Oscula qui sumit, si non et cætera sumet;

Hæc quoque, quæ data sunt, perdere dignus erit.

OVID. *De Arte Amandi*, Lib. i. v. 669.

He who has gain'd a kiss, and gains no more,
Deserves to lose the bliss he got before.

DRYDEN.

V. 79. *In Æsculapius' temple*—] Those who had any thing to
ask of the gods, usually lay in their temples, in order that waking
or sleeping, they might receive their answers. Thus the sick
went to lye in the temple of *Æsculapius*, the god of health.

LIMIER from LAMBIN.

— *hunc dona sacerdos*

Cum tulit, et cæsarum ovium sub nocte silenti

Pellibus incubuit stratis, somnosque petivit.

Multa modis simulacra videt volitantia miris,

At present, th' opportunity again.
That rascal tortures me.

80

*Et varias audit voces, fruiturque deorum
Colloquio atque imis Acheronta affatur avernis.*

VIRGIL. *Æneid.* Lib. vii, v. 86,

First on the fleeces of the slaughter'd sheep,
By night the sacred priest dissolves in sleep :
When, in a train before his slumbering eye,
Thin airy forms, and wond'rous visions fly.
He calls the powers, who guard th' infernal floods ;
And talks inspir'd, familiar with the gods.

PRIT.

It was a superstitious custom among the ancients, to sleep in the temples of the gods, whom they consulted, by way of obtaining their answers in dreams. *Spenser* alludes to this ceremony, when *Britomart* sleeps in the temple of *Isis*.

- Then did the warlike maid herself repose,
Under the wings of *Isis* all the night :
And with sweet rest her heavy eyes did close,
After that long day's toil and weary plight.
Where, whilst her earthly parts with soft delight
Of senseless sleep did sweetly drowned lie,
There did appear unto her heavenly spright
A wondrous vision, which did close imply
The course of all her fortune and posterity.

Fairy Queen, B, v. C. 7. St. 12.

Strabo, Lib. xvi. has spoken concerning the temple of *Jerusalem*, as a place of this nature ; where, says he, " The people " either dreamed for themselves, or procured some good dreamer " to do it." By which it should seem (says *Pope*) that he had read something concerning the visions of their prophets, as that which *Samuel* had, when he was ordered a third time to sleep before the ark ; and upon doing so, had an account of the destruction of *El's* house ; or that which happened to *Solomon*, after having sacrificed before the ark at *Gibeon*. The same author has also mentioned the temple of *Serapis*, in Book xvii. as a place for receiving oracles by dreams.

We are to acknowledge that we are indebted to the learned *Mr. Warton* for this ingenious observation, in his notes on the passage on *Virgil* above-mentioned.

We

PAL. How?—What's the matter?

PHÆ. One time he asks me thirty minæ for her,
Another, a great talent.—Nor yet can I
From him get any dealing that is fair.

We ought to apologize for the length of this note as it stands already; but it is so *apropos*, we are tempted to mention our ancient author *Jeffrey of Monmouth*. He tells us, that *Brutus* laid himself down upon a hart's skin which he had spread before the altar in the temple of *Diana*; and that the goddess foretold his success. The words of the oracle, as curious, we hope the reader will indulge us in presenting him with; they are as follows:

*Bryte, sub occasum solis trans Gallica regna
Insula in oceano est undique clausa mari:
Insula in oceano est habitata gigantibus olim,
Nunc deserta quidem; gentibus apta tuis.
Hanc pete, namque tibi sedes erit illa perennis:
Sic fiet natis altera Troja tuis:
Sic de prole tua reges nascentur; et ipsis
Totius terræ subditus orbis erit.*

Brutus, there lies beyond the *Gallick* bounds,
An island, which the western sea surrounds,
By giants once possess'd; now few remain
To bar thy entrance, or obstruct thy reign.
To reach that happy shore thy sails employ:
There fate decrees to raise a second *Troy*,
And found an empire in thy royal line,
Which time shall ne'er destroy, nor bounds confine,

THOMPSON.

V. 83. —a great talent] *Talentum magnum*. In *Terence*, as well as in our author, and indeed most of the ancient writers, we meet with the word *talent*, simply, sometimes as here; and in *Mostellaria*, *The Apparition*, A& III. Scene III. V. 10. it is called a *great talent*; sometimes it is called an *Attick talent*; which all import the same when to be understood of *Grecian* money. This *Patrick* has observed on a similar passage in *Terence*, A talent was the same in value with a hundred minæ, about 327 l. of our money.

PAL. You're wrong to think of getting from a
pandar 85

That which he has not in him.

PHÆ. I've just sent
My parasite to *Caria*, there to ask
My friend to advance to me a sum of money
By way of loan : which if he does not bring,
I know not which way next I have to turn me. 90

PAL. Pay your devotions to the Gods, and then,
I think you'll turn you towards the right.

PHÆ. Behold
Before the door, an altar rais'd to *Venus*.
I've vow'd a breakfast to my *Venus* here—

PAL. Do you give yourself to *Venus* for a break-
fast?

PHÆ. Myself and thee, and these.

PAL. I see you mean 95
To overload your *Venus*' stomach these?

PHÆ. Give me the bowl, boy.

PAL. What to do ?

V. 92. —*towards the right.*] The original is, *dextroversum*. There seems a quibble intended, and that the speaker means equivocally, *You'll turn you to the right hand*, or, *to the right way of life*. Those who worshipped the Gods, the commentators tell us, turned themselves to the right hand,

V. 94. *I've vow'd a breakfast to my Venus here.*] Breakfast, as with us, was the first meal in the day ; by the ancients chiefly used by boys, in order to induce them to rise early.

Surgite, jam vendit pueris jentacula pistor,

Cristatæque sonant undique lucis aves.

Martial. Lib. xiv. Ep. 223.

Arise, the baker's ready with his rolls,
To sell the boys their breakfast, and the cocks
Proclaim aloud, 'tis light——

PHÆ.

PHÆ. Oh! that
You soon shall know. There's an old harradan,
Who us'd to lye before the door to guard it; 100
The thirsty hawd is call'd here, Madam *Vinous*.

PAL. Why, you speak of her, Sir, as of a flaggon,
That us'd to hold rich wine of *Cbios* in it.

PHÆ. To say no more, she has a strong smack at
wine.

Soon as with wine I've sprinkled o'er the doors, 105
You'll see, she'll smell me out, and open strait.

PAL. Was it for her the bowl was hither brought?

PHÆ. If you oppose it not——

PAL. I do, by *Hercules*!
Wou'd he that brought it here had broke his neck;
I thought it meant for us.

PHÆ. Come, hold your tongue. 110
If any's left, 'twill be enough for us.

PAL. What river's that, be 't e'er so full, the sea
Cannot receive?

PHÆ. Go with me to the door,
And contradict me not, *Palinurus*.

PAL. Willingly.

PHÆ. Drink, lovely doot, drink hard, and ever 115
be [sprinkling the door with wine.
Propitious to me.

PAL. [to the door.] Would you like, sweet door,
Olives, or capers, or some relisher?

PHÆ. Rouse, rouse your portress hither to my call.

PAL. You spill the wine.—What is it you're about?

V, 101. —*Madam Vinous*.] The original is, *multi biba atque
mero biba*. Literally, *much-bibber*, and *wine-bibber*.

V. 103. —*wine of Chios*.—] *Cbios* was an island in the *Archipelago*, now called *Saio*, famous for producing very rich wines.

PHÆ.

PHÆ. Away. See—how the house is open'd to me!

120

Not e'en a single creak—Sweet hinge, thou charm'st me!

PAL. Give it a kiss.

PHÆ. Let us conceal our light,
And noise.

PAL. Be't so.

[they stand apart.]

SCENE II.

Enter BAWD.

BAWD. 'Tis good old wine I scent—
The love I bear it draws me thro' the dark,
Where'er it stands, 'tis near.—Oh ho! I have it.
All hail, my soul! joy of my *Bacchus*, hail!
O how do I adore thy aged age!
The smell of rich perfume's to thee a stink,
Thou art to me my myrrh, my cinnamon,
My rose, my saffron ointment, my sweet cassia,

5

V. 7. —my myrrh—] The original is, *stacte*. *Stacte* or *stacta*, we are told, is an oil that exudes from myrrh or cinnamon when cut. It is mentioned by *Pliny*. Speaking of myrrh trees, he says,
Sudant autem sponte prius quam incidantur, stacten dictam, cui nulla præfertur.

Nat. Hist. Lib. xii. cap. 15.

Before the incision be made, they exude a certain liquor called *stacte*, than which there is no better myrrh.

Lucretius too uses the same word—

Sicut amaritini blandum, stactæque liquorem,

Et nardi florem, nectar qui naribus balant,

Quom facere instituas—

Lib. ii. v. 846.

When to compound an ointment you propose,
Of marjoram, myrrh and flowers of spikenard, that
Send out the richest odours to the nose—

My

My perfume of *Arabia*; whatefoc'er
 Thou spread'st thy sweets, let me be buried there. 10
 But now thy scent has gratified my nose,
 Let in its turn my throat receive some joy.
 Yet, yet I feel thee not—Why, where's the bowl?
 I long to touch it. Pour thy liquor in.
 Pour, till it guggle in my throat—This way 15
 It went. I will pursue it here.

PHÆ. It is

A thirsty bawd.

PAL. A little dry, or so.

PHÆ. She's moderate. She takes off but a cup
 Nine gallon measure.

PAL. 'Troth, by your account,
 The vintage of the year will scarce suffice her— 20
 'Tis pity but she had been whelp'd a spaniel;
 She has so good a nose.

BAWD. What voice is that?

PHÆ. I think I'll speak to the old jade. I'll strait.

V. 9. *My perfume of Arabia*—] The original is, *Baddium*, which we are told is a gum of a fragrant smell, and bitter taste, exuding from a tree growing in *Arabia*. The reader will find an account of it in *Pliny's Natural History*, Book-xii. chap. 9.

V. 10. —*let me be buried there*—] *Limiers* tells us from *Bacornius*, that it was usual with the ancients when they found a pleasant spot in their life time, to have a monument erected there after their death.

15. —*till it guggle in my throat*—The original is, *ductim, leisurely, by little and little*.

V. 17. *A little dry or so*—The original is with an interrogation. But *Gugudeville* thinks it should rather be as we have marked it.

V. 19. *Nine gallon measure*—] The original is *quadrantal*, which *Festus* tells us was a vessel four feet square, which held forty eight *sextarii*, each *sextarius* about a pint and a half of our measure.

Accost her. Stay. Come back, look at me, bawd.
[to her.]

BAWD. Who's that commands?

PHÆ. The god of wine, brave *Bacchus*. 25
He brings a potion to you, who are hawking,
Coughing, and parch'd with thirst; but half asleep,
Shall make you quiet——

BAWD. How far off it is?

PHÆ. Behold this light.

BAWD. I prithee mend thy pace.
Come nearer to me.

PHÆ. Health to you.

BAWD. Can that be 30
When I am parch'd with thirst?

PHÆ. Ho! you shall drink
This very moment.

BAWD. Sure 'tis long a coming.

PHÆ. Here, take it, merry dame.

[giving her the bowl.]
BAWD. Your health, dear man, [drinking].
Dear as my eyes.

PAL. Quick, down with't—in thy maw,
Scour well thy sink with it.

PHÆ. Peace, hold your tongue. 35
No spiteful words.

PAL. I'd rather act my spite to her——

BAWD. *Venus*, from little left, I give thee little,

V. 34. *Dear as my eyes.*] The original is, *oculissime homo*.

V. 37. —*I give thee little,*] Libations were very common among the antients. It was their custom to pour out wine, or other liquors, in honour of their gods, either upon an altar, on the table, into the sea, or any other place, as occasion served.

And that against my will. Your lovers, when
They quaff and drink away, make their libations :
Seldom so good a lot falls to my share. 40

PAL. How greedily the jade sucks down the wine
With open gullet ?

PHÆ. Now I'm at a loss !
I know not how I shall begin with her.

PAL. Tell her the very same you now told me.

PHÆ. What's that ?

PAL. Why, that you are undone.— 45

PHÆ. Confound you !

PAL. Tell her—

BAWD. [*after having drank.*] Ah !

PAL. Do you like it ?

BAWD. Very well, Sir.

PAL. And I should like a goad to dig your sides
with.

PHÆ. Be quiet : hold your tongue.

PAL. I say no more.

See, see, the rainbow drinks—By *Hercules*,

I think 'twill rain to-day—

*Dii quibus imperium et pelagi, quorum æquora curro,
Vobis lætus ego hoc candentem in litore taurum
Constitui ante aras voti reus, extorque salsos
Pericliam in fluctus, et vini liquentia fundam.*

VIRGIL. *Æn.* Lib. v. v. 235.

Ye powers ! on whose wild empire I display
My flying sails, and plough the watry way :
Oh ! hear your suppliant, and my vow succeed ;
Then on these shores a milk-white bull shall bleed ;
And purple wine your silver waves shall stain,
And sacred victims glut the greedy main.

PITT.

V. 49. [*—the rainbow drinks—*] Alluding to a ridiculous
notion the ancients had, that the rainbow drank up water from the
sea, lakes or rivers.

PHA. Shall I now tell her? 50

PAL. What would you tell her?

PHÆ. That I am undone.

PAL. Ay, tell her so—

PHÆ. Old woman, list to me.
I'd have you know I'm ruin'd,—quite—to death.

BAWD. That's not my case; for, I'm just brought
to life.

But what's the reason that you tell me so? 55

PHÆ. Because I'm not possess'd of what I love.

BAWD. My *Phædromus*, I beg you, weep not thus.
Take you but care I thirst not, I'll take care,
And bring you all you love.— [Exit.

PHÆ. Keep faith with me,
I'll not erect a golden statue; no, 60
I'll plant a vine tree, as a monument
Erected to your gullet. Who on earth,
My *Palinurus*, shall like me be happy,
If my dear girl comes to me?

PAL. By my troth,
The man that is in want, as well as love, 65
Is indeed wretched—

Bibit ingens

Arcus—

VIRGIL. *Geor.* Lib. i. v. 380.

Deep drinks the bow—

WARTON.

The speaker may also use this in allusion to her back being
bowed, as an old woman.

V. 64. *If my dear girl comes to me?*] The original is, *si illa ad
me bitet.* *Bite* or *bitio*, is an old word, which signifies *to come*,
sometimes *to go*. We meet with it again in our author.

Quæ nisi sic biteris, nimium is vegrandi gradu.

Fragmenta, V. 16.

You take but short steps, if you march not thus—

PHÆ.

PHÆ. 'Tis not so with me.
For I expect my parasite's return
To-day with money.

PAL. You attempt great things,
If you depend on matters in the clouds.

PHÆ. What think you? shall I now draw near
the door, 70
And sing a catch to it?

PAL. Even as you please—
I neither bid, nor yet forbid your laws—
Your humours and your manners are so chang'd.

PHÆ. Hear me, ye bolts—With pleasure I salute ye.
I wou'd, I wish, I beg you, lovely bolts, 75
Propitious aid a lover. *Lydians* prove,
Dance from your staples, and send forth my love!
Who drinks my heart's best blood, and makes me
wretched.

V. 71. *And sing a catch to it.*] The original is, *atque occentem*.
Our author again uses the word in the same sense.

——*occident ostium*——

Mercator, Act II. Scene III. V. 73.

——sing catches underneath her window—— COLMAN.

The custom of lovers serenading their mistresses, or singing
under their windows, or at their doors, is very antient.

——*Cbryfidis udas*

Ebrins ante fores, extinctâ cum face canto——

Perfius, Sat. v. V. 165.

Shall I the neighbour's nightly rest invade,
At her deaf doors with some vile serenade? DRYDEN.

V. 76. *Lydians prove*—] The original is, *Lydi barbari*,
foreign Lydians; the *Lydians* being noted for being very fond of
dancing, and being very expert in the art. Why they are called
barbari, i. e. *foreign*, has been already explained.

See how they sleep, these sorry bolts, nor stir

A step the faster upon my account.

80

I see you treat my favour with contempt.

But hift! hift!

PAL. I am silent. What's the matter?

PHÆ. I hear a noise. The bolts at last comply.

S C E N E III.

Re-enter BAWD, leading in PLANESIUM.

BAWD. Go softly forth — Take heed, my dear

Planesium,

The doors make not a noise, nor hinges creak,

For fear my master hear what we're about.

Stay, stay, I'll sprinkle some cold water on 'em.

PAL. I like this palsied-jade's prescription tho'— 5

She's learn'd so much, to take the wine herself,

And leave the water for the doors to drink.

V. 6. *And leave the water, &c.—*] *Limiers*, from *Tanaquil Faber*, will have it that this is a satirical stroke aimed at the science of physick. *Plautus* says, he compares what this old woman is about, who is sprinkling the hinges of the doors with water, and who keeps the wine to herself, to the usual practice of physicians, who forbid their patients the drinking of wine, and yet take care not to be in want of it themselves: the *Greek* physicians in particular, who are said to be remarkable lovers of the bottle. This *Athenæus* tells us.

This seems to us pretty refined; and we much question whether our author had any such thing in his head. However, as he afterwards observes, *Plautus* in this explains a custom very usual among the *Greeks*, which was, for the young men to sprinkle the doors of their mistress's house, with wine or other liquors: and also the malice of the women, who made use of this expedient to impose upon their husbands.

PLA.

PLA. Come near, where art thou? You, who
surety are

For my recognizance to *Venus*?—Where?

Who in her name thus cit'st me to appear? 10

Behold me here. Being call'd, I make my appearance;
And call on you to do the same.

PHÆ. I'm here,
My sweet; or else, I would submit to judgment.

PLA. My soul! It is not meet for a true lover
To be far distant from us—

PHÆ. *Palinurus*! 15

O *Palinurus*!

PAL. Why is it you call
On *Palinurus*?—Pray speak out—

PHÆ. You think she is
Agreeable—

PAL. Too much so—

PHÆ. I'm a god—

PAL. A paltry god!

PHÆ. What have you ever seen
Nearer the gods, in happiness than I am? 20

PAL. You're not in your right senses, that I see,
And grieve to see.

PHÆ. You grow impertinent;
Be dumb.

V. 13. —*submit to judgment.*] The original is, *baud recussem
quin mihi male fit. I would not refuse to suffer any misfortune.*

V. 19. *A paltry god!*] The original is, *imò baud magni preti.*
Some editions, as *Lambin*, *Tauhman*, and some others, put in
homo, and read *imò homo baud magni preti*; if so, the sense will be,
Rather a man, and that of little value. But we have followed the
reading of *Aldus* and the *Delphin*.

PAL. The man, who sees all that he loves,
Nor yet enjoys it, while 'tis in his power,
Is sure a self-tormentor.

PHÆ. Well he chides me. 25
There's nought on earth I have so long desir'd.

PLA. Then take me—To your arms I—

PHÆ. This, this it is,
That makes me fond of life. 'Tis this restraint
Laid on you by your master, makes you dearer.

PLA. Restraint? He never can restrain me from
thee; 30

Nor shall, 'till death shall separate our souls.

PAL. I cannot hold, but must give him a schooling.
'Tis good to love a little, and discreetly :
'Tis bad to love to a degree of madness—

But 'tis my master's case to be in love 35

PHÆ. Let kings their kingdoms keep unto them-
selves,

The rich their riches—Let each man enjoy
His own, his honours, virtues, duels, battles,
So they with envy look not on my joys—

PAL. Sir, have you vow'd to watch this night to
Venus? 40

'Twill soon be break of day, by *Pollux*' temple!

PHÆ. Peace! hold your tongue!

PAL. Why should I hold my tongue!
Unless that you may sleep—

PHÆ. Well, I'll to sleep.
Make not so great a noise.

V. 30. *Restraint?*] *Lambin* here puzzles himself with many different explanations of this passage; which are all saved, by restoring, from the old editions, the note of interrogation, instead of the comma, after *restraint*: and then the sense is easy.

PAL.

PAL. You're broad awake.

PHÆ. I sleep as I was wont—This is my sleep. 45

PAL. Let me then tell you, 'tis imprudence, Lady,
To treat him ill, who has not deserv'd it of you.

PLA. You would be angry, if when you're at supper
He were to drive you from it—

PAL. All is over ;
They both love to distraction, both are mad. 50
See, how they hug ! They'll never have enough.
Won't you part yet ?

PLA. No blessing lasts for ever—
That plague is ever to our pleasure join'd.

[*looking angrily at PALINURUS.*

PAL. What say you, baggage—What, you little
toss-pot,
With those grey eyes, that see best in the dark ; 55
Trifler, am I your plague ?

PHÆ. A slave ! abuse
My *Venus* here ! A beaten drudge to talk
To me ! But you shall sore repent your prate.

V. 52. *No blessing lasts for ever.*] The reader will, we doubt
not, recollect a sentiment in *Horace*, the same as this, and not
very differently expressed.

— *Nihil est ab omni*

Parte beatum.

Lib. iii Od. xvi. V. 27.

— Nothing is completely blest'd.

FRANCIS.

V. 54. — *you little toss-pot,*] The original is, *persolla*. *Persolla*
from *persona*, as *corolla* from *corona*. PAREUS.

V. 55. *With those grey eyes* —] The original is, *cum nocturnis oculis*,
with those owl-eyes. The commentators tell us, that grey eyes
were most esteemed by the *Grecians*, as black eyes were by the
Romans. But as owls, cats, and some other animals who see in
the dark, have eyes of that colour, the speaker rallies her on
that subject. *Aldus*, and some of the older editions read *cum noc-*
turnis oculis, *with night eyes*.

Come here—take that for your abuse. [*strikes him.*]

Now try,
If you can hold your tongue.

PAL. Assist me now, 60
Night-watching *Venus*!

PHÆ. What! persist, you rascal?

PLA. Desist, my love—'Tis striking at a stone.
Bruise not your hand against it then—

PAL. Why, *Phadromus*,
In a flagitious and a shameful act
You bear her out. The man that gives you counsel 65
You beat; and her you love. 'Tis trifling all.
Is't right to assume the manners of the stew's?

PHÆ. I bet my gold against your modest lover;
Here, take my purse.

PAL. No, rather give me copper,
So I may serve a master in his senses. 70

PLA. Adieu! my dear. I hear the noise and creak
Of doors: The priest is opening the temple.

V. 61. *Night-watching Venus!*—] The original is, *Venus noctuwigila*; a name given to that goddess, from her being fond of night and darkness, as most proper to conceal amorous endearments.

V. 70. —*The priest*—] The original is, *Æditum*. *Æditus* is properly *keeper* or *guardian*, from *ædes*, a temple, and *tueri*, to guard or defend. Gueudeville and Ainsworth say, it is the same with what we now call church-warden. The temple here meant, is that of *Æsculapius*, where *Cappadox* was sleeping. *Horace* uses the word in the same sense.

*Sed tamen est operæ pretium cognoscere, quales
Æditos habeat belli spectata domique
Virtus, insigni non committenda poetæ.*

Lib. ii. Epist. i. V. 229.

Yet it is thine, O *Cæsar*, to enquire
How far thy virtue can her priests inspire,

Shall we thus ever love; and but express
Our love as now clandestinely, by stealth?

PHÆ. By no means. 'Tis four days since I dis-
patch'd 75

My parasite to *Caria*, to procure
Some money: He'll be here this very day.

PLA. Time much too long you take, contriving
means.

PHÆ. May *Venus* never be propitious to me,
If you are three days longer in this house, 80
Before I make you free!

PLA. Do as you say.
Before I go, this kiss. [kisses him.]

PHÆ. Should any one
Now offer me a kingdom, I'd not take it
With greater pleasure. Say, when shall I see you?

PLA. When will you make me free? answer that
question. 85

In peace or war to sing her hero's fame,
Nor trust to worthless bards the sacred theme. FRANCIS.

V. 76. — to *Caria*—] *Caria* was a country in the lesser *Asia*,
between *Lycia* and *Ionia*, on the side of the mountain *Taurus*, near
the river *Mæander*.

V. 85. *When will you make me free*—] The original is, *vindi-
ctam para*, literally, *prepare the rod*. The rod which the *Lictor*
laid on the head of a person whom the *Prætor* made free, was
called *vindicta*.

—*quem ter vindicta quaterque*

Imposita baud unquam misere formidine privet—

Horat, Lib. ii. Sat. vii. V. 74.

—Not e'en the *Prætor's* rod,

With thrice repeated rites, thy fears controul,

Or vindicate the freedom of thy soul.

FRANCIS.

Ask not of me : but if you love me, buy me.
Be sure bid what he'll not refuse—Adieu ! [Exit.

PHÆ. Quit me so soon ! I die, my *Palinurus*.

PAL. And I---with blows and want of sleep !

PHÆ. Then follow me.

[Exit.

Some commentators will have it, that *vindictam para* means *prepare revenge*. But we are pretty well convinced that *Plautus* meant as we have translated it.

* * * This Act is opened by *Phædromus*, and his servant *Palinurus* : who seeing his master going out of his own house at midnight, accounted as if going on an intrigue, expresses his surprise, and asks him where he is going at so late an hour. *Phædromus*, with whom such kind of expeditions were by no means uncommon, tells him he is going to a rendezvous on a love-affair, and to what place. The servant, suspecting he was going to the house of a procurer, expostulates with him on his bad taste, and endeavours to divert him from it. *Phædromus* however justifies himself in his expedition, by haranguing on the beauty of his mistress, and obliges his servant to attend him to the door of the house, where the slave who had captivated him was lodged. Arrived there, he sprinkles the door with wine, which was the signal for the old bawd who guarded his mistress, to know his arrival. The old bawd, noting the wine, opens the door, and comes out to regale herself with it ; which begins the second Scene. After she had taken a good tiff, *Phædromus* accosts her, and acquaints her with his impatience to have the company of his beloved mistress. The bawd, after another swinging draught, goes in, and promises to bring her to him. The time she takes in doing this, seems an age to *Phædromus*, who again apostrophizes the doors, sprinkling them with wine, in honour of his mistress, and is almost ready to serenade them. But the fear of raising the neighbourhood, and rousing the pandar, who was gone to sleep in the temple of *Æsculapius*, in order to get cured of a fit of sickness, prevents him. At length *Planestum* approaches,

ACT I. SCENE III. 135

preaches, and meets *Phædromus*, (who had put out his torch) in the dark, conducting them. The third Scene is made up with the conversation between them; which *Planesium* puts an end to, by imagining she hears the priest opening the temple of *Æsculapius*; for it is now, near day-break. On this, after some endearments passed between them, they part; and the time allowed for their taking their rest till morning, takes up the first interval.

End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Enter CAPPADOX *from the temple of*
ÆSCULAPIUS.

CAPPADOX.

SINCE I perceive what *Æsculapius* means,
I am resolv'd forthwith to quit his temple.
Too well I find he pays me no regard :
Nor is dispos'd to cure me—For my health
Declines apace, my malady gets ground.
I walk as I were girdled with my spleen ;
And look as if my belly carried twins—
Wretch that I am ! I fear me I shall burst—

Enter PALINURUS [*speaking to* PHÆDROMUS
within]

PAL. You would do well, Sir, would you list to
me, 10

And brandish from your mind this anxious sorrow.
You doubt your parasite's return from *Caria*.
'Tis my opinion, he will bring the mōney.
For if he bring it not, no chain's so strong
To hold him from his crib to eat with you. 15

V. 2. —*quit his temple.*] It was a custom of the ancients when they were sick or lame, to sleep in the temple of *Æsculapius*, the god of health, by which means they hoped for a cure.

V. 15. —*from his crib*—] The original is, *ad præsepim suam*, *at your manger*. *Plautus*, in order to point out the character of
a parasite,

CAP. Who's talking here?

PAL. What voice is this I hear?

CAP. 'Tis *Pallinurus* sure, the slave of *Phædromus*.

PAL. What man is this, with this club-paunch,
and eyes

As green as grass! I know his figure sure,
But his complexion puzzles me. Oh!—Now 20
I know him well; 'tis the procurer *Cappadox*.
I will accost him—

CAP. Save you, *Pallinurus*!

PAL. Ha! is it you, the chief in all bad pranks?
Save you!—How fares it—

CAP. I am just alive—

PAL. That's just as much as you deserve—But
what
Is it that ails you?

CAP. Why, I'm kill'd with spleen, 25
My reins are painful, and my lungs are torn,
My liver is in torment, and my heart-strings
Are crack'd, and all my small guts full of pain.

a parasite, who thinks of nothing but eating and drinking at
other people's expence, speaks of him as a beast, who fats him-
self in a stable.

LIMIERE, from GUEUDEVILLE.

V. 18. —*with this club paunch, &c.*] The original is, *cum col-
lativo ventre, with a belly distended, swelled out, like a woman
with child.*

V. 19. *As green as grass?*—] Greenness round the eyes, is at
this time, a known indication of sickness.

V. 28. —*my small guts*—] The original is *hira*, which we are
told, properly means the gut physicians call *intestinum jejunum*,
the empty gut. Hence by *Synecdoche*, used for the guts or intestines
in general,

PAL.

PAL. Then your complaint is of the royal fort;

CAP. An easy matter 'tis, to jeer the wretched! 30

PAL. I'd have you hold out still a few days longer,
'Till your intestines 'gin to putrify--

For if you now go off, while yet their salting

Has not lost all its virtue, your intestines

May fetch a greater price than will yourself. 35

CAP. Ay, but my spleen, I say's trufs'd up--

PAL. Then walk--

That's best for all disorders of the spleen--

V. 29. —of the royal fort.] The jaundice was called *morbus regius*, the royal disease. The original is, *morbus hepaticus*, which possibly meant something of this sort. *Cappadox* takes it as a sneer. Possibly we should read *upaterius*, Greek *υπατριος*. *Morbus consularis*, the consular disease. Dr. Sydenham has an irony (for he had too much good sense to speak it seriously) much to this purpose, spoken to gouty folks. It may be observed, that the disease here called *hepaticus*, is commonly called *hepaticus*; a word much like *hypaticus*, in Greek *υπατικος*, that is, consular. By analogy therefore, if there be such a word as *hepaticus*, (though, as far as we can find, it is an *απαξ λεγόμενον*, a word once only made use of by *Plautus*), *hypaterius*, in Greek *υπατηριος*, is a word coined by the poet, and formed from *hepatorius*, to resemble it after the same manner.

It is dangerous to build on ground so slippery, as that of conjecture is, and we are sensible, how inadequate we are to the task. But since we have here no other foundation to build a reading upon, it is possible, if no such word as *hepaticus* is elsewhere to be found, the right reading may be *hypaticus*; in which the allusion is easily to be discerned.

V. 37.—for all disorders of the spleen—] *Vitium lienis quiete angitur, exercitatione minuitur.* CELSUS, Lib. ii. cap. 6.

A disorder in the spleen is increased by rest, but by exercise it is lessened.

And *Plutarch*, in his life of *Demosthenes*, observes, that it is said of *Laomedon* the *Orchomenian*, that by advice of his physician, he used to run long stages for the curing of some indisposition of his

CAP. Truce with your raillery, and answer me
To what I ask. I've had a dream to night :
If I should tell it you, can you expound it ? 40

PAL. I am the only man who knows that art :
The interpreters of dreams all come to me
In consultation ; and when I have answer'd,
Abide by my opinion.—

SCENE II.

Enter COOK.

Cook. *Palinurus,*
Why this delay ? Why don't you set me out
The things I want ; that our keen parasite,
When he comes back, may find his dinner ready.

PAL. You'll wait 'till I interpret him his dream ?

COOK. Where'er you dream yourself, you apply
to me. 5

PAL. 'Tis true.

COOK. Go then, and look me out what's necessary.

PAL. Agreed---Mean time then, tell your dream
to him.

I warrant him more skilful than myself :
For what I know, I know it all from him.

CAP. Let him attend to me---

PAL. He will---

CAP. He is, 10

What few slaves are, obedient to his master---
Mark me then---

Cook. Well---Tho' you're unknown to me.

his spleen ; and by that means, having through labour and exercise framed the habit of his body, betook himself to the garland-games, and became one of the principal runners at the long race.

CAP. This night I dream'd, that *Æsculapius* sat
At distance from me : nor did he approach
Nor seem to heed me---

COOK. O ! this signifies 15
That all the other gods will do the like.
In truth, there is among them but one mind.
No wonder, if it fares no better with you.
Better you'd pass'd the night in great *Jove's* temple—
He spar'd you, when you invoc'd him to a false-
hood. 20

CAP. If all who take false oaths were to sleep thus,
The capitol itself would not contain them.

COOK. Attend then : and to *Æsculapius* sue
For peace, lest some misfortune happen to you,
Such as has been foreboded in this dream. 25

V. 19. —*in great Jove's temple*] See Act I. Scene I. Note on V. 78. To which we may add, that the reader will find a remarkable instance of this in *Aristophanes*, where *Cbremylus* brings out *Plutus* the god of riches, from *Æsculapius's* temple, where he had found him blind, and lying there, in order to recover his sight. There is great humour in the scene, and the reader may not be displeased to be referred to it. It is Act I. Scene II. of his *Plutus*.

V. 21. —*to sleep thus*—] i. e. in the temple of *Jupiter*.

V. 22. *The capitol itself*—] It might be matter of surprise, as some commentators have observed, that *Plautus* makes the speaker mention the *capitol*, when the scene lies at *Epidaurus*, were we not told, as *Gruier* has mentioned, that there were *capitols* in other places besides *Rome* ; or rather, that that name had been given, even out of *Italy*, to the large temples of the principal gods.

LIMIERS.

Perhaps it may be an inattention of the author. So in *Pseudolus*, *The Cheat*, he mentions the *Marian gate*, which was near *Rome*, when the Scene of the Comedy is at *Athens*.

ACT II. SCENE III. 141

CAP. You counsel well.—I'll go into the temple,
And ask his favour——

COOK. May he never grant it!

PAL. Immortal gods! who is it there I see?
Is't not the parasite I sent to *Caria*?

Phædromus, haste; come forth, come forth, I say. 30

Enter PHÆDROMUS.

PHÆ. What noise is this?

PAL. See, see, your parasite
Coming this way at farther end o' the street.
Let's step aside, and list what he's about—

PHÆ. I think you're in the right—

SCENE III.

Enter CURCULIO.

CUR. Known or unknown,
Make way, while I do my commission here:
Fly all, begone, and quit the way to me,
Lest in my speed, with elbow, breast, knee, head,

V. 32. —*at farther end o' the street.*] This and the long speech which the parasite gives us in the following Scene, 'all the while he is walking to the front of the stage where he stops, is, among many others, an instance of the largeness of the theatres of the ancients; far different from our modern ones, on which it is not possible to exhibit such representations. LIMIER.

V. 2. *Make way—*] Something like this, the reader may recollect to have occurred in the character of *Ergasilus* the parasite, in *The Captives*, Act IV. Scene II. V. 12. Vol. I. of this translation.

I some

I some one hurt; I am so charg'd with business 5
 Of diligence and speed; no man whatever,
 Let him be e'er so rich, let him be king,
 Or general, let him be clerk o' the market,
 Sheriff or headborough in all his glory,
 Shall stand before me, if he stops my way— 10
 And those cloak'd *Grecians*, who stalk gravely on,

V. 7, 8, 9. — *let him be king, or general, let him be clerk o' the market, sheriff, or headborough.*—] The original is,

*Nec strategus, nec tyrannus quisquam, nec agoranomus,
 Nec demarchus, nec comarchus*——

None of the *Grecian* states were so well known at *Rome*, as the *Athenian*. And this may excuse *Plautus* for supposing the same kind of magistrates at *Epidaurus*, where the Scene of this Comedy is laid. The *Agoranomus* (Ἀγορανόμος) which we have translated, *clerk of the market*, had the care of the market, and of every thing there sold, corn excepted: and were especially obliged to see that no man wronged or any way circumvented another in buying or selling. See *Potter's Antiquities*, Book i. chap. 15. They are often mentioned by *Aristophanes*; particularly in *The Wasps*, V. 1398. where the Scholiast explains the word in the same manner. The *Demarchi* (Δημαρχοί) took care of the revenues of the people, paid all the duties required of them, and presided at the election of senators, and other magistrates. See *Potter's Antiquities*, chap. xiii. This we have rendered *sheriff*. These too are mentioned in *Aristophanes*, V. 37. of *The Clouds*; to which the reader is referred, and to the Scholiast thereon. The *Comarchus* (Κόμαρχος) was the præfect, or principal officer of every village or hamlet. See *Aristophanes*, the Scholiast on V. 1142. of *The Peace*. This we have translated *headborough* or *constable*. How *Curculio* could think of meeting with a general, a commander in chief, or a king, in the streets of *Epidaurus*, cannot well be imagined. We therefore are inclined to think that the *strategus* and the *tyrannus*, are no other persons than one of the στρατηγοί (of whom there were many at *Athens*) and the βασιλεὺς (called in mockery *tyrannus* by *Curculio*) for which offices the reader is referred to *Potter's Antiquities*, Book i. chap. 12. and Book iii. chap. iv. But this conjecture is with deference submitted to the reader.

With

With their heads cover'd, and their laps quite
cramm'd

With books——They carry baskets with them too.
They stop the runaways, and chatter still
Their wise opinions——At each tippling house 15
You see them toping——There they hide their heads,
And as they steal their liquor, drink it hot——
Then with great gravity, and half seas over,
They sally forth: but, if I meet with them,
I'll make them send their barley-broth out back-
wards. 20

The slaves too of buffoons, who play in th' streets,

V. 12. *With their heads cover'd*— See the note on Act IV.
Scene I. V. 18. of *The Captives*, Vol. I. of this translation.

V. 14. —*the runaways*—] The original is *drapstæ*, from the
Greek *δραπσταί*. It is not unlikely that *Plautus* is here sneering
at the Greek philosophers; who, if we are not much mistaken,
had begun in his time to swarm at *Athens*.

V. 15. —*each tippling house*—] In *Thermopolio*. Some editions
read *Oenopolio*, and *Camerarius*, *Thermopolio*; possibly, says that
commentator, because the master of the tippling house had *Mer-*
cury for his sign.

V. 17. —*their liquor, drink it hot*.] It has been already ob-
served in the course of these notes, that the ancients drank their
wine hot; more particularly when they were at a debauch.

V. 18. —*half seas over*.] The original is, *ebriole*, a little
drunk, fuddled, or what we call *half seas over*.

V. 20. —*barley-broth*—] The original is *polentarium*, food
made of barley-meal, the property of which is said to create
wind in the bowels of those who eat it. The expression is not
quite decent, but may possibly be excused in the mouth of a
parasite.

V. 21. —*who play in th' streets, &c.*] The original is, *qui ludunt*
datatim. *Who play, by giving one to another*, as in tossing of a ball
from hand to hand.

The

The throwers and the catchers of the ball,
All to the ground I fell.—Why, let 'em keep
At home, and by that means avoid the danger.

PHÆ. [*aside.*] If this same fellow were our go-
vernor, 25

He shews what he'd be at. Such are our manners;
And such slaves now: 'tis well he wants the means
To put the thing he knows so well, in practice.

CUR. Is there none here, can tell me where to find
My patron *Phædromus*? my business hastes, 30
And I must meet with him as soon as possible.

PAL. He's seeking you.—

PHÆ. Suppose we join him—Ho!
Curculio! Here! 'Tis you I want—

CUR. Who calls me
By name?

PHÆ. One who has wish'd to meet with you. 35

CUR. You could not more than I have wish'd for
you.

PHÆ. O my commodious, necessary, leng'd for
Curculio, save you!

CUR. Save you too—

PHÆ. How stand
My hopes?—Speak out—I beg you tell me all—

CUR. Speak out, I pray, and tell me how stand
mine.

PHÆ. What is the matter?

CUR. Oh! my eyes grow dim, 40
My knees are weak with hunger—

PHÆ. Weariness—

CUR. Support me, hold me up, I beg of you.—

V. 37. O my commodious, &c.] The original is, *mea opportu-
nitas*. An expression of satisfaction or delight.

PHÆ.

PHÆ. See you, how pale he looks? a feat here quickly;

Go bring a ewer with water—Hast, be quick—

CUR. I'm sick at heart—

PHÆ. Would you some water? 45

CUR. No—

A bit to eat—I'd swallow't in a moment—

PHÆ. A plague confound you!

CUR. Give me, I beseech you,
On my arrival, some refreshment?

PHÆ. Yes,

It shall be done. [*fanning him.*]

CUR. What is it you're about?

PHÆ. Why, giving you refreshment.

CUR. No, I want not 50
Refreshment quite so airy.

PHÆ. Why, what then?

CUR. I want to eat; 'tis that, on my arrival
Must welcome me.

PHÆ. May *Jove*, and all the Gods
Confound you!

CUR. I'm quite spent, I scarce can see,
My mouth is bitter, and my teeth are rusty, 55
My jaws for want of exercise, are grown
Quite clammy, and my guts quite lank thro' empti-
ness.

V. 48. —*some refreshment.*] There is a double entendre in the original, made by the double meaning of the word *ventus*, which signifies the same as *adventus*, a coming or an arrival, and, also, wind or air. *Curculio* takes it in the former sense, and *Phædromus* in the latter. We have endeavoured to aim at something like it, by the use of the word *refreshment*.

V. 56. *Quite clammy.*—] The original is, *lippiant fauces*. *Lippio* is properly to be *dim-sighted*, *blear-eyed*, or, as *Shakespeare*

PHÆ. Well, by-and-by then, you shall eat a morsel.

CUR. None of your morsels, I'm for a full meal.

PHÆ. Did you but know what is reserv'd for
you? 60

CUR. I wish I knew but where: my teeth want
much

To find it out.

PHÆ. A ham; a fat sow's paunch,
With paps and kernels.

CUR. What, all these?---Perhaps
You mean i' th' market—

PHÆ. In the dish, I tell you,
And ready for you, since we heard the news 65
Of your arrival.

CUR. Don't play tricks with me.

PHÆ. As I could wish the girl I love, lov'd me,
I do not lye. But I hear nothing yet
Of the affair on which you were dispatch'd.

CUR. I have brought back nothing.

PHÆ. Then am I undone. 70

CUR. I could find something, if you'll have but
patience.

According to your order, I set out,

calls it in his *Merchant of Venice*, *sand-blind*, a disease of the eyes,
transferred to the mouth. This the commentators call *audacissima*
translatio, a very bold way of using a word in a different sense.

V. 68. —*I hear nothing yet*—] Would the criticks allow us to
suppose that *Shakspeare* had been acquainted with *Plautus*, we
cannot but think there is something so similar to this in *Romeo*
and *Juliet*, where the *Nurse* who had been sent by *Juliet* with
a message to *Romeo*, at her return keeps on for some time teasing
her mistress before she will deliver her answer, that it had given
him the idea.

Arriv'd

Arriv'd at *Caria*—there I saw your friend.
 I ask him to make up the sum you wanted.
 He'd have you think him willing to oblige you,
 Nor would he disappoint you—as becomes
 Friends to be willing to assist each other—
 But answer'd in few words, and faithfully;
 That he, like you, was in great want of money.

PHÆ. Your words are daggers—

CUR. Nay, I'm saving you; 80

And I will have you sav'd—Upon this answer,
 I left him, and went thence unto the Forum,
 Pensive to think my errand was in vain.

By accident I there espy'd a captain.

Him I accost with salutations—He

85

Returns the compliment—Then takes my hand,
 Draws me apart, and asks me, Why at *Caria*?

I tell him, I came thither for amusement.

Says he, In *Epidaurus* do you know

Lyco the banker?—Yes, says I, I do.—

90

And know you the procurer *Cappadox*?

Says he—O, ay, I yearly visit him.—

But what of him?—Because I bought of him

A girl for thirty minæ; and her cloaths,

And jewels for ten minæ more—The money,

95

Says I, have you yet paid him? It is lodg'd

In *Lyco*'s hands, the banker that I spoke of:

I order'd him, that when he should receive

A letter from me, seal'd with my own ring,

V. 88. *I tell him, &c.*] Here begins the narrative, which 'is continued to V. 136, and is clear, elegant, and worthy of *Plautus*.

V. 89.—*in Epidaurus*—] *Epidaurus* was a city of *Peloponnesus*, a part of *Greece*.

V. 99. —*seal'd with my own ring.*] The seals of the ancients were cut on rings, which they usually wore on their fingers:

He strait should take the girl, her cloaths and
jewels 100

From the procurer—Having heard his story,
I left him—Strait he calls me back ; invites me
To sup with him—My conscience would not let me
Refuse his offer—Then, says he, suppose
We go, and take our places at the table. 105
The motion pleas'd me---For it suits not me
To lengthen out the day, nor injure night

many of which are to be seen at this very day, preserved in the
cabinets of the curious.

V. 103. —*My conscience*—] The original is, *religio fuit*. In
this sense too Terence more than once uses the word.

—*nam nihil esse mihi, religio est dicere.*

Heauton. Act II. Scene II. V. 16.

To own my poverty's a point of conscience. COLMAN.

In these passages, and in others that might be produced, *religio*
means what is called in Greek *δεισιδαιμονία*, in English, *scruple of*
conscience.

It may not be amiss to observe, that *Shakspeare* uses the word
religion in the same sense.

Madam, as thereto sworn, by your command,
Which my love makes *religion* to obey,
I tell you this——

Anthony and Cleopatra, Act V. Scene III. *Delabella*.

V. 107. —*the day, nor injure night*—]. It is to be observed
that the time in which the antients made their grand meal, was
far advanced in the night. Those who sat down to a meal in the
day-time, were looked upon as gluttons. *Cureulio* here declares
he does not concern himself with that custom, his profession of
a parasite giving him a sufficient dispensation to regale himself
both day and night. GUEUDEVILLE.

Supremo te solum domi, Torquate, manebo——

Hor. Lib. i. Epist. v. V. 3.

At evening I expect you for my guest.

FRANCIS.

Of her due rights, defrauding her---In short,
All was prepar'd, and we ourselves not wanting.
When we had eat and drank, he took the dice, 110
And challeng'd me to play---I stake my cloak;
And he his ring---and then invok'd *Planesium*.

PHÆ. My mistress?

CUR. Peace a while---He threw deuce-ace.
I take the dice: invoke my patron *Hercules*!
And throw a princely cast. Then drink to him 115
In a large cup of wine. He drinks it up,
Reclines his head, and sleeps. I slyly draw
From him his ring; and steal from off the couch,
For fear the captain see me. Whither going?
The slaves then ask---Why, whither all men go, 120

V. 112. —*invok'd Planesium*.] See this explained in a note on Act I. Scene I. V. 6. Vol. I. of this translation.

V. 113. —*He threw deuce-ace*.] The original is, *jacit volutrios quatuor*. Literally, *he threw four vulturs*. The vultur throw as well as the dog throw, was esteemed unlucky.

V. 114. —*my patron Hercules*] It was customary, as has been already observed elsewhere, that those who threw the dice, invoked some god. Military men called upon *Mars*; lovers on *Venus*, or some mistress. Parasites invoked *Hercules*; and for this reason, because, as has been observed in the course of these notes, the tents at entertainments were offered to him; and these were given to the lower sort of people, among whom parasites were ranked. *Aldus*, with some other old editions, instead of *Herculeum*, read *Herem*.

DE L'OEUVRE.

—*my patron*—] The original is, *meam nutricem*. As we know no word in our language to express *nutrix* by in this sense, we have rendered it *patron*.

V. 115. —*a princely cast*.] The original is, *basilicum*. This they called *Venus's* cast, which was esteemed a lucky one.

V. 121. —*whither all men go*—] The reader, we presume, need not be told the place the speaker means.

Who've made an hearty meal---As soon as e'er
I saw the door, I took me to my heels.

PHÆ. I praise you.

CUR. Praise me, when I've done your job!
Come, come, let's in, and seal---

PHÆ. Do I delay you?

CUR. But first for this same ham, kernel and
paps. 125

A good foundation for the belly these.

Bread, bumpers, beef, and a capacious pot.

These will supply good counsel: while you seal,

He'll wait, and I shall eat. I'll dictate to you

What you shall write---Follow me in.

PHÆ. I follow. 130

[*Exeunt.*]

V. 129. *He'll wait, &c.*] meaning *Palinurus*.

*** This Act is opened by *Cappadox* the procurer, coming from the temple of *Æsculapius*, where he had lain all night; and much discontented that the god had not seemed disposed to relieve his malady. He is joined by *Palinurus* coming out from his master; who, after rallying him on account of the figure he makes, undertakes at his request, to expound a dream he had had while lying in the temple; which as he is going to do, he is interrupted by his master calling him; so he leaves that business to a cook, who enters in the second Scene. Towards the end of which *Palinurus*, seeing at a distance *Curculio* the parasite returning from *Cæria*, calls out to his master to meet him. He enters in the third Scene; and after some buffooneries not inconsistent with his character, acquaints *Phædromus* with his commission, and the manner in which he had executed it; when they go out together in order to forge a letter, by means of which to receive the money, and have the slave delivered up to them. And the time necessary for the putting this in execution, and for the parasite to get his dinner, fills up the second interval.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Enter LYCO.

LYCO.

I Find I'm a good man.—I've struck my balance,
And see, by what's in hand, and what I owe,

V. 1. *I find I'm a good man,—*] The original is, *Beatus videor,—*
in which sense of rich, we find it again used by *Plautus*.

Bonam ego quam beatam me esse nimis dici mæpulo—

Pænulus, Act I. Scene II. V. 90.

Rather than wealth, may I be blest'd with virtue,

—*I've struck my balance,*] The original is, *subduxi ratiunculam*, properly, *a small account*. *Plautus* uses the same word again, and in a passage very similar to this,

Ibo intro, atque intus subducam ratiunculam,

Quantillum argenti mihi apud trapexitam fiet.

Captivi, Act I. Scene II. V. 89.

I will in,

Look over my accounts, and see what cash

I have remaining in my banker's hands.

Terence too uses the word in the same sense.

———*erat ei de ratiuncula*

Jampridem apud me reliquom pauxillum

Nummorum—

Phormio, Act I. Scene I. V. 2.

———For some time past,

I've ow'd him some small balance of account. COLMAN.

V. 2. —*what's in hand, and what I owe,*] The original is, *aris alieni*,—a term of law, signifying what a man owes to another; for no man can be said to be worth any more money, than what remains after all his debts are paid. *Limiers*' from *Ulpian*.

If, I pay not my creditors, I'm rich ;
 But if I clear with them, I'm deep in debt---
 'Tis, when I seriously consider this,
 If I am press'd, I'll break, and e'en submit ;
 And let them carry me before the Prætor.
 'Tis what most bankers do ; borrow of one,
 Or of another, but to none repay ;
 But if one ask it in a higher tone, 10
 They then discharge the debt in cuffs. The man,
 Who in good time gets rich, must in good time
 Be provident, or in good time will starve.
 I fain would buy a boy, who may be wanted,
 For hire ; my present want is only money--- 15

V. 7. — *before the Prætor.*] This is the giving up of what he is worth, which he mentions, Act V. Scene II. V. 12, This they often did to defraud their creditors, and was the method bad men made use of to pay their debts ; neither more nor less, than bankrupts of modern times, LIMIERS.

V. 11. — *The man, &c.*] Louis XII. King of France, surnamed the father of his people, M. Limiers informs us, did not disdain, by way of relaxation, amidst the fatigues of his great exploits, to read *Plautus* ; and among other sentences of this poet, this was familiar with him. It is a very sensible remark, and looks as if Louis XIV, had towards the end of his reign acknowledged the truth of it ; when amongst other instructions he is said on his death-bed to have given the young King, he among other things, warn'd him, carefully to avoid superfluous expence. M. De L'Oeuvre mentions the same ; and adds, that though he was a Prince of strict œconomy, and ever diligent and attentive to preserve or add to his income, yet no Prince ever existed, who was more magnificent.

V. 14. — *a boy, &c.*] The original is, *puer usurarius, a boy or slave lent out on usury*, the hirer leaving the full price of him in pawn. So in the argument to *Amphitruo*, Alcmena is called *uxor usuraria, a wife for Jupiter to make use of for a certain time.*

Enter

Enter CURCULIO, [*speaking to* PHÆDROMUS
within.]

CUR. Now my skin's full, put me in mind of
nothing :

I recollect and know it all---Then peace---

I'll give a good account of my commission.

I have fill'd me well within ; and yet have left

A little corner in my stomach void, 20

Where I may hoard the remnants of these remnants.

But who is this saluting *Æsculapius*,

With his head cover'd ? 'Tis the very man

I am in search of. Follow me, [*to* PHÆD.] I'll make

As if I knew him not. *Hola ! Hola !* 25

'Tis you I want.

LYC. Good day, you single-peeper.

CUR. Why, single-peeper ? Do you mean to jess
me ?

LYC. You must be of the family of *Cocles*.

They all were single-peepers.

V. 26. —*you single-peeper.*] The original is, *unoculus*.

V. 28. —*of the family of Cocles.*] Commentators are here divided in their opinion. Some will have it relate to *Horatius*, who, because he had but one eye, was surnamed *Cocles* : others refer it to the *Arimaspians*, a people who inhabited the *Riphean* mountains, and were reported to have had but one eye.

Arimaspi, uno oculo in fronte mediâ insignes.

Plinii Nat. Hist. Lib. vii. cap. 2.

The *Arimaspians*, famous for having one eye, and that in the middle of their forehead.

We are also informed by the same author, that those who had but one eye, were called *Coclites*.

—*qui altero lumine orbi nascerentur, Coclites vocabantur.*

—*Lib. xi. cap. 37.*

Those who were born with one eye, were called *Coclites*.

CUR. This poor eye
Was by a catapulta lost at *Sicyon*. 30

LYC. Or so, or by some broken pot of cinders,
What is't to me?

CUR. The fellow is a witch.
He has hit the mark—That was the catapulta,
I'm oft saluted with. [*aside.*] I prithee, youngster,
No sneers upon this honourable mark, 35
Gain'd in the publick service, lest I cite you,
And incommittiate——

LYC. You may forumnize,
If you don't incommittiate me.

CUR. No more
Of forum or comitia, if you love me;

Others will have it to be *Cyclopum*, and to allude to the *Cyclops*.
But which-ever *Plautus* intended to allude to, the difference is
not very material.

V. 30. —[*at Sicyon.*] *Sicyon* was formerly a very considerable
city in *Peloponnesus*, and the capital of *Sicyonia*; it is now in ruins.
There remain only five or six houses with a church, from whence
it has taken the name of *Basilica*, which name it retains to this
day. These remains are to be met with in *Sacania* in *Morea*,
upon a mountain near the gulf of *Lepanta*, four leagues from the
city of *Corinth* towards the west. *Limiers* from *Baudrand*.

V. 31. —[*by some broken pot of cinders.*] See *The Captives*,
A& I. Scene I. V. 25. Vol. I. of this translation, and the note.

V. 37. *Thu may forumnize.*] The original is, *Licetne inforare si
incomittiare non licet. Shail I to the court of the Prætor, if not
to the Comitia, or superior court?* The reader will, we hope, ex-
cuse these uncouth words, which we have made use of to avoid
too much modernizing—which if right to do, it might have been
sessions. Some commentators, as usual, endeavour to find out an
indecentcy in the word *inforare*, which we do not think was in-
tended by the author; but if it was, it is hereby avoided.

Those

They are not to my tooth. But if you'll shew me 40
The man I want, I shall be much oblig'd ;
Lyco the banker.

LYC. Why you look for him,
And whence, say, are you?—

CUR. From the captain, I.
Therapontigonus Platagidorus.

LYC. I recollect the name, for when I write it, 45
It fills compleat four pages—but what wants he?

CUR. He's charg'd me with this letter.

[*shewing a letter.*]

LYC. Who are you?

CUR. I am his freed-man, and they call me *Nimwell*.

V. 45. —*four pages.*—] The original is, *ceras quatuor*, literally, *four tables*. It is to be observed, that the antients marked their letters with a stile, on a table or board rubbed over with wax, *Suetonius* speaking of *Julius Cæsar's* will, says,

—*in ima cerâ C. Octavius etiam in familiam nomenque adoptavit.*
Julius Cæsar, cap. 83.

—at the bottom or latter end of the table, he adopted *C. Octavius* into his family and name.

V. 47. —*and they call me Nimwell.* The original is, *omnis Summanum vocant.* All call me *Summanus*. *Summanus*, as *Li-miers* observes, *quasi summus manium deus*, was one of the names of *Pluto*, the god of the infernal regions, who sooner or later forces all mankind into his dominions. So the parasite says, the world has given him that name, because, like him, he bears off whatever he lays hold on.

Romani duo tantum ex iis servavere: diurni attribuentes Jovi, nocturna Summano. *Plinii Nat. Hist. Lib. ii. cap. 52.*

The Romans have preserved two of them only, attributing those in the day-time to *Jupiter*, those in the night to *Summanus*.

LYC.

LYC. Well, save you, *Nimwell*--But, I prithee now,
Why *Nimwell*? Say—

CUR. Because, when drunk, asleep, 50
(As I pretend) I *Nim* the vestments *well*.

'Tis not without a reason, I'm call'd *Nimwell*.

LYC. Then e'en for entertainment seek elsewhere,
You meet with none from me. I want no *Nimwells*.
But I'm the man you seek.

CUR. Are you indeed 55
The banker *Lyc*?

LYC. Ay—the very man.

CUR. *Therapontigonus* has order'd me
To give you salutation, and this letter.

LYC. Me?

CUR. You. Here, take it—[*gives a letter.*] Be
acquainted with
The seal. D'ye know it.

LYC. Yes, I ought to know it. 60
A man arm'd with a shield, and with a sword,
Killing an elephant.

CUR. He order'd me,
To beg you, do directly what he writes,
If you'd oblige him.

LYC. Step aside, I'll see
What 'tis he writes.

CUR. E'en as you please for that, 65
So that I take of you the charge I seek—

LYC. [*reading.*] "*Therapontigonus Platagidorus*,
"The captain, to his host in *Epidaurus*
"*Lyc*, sends greeting.

CUR. [*aside.*] Yes, the man's my own,
He has devour'd the hook. [*aside.*]

LYC.

ACT III. SCENE I. 157

LYC. [reading.] "I here desire 79
 "And beg you to deliver to the person
 "Who brings this letter to you, the young girl
 "I bought when you was by, and by your means;
 "With her, her cloaths and jewels. You well know,
 "How 'twas agreed—The money to the pandar, 75
 "Then pay; the girl deliver to the bearer".

But where's your master? Why not come himself?

CUR. I'll tell you, Sir. 'Tis but four days ago,
 That we arriv'd from *India* safe at *Caria*.

Where he has order'd to erect a statue 80

Of pure and solid *Philispean* gold,
 Seven feet in height: this for a monument
 Of his exploits.

LYC. And wherefore?

CUR. That I'll tell you.

Because that he alone in twenty days
 Subdu'd the *Persians*, and the *Paphlagonians*, 85
 The *Synoceans*, *Arabs*, and the *Carians*,
 The *Cretans* and the *Syrians*. *Rhodes* and *Lycia*,
Peredia and *Perhibesia*,

Centauromachia, *Classia*, *Unomammia*,
Lybia, and all the coast of *Centerobromia*, 90
 And the whole half of all the nations there.

LYC. O rare!

CUR. You seem surpriz'd?

LYC. For if these people
 Were all penn'd up, like chicken in a coop,
 'Twould take a year to encompass them about.

V. 85. — *the Persians, &c.*] The reader will observe, that
 some of these names are real; others fictitious, and of *Plautus's*
 coining.

By

By *Hercules*! you must be master's man, 95
You spit such wonders forth.

CUR. I'd tell you more,
If more you choose——

LYC. I have no doubt. Here, follow—
I will dispatch the affair you came about.
And see, our man!—Health and long life to you!

Enter PROCURER.

PRO. May the Gods love you! 100

LYC. Do you know the business
I come to you about?

PRO. You've but to tell me.

LYC. To take the money for the girl you wot of,
And send her off with him [*pointing to CURCULIO*].
directly——

PRO. What!

The girl I promis'd to give up to *Phædromus*?

LYC. What's that to you, so you receive the
money? 105

PRO. A good adviser's to the full as good
As an assistant—Come on—Follow me.

CUR. Take care, procurer, not to make me wait.
[*Exeunt.*]

V. 95. —*you must be master's man.*] The original is, *te esse ab illo*. *Limiers* is of opinion, that, there is an allusion to a double sense of the word *esse*, which signifies *to eat*, as well as, *to belong to*. This makes, in *Plautus's* manner, no bad double entendre.

*** This Act is very short; not, as *M. Dacier* has observed, so much the fault of the poet, as of those who divided the Scenes. It is opened by *Lyc*, the banker, in a soliloquy on the state of his own affairs as such. The parasite joins him from his master,
and

ACT III. SCENE I. 159

and accosts him on the part of *Therapontigonus* the captain, and shews him the forged letter, the seal of which he acknowledges to be no counterfeit: After a short dialogue, consistent enough with their respective characters, a procurer enters, to whom they mention their business; tell him the money is ready, and that they are to deliver up the slave into their hands. The third interval is filled up with the time necessary to go to the banker's shop, to count out the money deposited there, and after that to go to the procurer, to receive the fair slave from his hands.

End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

* *Enter Master of the Wardrobe, as Chorus.*

MAST. CHOR.

TROTH, *Phædromus* has got an arch rogue there;

A sly informer—But by sea or land

Rather, I know not which I should pronounce him.

* *Enter master of the wardrobe.]* The original is, *Choragus*, which the commentators tell us means the person who manages the chorus, or the master chorus, and also the person who takes care of the dresses, decorations, and every thing necessary for the representation of a play; the same with what in our modern theatres is called the *wardrobe-keeper*; and the place in which he keeps them is called *choragium*; what we now call *the wardrobe*. In this last sense *Plautus* again uses it.

Ipse ornamenta a chorago hæc sumpsit —

Trinummus, A& IV. Scene II. V. 16.

My garb he hired from the * playhouse—

THORNTON.

* Literally, *the master of the wardrobe*.

V. 2. *A sly informer—]* The original is, *holophantam et sycophantam*. There are several various readings of this passage; and in general the commentators are divided which to prefer, and consequently what sense to give it. *Limiers* tells us that *Ἀλοφάντης* and *Συκοφάντης* properly signify, one who imposes upon, and deceives others by telling of lies: *φανταζεσθαι* and *συκοφαντεσθαι*, are used by *Aristophanes*, and other writers, in the sense of *to deceive*: but that *Plautus* uses them, the first to signify a liar by profession, and the second to point out a braggard in the dress of a sea officer. This last may be probable, as it may be remembered *Curculio* came from *Caria* by sea.

I fear

I fear I shan't get back the dresses lent him.
 No matter! I have nought to do with him, 5
 I trusted them to *Phedromus*. However,
 I'll keep a watchful eye. 'Till he comes out,
 Lest you should take unnecessary trouble,

[to the spectators,

I'll shew you where to find all sorts of men,
 Or bad or good, or honest men or rascals. 10
 Whoe'er wants one to swear through thick and thin;
 I send him to law-courts—A lying boaster
 You'll find not far from *Cloacina's* altar.
 Your prodigal rich husbands you must look for
 At the Exchange, There too you'll find stale har-
 lots, 15
 Ready for any bargain. Stewards of clubs
 Are ever at the fish-markets. Your rich,
 Your good men, at the bottom of the Forum.

V. 12. —*law-courts*.—] The original is, *in comitium*, a place where the judges and advocates assembled before they went into the court to do business.

V. 13. —*Cloacina's altar*.—] Among the Romans, *Cloacina* was a goddess, the image of which being found in a sink or place where all nastiness is stored up (*cloaca*) by King *Tatius*, was so called.

V. 15. *At the Exchange*.—] *sub basilicâ*, a place for buyers and sellers to resort to.

V. 18. —*good men*.—] *boni homines*. *Bonus* is not used here in a moral sense, but in that of wealthy, opulent. In the mercantile world, a rich man has long been called a *good* man, and is so to this day. *Shakspeare* was well acquainted with this use of it.

Shylock. " *Antonio* is a good man.

In th' middle you shall have, near the canal,
 Meer braggarts, bold, loquacious—'Bove the lake, 20
 Malevolent and foul-mouth'd fellows, such
 As boldly deal out slander without cause :
 Yet give sufficient matter unto others,
 To form true accusations against them.
 At the old shops, are those who lend out money, 25
 Or borrow it, on usury—Behind
 The temple of *Caster*, those you'll not trust easily.—
 In *Tuscan* street are such as sell themselves,
 The baker, butcher, or the augurer.
 In the oil-market, those who cheat mankind, 30
 Or lay it in men's way to cheat themselves.
 In th' *Oppian Leucadia*, are rich husbands,

Bassanio. " Have you heard any intimation to the contrary ?

Shylock. " No, no, no, no ;—my meaning in saying he is a
 " good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient."

Merchant of Venice, Act I. Scene III.

V. 19. —*near the canal*,] The canal, we are told, was a place
 in *Rome*, near which people walked.

V. 20. —*'Bove the lake*,] The commentators are much di-
 vided in opinion, what lake is here meant, whether the *Curtian*,
 the *Lucrine*, or the *Servilian*.

V. 32. —*the Oppian Leucadia*.] Here again the commenta-
 tors are divided in their opinion, what this *Leucadia* was. Some
 think it was a freed-man of the *Oppian* family, a noted plebeian,
 one in *Rome*, to whom all sorts of idle people resorted. Others
 will have it to mean, the place of abode of the *Leucadians*,
 another family ; and that instead of *Oppian*, we should read
Operiam. In which way it is understood, it is not very material,

LIMIERS.

M. Guizot says, that perhaps *Plautus* intended to censure
 some one whose name was *Oppius*, whose house was a rendezvous
 for riotous and debauched husbands.

Who, by extrayagance are now reduc'd
To poverty. But hark! the door there creaks!
'Tis time, it seems, for me to hold my tongue. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Enter CURCULIO, *leading in* PLANESIUM,
LYCO *and* CAPPADOX.

CUR. Maiden, go on before—For what's behind
me

I can't observe. Her jewels and her cloaths,
The captain said, and every thing she had,
Were his.

CAP. Why, who denies it?

CUR. Not amiss

I should remind you tho'.

LYC. Remember too 5

Your promise, that if any one lay claim
To her as free, the money be return'd,
The thirty minæ.

CAP. As to that be easy:

I shall remember it—and now repeat it.

CUR. I'd have you to remember the same thing. 10
[*to* CAPPADOX.

CAP. I do: and give you warrant for't---

CUR. What warrant

From a procurer? You're a set of people
Who nothing have but one poor tongue, on oath
What's trusted to them to deny! Some slaves
You sell, to others give their liberty. 15
Some you command; and none of these your pro-
perty.

No man will give security for you;

M 2

Nor

Nor your security will any take.

The race of pandars are, in my opinion,
Such, among men, as flies, gnats, lice and fleas, 20
Teazing, and mischievous, and troublesome,
But good to none. Nor dares an honest man
Be seen with them in publick---If he shou'd,
He is despis'd and blam'd, and spit upon :
If ne'er so innocent, they cry him down, 25
As cheated of his fortune and his fame.

LYC. Methinks, my witty blinkard seems to
know them!

CUR. Nay, nay, by *Hercules* ! I place you bankers
In the same rank. You're like them perfectly.
They sell themselves in private, you i' th' Forum. 30
You ruin men with usury, and they
With their bad counsel and debauchery.
How many statutes have the people ask'd
Against you bankers, which when made, you've
broke ?

Some hole is always found, where to creep out. 35
As boiling water soon grows cold, you thus
Judge of the laws.

LYC. Better I'd held my tongue.

CAP. You have been studying it, and are sharp
upon us.

V. 33. *How many statutes, &c.*] The original is, *rogitationes* ;
which the commentators tell us, means *statutes* or *orders*.

V. 36. *As boiling water*—] A low comparison, but yet appo-
site. Boiling water no one dares to touch ; when grown cool, no
one is afraid of it. Laws, when recent, are to be dreaded ; when
grown old, they are despised. DE L'OEUVRE,

V. 38. — *are sharp upon us.*] The original is, *Au ! malè medi-
tate male dicax es.* *Aldus*, and some other of the older editions,
read

ACT IV. SCENE II. 165

CUR. If I reflect on him, who don't deserve it,
I own it evil speaking.—If he does, 40
I think 'tis speaking well—Your warranty
I ne'er shall take, nor any other pandar's—
Would you ought else with me? [to LYCO.

LYCO. Nought but farewell.

CUR. The same to you.

CAP. Hark you! to you I speak.
[to CURCULIO.

CUR. Say what you'd have.

CAP. I prithee, take good care 45
Of this young woman, that no ill betide her.
I've brought her up in my own family
With modesty and care.

CUR. If so concern'd,
What will you give me to take care of her?

CAP. The gibbet.

CUR. That's what you yourself deserve. 50

CAP. [to PLAN.] Why do you weep; you sim-
pleton? fear not:

I've sold you well, by *Hercules*! Take care
You shew yourself a good and modest girl.
Now fairly go along with him, my fair one.

LYC. Well, *Nimwell*, any more commands with
me? 55

CUR. Farewell, and health attend you. You've
most kindly

Giv'n me at once your money, and your pains.

LYC. My greetings to my patron.

*read, haud in malè meditantem malè dicassis. You should not speak
ill of one who thinks of none. Dicassis the same as dixeris.*

V. 41. —Your warranty—] The original is, *mancipem te.
You being my provider.*

CUR. I'll not fail.

[Exit with PLAN.

LYC. Procurer, would you ought?

CAP. I should be glad

To have those minæ that are left; they'd be 60
Of service to me, till my own affairs
Are in a better posture.

LYC. You shall have them.

Ask them of me to-morrow. [Exit.

CAP. As the affair

Is so well over, I'll into the temple,
And return thanks. I purchas'd her a girl, 65
And at ten minæ only, long ago;
And him, who sold her, ne'er set eyes on since.
He may be dead—but what is that to me?
I have the money.—Who to the gods is dear,
Him they indulge with gain. I now will haste 70
To my devotions—and take care of one. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter THERAPONTIGONUS and LYCO.

THE. I'm in no little passion, but enrag'd,
As oft I've felt at sacking of a city.

V. 70. *Him they indulge with gain.*] A sentiment very proper for the mouth of a procurer.

V. 1. *I'm in no little passion—*] The original is, *iratus iracundiâ*. An *Atticism* much used, says M. De L'Oeuwre, in the first ages of the *Latin* tongue. This, says M. Limiers, is the portrait of an arrant braggard, a true Don Quixote, who kills every one who resists him, and softens his tone when he has found his man. The character is well kept up through the whole;
for

Pay me this instant, pay the thirty minæ
I left with you, or hast to leave your life.

LYC. No little mischief would I do to you, 5
But use you, as the man deserves, that asks
A debt I owe not.

THE. Be not so stout with me,
Nor think that I will stoop to beg it of you.

LYC. Nor shall you ever force me to repay
What I've already paid. I will not do't— 10

THE. 'Troth, when I left the money in your hands,
I did suppose you would return me nothing.

LYC. Then why do you ask it of me now?

THE. Because
I want to know, to whom you paid the money.

LYC. Why, to your freed-man, to a one-eye'd
fellow, 15

Who said his name was *Nimwell*; 'twas to him
I paid it; and he brought this letter from you,

[giving a letter.

Seal'd with your seal.

THE. What letter! what freedman,
One-eye'd, do you prate of to me in your dreams?
What *Nimwell* do you mean? I have no freed-
man 20

LYC. The wiser you; unlike to those marauders,
Who free their slaves, and leave them to be starv'd.

for though when you hear him, you would think he was going
to destroy every thing with fire and sword, yet the mischief he
does is only in words.

How far *Ben Jonson's Bobadill*, in his *Every Man in his Humour*,
and *Congreve's Noll Bluff*, in his *Old Bachelor*, which is a copy of
it, may resemble this character, the reader will judge for himself.

V. 21. —*marauders*.] The original is, *latronum*, literally,
thieves. The commentators inform us that the antients called

THE. What is't you've done ?

LYC. Done honour to your letter :
Done as you charg'd me—I receiv'd your messenger,
Receiv'd the man who brought your seal's impressiion.

THE. O worse than fool, to give that letter credit ! 25

LYC. Shou'd I not credit what is us'd in matters
Publick and private ? But I go my way.
Your money was well paid. Soldier, farewell.

THE. Say you farewell ?

LYC. Fare ill then, if you choose it—
And all your life, for me ! [Exit.

THE. What's now to do ? 30
Is't nothing then, that I've made kings obey,
When such a paltry fellow scorns me thus ?

foreign or hired soldiers by that name. In this sense *Plautus* again uses the word—

*Videtur tempus esse, ut eamus ad forum,
Ut in tabellis, quos assignavi hic beri
Latrones, ibus dinumerem stipendium.*

Miles Gloriosus, Act I. Scene I. V. 72.

'Tis time methinks to go into the Forum,
And pay those soldiers I enlisted yesterday. THORNTON.

The reader is desired to turn to that gentleman's ingenious note on this passage. Vol. I. of this translation.

Aldus, and some other of the old editions, instead of *latronum*, read *lenonum*, procurers.

V. 32. — a paltry fellow —] The original is, *umbraticus*, a word of contempt for keeping at home, effeminate living in shade, in opposition to the soldier, who lives in the sun-shine, and leads a life of glory.

Nondum umbraticus doctus ingenia deleverat, quum Pindarus novemque Lyrici Homericis versibus canere timuerunt. PETRONIUS.

Nor yet had any paltry pedant debauched their genius, when *Pindar* and the nine *Lyrics* were afraid to attempt to sing in the numbers of *Homer*.

SCENE IV.

Enter CAPPADOX.

CAP. The man to whom the Gods propitious are,
They can't be angry with.—After the sacrifice
It came into my head to ask the banker,
Lest he should take't in mind to run away,
To pay me the remainder of the money, 5
That I may rather make good cheer, than he.

THE. Did you not hear me wish you a good day?

CAP. *Therapontigonoplatagidorus!* save you!
I'm glad to see you safe in *Epidaurus*.

You will not pick a bit with me to-day? 10

V. 10. —*pick a bit with me to-day?*] The original is, *hodie apud me nunquam delinges salem*. Literally, *You will not to-day so much as taste the salt*. *Αλα λεχσιν, salem lingere, to lick the salt*, we are told by *Erasmus* in his *Adagia*, Chil. iii. cent. 7. v. 33. was a proverbial expression for to live sparingly.

—*Eheu!*

Baro, reguſſatum digito terebrare ſalinum
Contentus perages, ſi vivere cum Jove tendis.

Perſius, Sat. v. V. 137.

Alas! thou drudge, if thou wouldſt live with *Jove*,
Thou muſt ſubmit to go away contented,
And with thy fingers for a ſecond ſmatch,
Muſt bore the ſalt-feller——

Diogenes, when he was invited by the rich *Craterus* to partake of his liberality, told him, he had rather with the poor *Athenian* partake of his ſalt, than feaſt at his ſumptuous table.

It is certain that bread and ſalt were the food of ſlaves, and of the pooreſt of the people.

The chief food of the *Heſſian* troops, while here in *England*, was bread and ſalt.

Plautus in another place adds, *vinegar*.

—*his*

THE. Why, your reception's civil, I must own !
 But you will find' a different one from me. [*aside.*]
 How fares my purchase at your house ? [*to him.*]

CAP. You've nought
 At my house now. Nay, call not witnesses :
 I owe you nothing.

THE. What !

CAP. I've done as I 15
 Had sworn to do.

THE. Will you return the girl,
 Or no ; before I spit you with my sword,
 You rascal ?

CAP. I shall make you laugh, and on
 The wrong side of your mouth. Nay, fright not me,
 She's carry'd off—as you shall be yourself, 20
 If you persist in thus abusing me.
 I owe you nothing, but a cord to hang you.

—*hic rex cum aceto pransurus est et sale, sine bono pulmento.*

Rudens, Act IV. Scene II. V. 33.

—This king must dine

On salt and vinegar, no better chear.

THORNTON.

Meurfius tells us, that the antients used to present salt to their guests, as a sign of union or friendship, salt being a composition of earth and water united. But this does not seem to be the allusion here.

It is often observed in the course of these notes, that it was customary with the antients to invite their friends to an entertainment on their first arrival.

V. 19.—*The wrong side of your mouth.*] The original is, *vapulari ego te vehementer jubeo*, which *Lambin* says, means, *I shall make you cry*, and produces some parallel passages. We have translated it according to that idea ; though it may mean nothing more, than literally, *I will have you punished.*

THE.

ACT IV. SCENE IV. 171

THE. And dare you threaten me!

CAP. Not only threaten,
But I will put my threats in execution,
If you persist in being troublesome—— 25

THE. What! threatned thus! by a procurer too!
All my set battles disregarded thus?
So may my sword and buckler never do me
Good service in the field, unless the girl
Deliver'd be, I'll mince thee in such bits,
The ants shall piecemeal carry thee away. 30

CAP. So may my nippers, crisping-irons, combs,
And glass be good, my cloth and scissars clean,
As I regard your threats and swelling words,
No more, than the poor wench, that cleans my privy.
I sent the girl by him, who brought your money. 35

THE. And who is he?

CAP. Your freedman—said his name
Was *Nimwell*.

THE. Mine?—Now I perceive the cheat—
By *Hercules*! *Curculio* stole my ring.

CAP. And have you lost your ring? You are a
soldier—
Finely enroll'd in a disbanded corps! 40

V. 22. —*a cord to hang you.*] *nisi malum*, literally, *nothing but evil*. We have taken a little liberty in the translation.

V. 31. —*my nippers, &c.*] One would think by the pandar's reference (which is truly comick) to the implements of his business, that he exercised the trade of a barber. But these are perhaps the implements of women, whose beauty and dress, as they are to be exposed to sale, must take up the chief of their time and thoughts.

V. 40. *Finely enroll'd*—*Centuriatus*, enrolled, registered, appointed into some particular regiment or company.

THE.

THE. But where to find this weevil?

CAP. In your wheat.
There you'll five hundred find instead of one.
Well, I'll away—Your servant!—Fare you well.

[Exit.

THE. Fare well! Fare ill to you. What shall I do?

Shall I stay here or go? And have I been 45
Impos'd on in this manner? I would give
A good reward to him who'd find him out. [Exit.

V. 41. — *this weevil.*] The original is, *curculiones*, &c. It alludes to his name, and also to one sense of the word *curculio*, which signifies, a little insect or worm, which is often found among corn, called a *weevil*.

—*populatque ingentem faris acervum*

Curculio, atque inopi metuens formica fenestra—

Virgil. Georgica, Lib. i. V. 186.

The weevil heaps consumes, or prudent ant
Provides her copious stores 'gainst age or want.

WARTON.

And we meet with the word again in our author.

—*Huic, quisquis est,*

Curculio 'st exercitor—

Trinummus, Act IV. Scene III. V. 8.

—This man, whoever he is,

Had sure a weevil for his teacher—

Some commentators, had they attended to this passage, would not have supposed that *Plautus* gave the name of *Curculio* to his character of the parasite, from the love those gentry have for good eating and drinking. One sense indeed of the word, is the *weezand* or *throat*, as they say: but that is not the sense here.

V. 45. — *Impos'd on*—] *Os oblitum*. This is explained in the course of these notes.

* * What is called the first Scene in this Act, is properly the Chorus, between the last Act and this. In the second Scene, the pandar and the banker enter, with *Curculio* the parasite leading

ing in *Planesium*, who pretends to be sorry for changing her master, but is really overjoyed to see herself in the power of *Phædromus*, whom she was fond of. The pandar with great sincerity, endeavours to assuage her pretended concern, by telling her, that he had sold her, and that her new master would use her well. She then is led off by *Curculio*. The banker, having promised to let the procurer have some money on account, leaves him alone, to applaud himself in a soliloquy, on his conduct in this affair, and to inform the spectators of his intention of returning his thanks to the Gods by a sacrifice. In the third Scene the captain *Therapontigonus*, enters with the banker, with whom he is extremely angry. On his arrival from *Epidaurus*, he had been to look for him in order to receive the money he had remitted to him, and to bear off his slave : but finding he is refused payment, he throws himself into a violent passion, and threatens to be the death of him, if he does not let him have the money. The banker, not at all disconcerted at this, tells him in the same angry manner, that he is not at all disposed to pay the money twice. The captain, not understanding this, asks, to whom he could have paid it without order. The banker insists upon it that he paid it to his own order, signed by himself; and sealed with his seal. The captain stunned with this unexpected stroke, knows not how to believe it, when he sees the pandar making up to him, who begins the fourth Scene. After some compliments passed, the captain demands the slave he had purchased of him. The pandar tells him he has her not, and that he has already discharged his promise to him. The captain, who by this answer is thrown into a fresh perplexity, menaces the pandar, who returns him threat for threat; and then banters him by turning his threats into ridicule. The captain, when the procurer had coolly told him, that he had delivered the slave to the person who brought the money from him, begins to recollect, that *Curculio*, when in *Caria*, had cheated him, and taken his ring : and seems now to have no doubt, but that it was he who had choused him out of his money, and carried off the slave. On this, he determines directly to find him out, which finishes this act; and the time necessary for so doing, fills up the fourth interval.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Enter CURCULIO, with a ring.

CURCULIO:

I Have been told, that in some Tragedy,
 An antient poet has observ'd, two women
 Are worse than one.—The thing is really so.
 And yet I never saw, nor ever heard of;
 There can't be told of, nor can be imagin'd 5
 A slier woman, or a craftier jade
 Than this same mistress is of *Phædromus*.
 Soon as she saw that I had got this ring,
 She ask'd me where I had it. Why that question?—
 Because the question's of importance to me. 10
 Still I refus'd to tell her; so, to snatch it
 Forcibly, with her teeth, she seiz'd my hand—
 I'd much ado to gain the door, and fly.
 But see the slut herself.

V. 2. *An antient poet*—] Who this antient poet was, none of the commentators have been able to discover. *Lambin* has taken a great deal of pains and produced much learning to prove, what I believe, will be very readily granted him, that two bad things are worse than one.

V. 14. —*the slut herself*] The original is, *istanc canicula*, the little bitch herself, meaning *Plautium*, whom he calls so, as she had (V. 12.) bit his hand with her teeth. The antients meant no more by the word than *she-dog*. But as custom has made our *English* word a term of vulgar reproach, we have made use of the word *slut*.

S C E N E

SCENE II.

Enter PHÆDROMUS and PLANESIUM.

PLA. My *Phædromus*,

Make haste.

PHÆ. Why so?

PLA. Why, left your parasite
Escape you. The affair's of consequence.

PHÆ. I've no affairs but what I've seen an end of.

PLA. Lay hold of him.

PHÆ. Why so?

PLA. Ask where he had

That ring. My father wore it on his finger.

CUR. So did my aunt.

PLA. My mother gave it him

To wear—

CUR. And so your father, he transferr'd it

To you—

PLA. You trifle—

CUR. So I'm us'd to do—

'Tis my vocation, and my livelihood—

But what's the matter?

PLA. Would you hinder me
From finding out my parents?

CUR. What, d' you think
I've here conceal'd your father and your mother
Within this ring?

PLA. I'm a free woman born.

V. 4. *I've no affairs—*] *Lambin* observes there is a double
entendre here in the different senses of the word *res*; which sig-
nifies an *affair*, and also *wealth*, *property*. *Planesium* understands
it in the former sense, *Phædromus* in the latter.

CUR. And so were many others, who're now slaves,

PLA. Upon my word, I'm angry. 16

CUR. I have told you,

And truly, how the ring came to my hands.

How oft must I repeat the same? I tell you,

I trick'd a captain, of the ring at dice.

Enter THERAPONTIGONUS.

THE. So! safe's the word! See there the man
I'm seeking. 20

How now! good Sir!

CUR. I hear you—Will you bet
Your uniform on three casts of the dice?

THE. Go to the gibbet with your casts and dice.
Return the money, or the girl.

PHÆ. What money?
What foolish stuff you talk? What girl d'you mean? 25

THE. Scoundrel, the girl you have brought off
to-day

From the procurer.

PHÆ. I! I've brought off none.

THE. Surely I see her there! [*pointing to PLAN.*

PHÆ. This maiden's free.

THE. My servant free, when I ne'er made her so?

PHÆ. Who sold her to you? Where did'st buy
her? Say. 30

THE. I paid the money for her, by my banker;
Which I will have return'd to me four-fold
By you and the procurer.

V. 23. —*with your casts and dice.*] The original is, *cum boletis, cum bulbis*. *Bulbus* is a round tunicated root, of which *boleti* or dice were made.

V. 32. —*four-fold*—] It was a law, that when a thief was caught in the fact, the punishment should be, to return four-fold.

PHÆ.

PHÆ. You who buy
Maids stoln and free—I cite you 'fore the judge—

THE. I shall not go.

PHÆ. Do you think I can't have witnesses?

THE. No——

PHÆ. *Jove* confound thee! May'st thou live
intestate. 35

CUR. And I can be a witness, I!——

PHÆ. Come hither. [to CUR.]

THE. A slave a witness!—Take care what you're
doing—

CUR. Well, since you needs must know it, I am
free.

THE. Come then before the judge. But first,
take that. [striking him.]

CUR. Help, help me, fellow-citizens! 40

THE. Why bawl'st thou?

PHÆ. What right have you to strike him?

THE. 'Tis my will. [to CUR.]

PHÆ. Come nearer to me—[to CUR.] There—
I'll yield him up— [to THE.]

Now say no more.

CUR. O save me, *Phædromus*!

PHÆ. Yes, as I would myself, and my good
genius.

I ask you, captain, where you had that ring, 45
This parasite filch'd from you?

PLA. By these knees,

I beg you, satisfy us.

THE. What's that to you?

You might as well ask, Whence this vest, this sword—

V. 35. —*live intestate.*] See A&I. Scene I. V. 37. Note.

CUR. What blust'ring airs the braggart gives himself?

THE. Send but that fellow off, I'll tell you all. 50

CUR. All he will say, is nothing to the purpose.

PLA. Sir, I beseech you, satisfy my doubts.

THE. I'll tell you.—Rise—Now listen and attend.
This ring was once *Periphanes'* my father's.

PLA. *Periphanes!*

THE. He, just before he died, 55
Gave it to me, his son, as right he should.

PLA. O *Jupiter!*

THE. And then made me his heir.

PLA. O filial love, as I have still preserv'd thee,
Preserve me now!—My brother, hail!

THE. How, how
Shall I believe? If what you say be true, 60
I prithee name your mother.

PLA. 'Twas *Cleobula*.

THE. Your nurse?—

PLA. *Archestrata*. She carried me
Once through the feast of *Bacchus*, to the shew.
Scarce had they come, and plac'd me in my seat,
When a storm rose, hat overset the scaffold. 65

V. 63. —*through the feast of Bacchus*—] *Per Dionysia*. This is fully explained in the course of these notes. They were celebrated on the eighth day before the calends of *December*, our fourth of *November*.

V. 65. —*overset the scaffold*.] The original is, *speBacula ihæ rununt*.

Augusti principatum clade Variana, Tiberii ruina spectaculorum apud Fidenas memorabilem factum.

SUETONIUS. *C. Cæsar Caligula*, cap. xxxi.

The reign of *Augustus* was memorable for the overthrow of *Varus*: that of *Tiberius*, ennobled by the fall of scaffolds in the theatre of *Fidene*.

Amidst

Amidst my tears, all trembling and dismay'd,
A stranger bore me off, but half alive.
How, I can't say.

THE. You recollect this bustle !
Where is the man that carried you away ?

PLA. I know not ; but have ever kept this ring, 70
Companion of my fate.

THE. Give me to see it.

CUR. What ! are you mad, to let him have the
ring ?

PLA. Pray, give me leave.

THE. O *Jupiter* ! the same
I sent you on your birth-day. Well I know it,
Well as I know myself.—My sister, hail ! 75

PLA. Hail, brother !

THE. May the Gods these wonders make
Blessings to both !—

CUR. To all of us, I hope.
You, on your first arrival, having found [to THE.
A sister, ought for joy this night to feast us :
To-morrow night, he'll give the nuptial supper. 80

PHÆ. We promise.

THE. You be silent. [to CUR.

CUR. When things fadge,
I'll not be silent.—Soldier, you betroth her
Unto my master : and I'll give the dower.

PHÆ. What dower ? You—

CUR. That, long as I shall live,
I be her guest.

V. 70. —*this ring.*] Another ring ; not that which the parasite stole from the captain.

V. 79. —*this night to feast us.*] See *The Apparition*, Act IV.
Scene III. V. 8. Note, Vol. III. of this translation.

THE. Rallying apart, by *Hercules*! 85
 You shall be welcome. And this pandar here
 Shall pay us thirty minæ.

PHÆ. On what score?

THE. Because he bound himself to me by promise;
 If any man asserted her free born,
 He wou'd, without a word, return the whole. 90

PHÆ. Then let us to this pandar's.

THE. 'Tis agreed.

PHÆ. But, one thing first—and that regards me
 nearly.

THE. What's that?

PHÆ. That you betroth your sister to me.

CUR. Why this delay, to give her him to wife?

THE. If she consent?

PLA. 'Tis my desire, my brother. 95

THE. Then be it so.

CUR. That's well said.

PHÆ. Do you, captain,
 Betroth this maid to be my wife?

THE. I do.

CUR. And I engage to give you what I mention'd.

THE. Pleasant rogue!—But sure the pandar's here,
 My cash-keeper in question's this way coming—

SCENE III.

Enter CAPPADOX.

CAP. Who say 'tis ill to trust to bankers, trifle;—
 'Tis good and ill, as I have prov'd this day.

V. 85. *Rallying apart*—] This line, *Limiers*, against the authority of all the editions, gives to *Curculio*; but we do not think the reasons he gives, sufficient to justify the alteration.

The

The money ne'er refunded, one can't say
 They're ill entrusted with; for 'tis quite lost.
 Why, here's a fellow should have paid ten minæ: 5
 When, after rummaging each banker's counter
 And nothing coming, I set up a clamour—
 He'll go to law—I was in desperate fear
 He would not pay it, but before the Prætor.
 But friends were urgent, so he paid the money 10
 At home—And now I'll homeward hast myself.

THE. Hola! you pandar—Stop, I want you.

PHÆ. Ay,

I want you too—

CAP. But I want neither of you.

THE. Stay where you are, and pay me back the money.

CAP. Why, what have I to do with you, or you 15
 With me?

THE. This day I'll make a javelin of you;
 And, like a catapulta, throw you off
 Quick from the string.

PHÆ. No, you're too delicate
 For that: I'll make you lie down with a dog,
 I mean a dog of iron.

V. 6. —each banker's counter] The original is, *omnis mensas transit*, which may mean rummaging his own drawers. But our translation is more agreeable to the sense commentators give it.

V. 9. —before the Prætor.] i. e. as bankrupts pay. See Act III. Scene I. V. 7. Note.

V. 17. —like a catapulta—] Catapulta is explained in the course of these notes.

V. 20. I mean a dog of iron.] The original is, *cum catello ut accubet, ferreo ego dico*. The joke, such as it is, depends on the double meaning of the word *catellus*; which signifies a little dog, and also (*quasi catena*) a chain.

CAP. And both of you

20

In a strong prison made of heart of oak,
Will I confine, to stay there till you rot.

THE. Seize him by the throat, and to the gallows
with him! [meaning CAPPADOX.

PHÆ. No need—He'll voluntarily go thither—

CAP. Immortal Gods! what! seize me uncon-
demn'd, 25

Unheard! *Planesum*, help me—*Phædromus*?—

PLA. My brother, do not ruin him by law;
I do beseech you, for he us'd me well,
While at his house, with modesty and care.

Catulus, genus quoddam vinculi, qui interdum canis appellatur,

FRISTV.

Catulus means a sort of chain, which is also called *canis*,

In another place, *Plautus* calls it *canti*.

—*ut quidem hodie tu canem et furcam foras*—

Casina, Act II. Scene VI. V, 37.

—and make you bear along with you
The handcuff and the gibbet.

V, 21. —*made of heart of oak.*] The original is, *in robusto carcere*. One sense of the word *robustus*, the grammarians tell us, is, *made of heart of oak*,

Arbores stipatesque robustas facito aut pinas,

M. CATO. *De Re Rustica*, cap. xxviii. v. 8.

Make the timbers or boards of heart of oak, or of pine,

It is to be observed, that *arbor* in *Cato*, and other of the *Rei Rusticæ Scriptores*, signifies timber.

V. 25. —*uncondemn'd*—] Most of the editions read *condemnatum*; but *Aldus* and some other of the older ones, *indemnatum*; which seeming more agreeable to the context, we have followed.

ACT V. SCENE III. 13

THE. 'Twas not by his good will — Thank *Æscu-*
lapius, 30

That you are honest. Had he been in health,
He'd pack'd you off to any place that offer'd.

PHÆ. Let's see, if I can settle this between you —
Sir, let him go — Procurer, come you hither —
I will determine it, so you'll abide 35
By my decision.

CAP. We refer to you ;
So you decree I'm nothing out of pocket.

THE. That which you promis'd ? —

CAP. Promis'd ?

PHÆ. He had your word.

CAP. My word's against him now. — I now deny it.
Speech was for use, nor giv'a me for my loss. 40

THE. He trifles — seize the fellow by the throat.

CAP. Well, well — I'm ready to obey your orders.

THE. Then since you are an honest man, make
answer

To what I ask.

CAP. Then ask me what you please.

PHÆ. Did you not promise, if 't was made ap-
pear 45

That she was free, you would return the money ?

CAP. I cannot well remember to have said so.

THE. Do you deny it ? —

CAP. Yes, by *Hercules* !
Before whom ? in what place ?

THE. Before myself,
And *Lycø* too, the banker.

CAP. You'll not say so. 50

V. 30. — *thank Æsculapius, &c.*] The reader will recollect that
when he lay sick in the temple of that god, he met with no
relief.

THE. Yes, but I will.

CAP. I heed you not a rush—
Nay, fright not me.

THE. 'Twas done when I was present,
And *Lyco* too, the banker. [to PHÆ.

PHÆ. I believe you.
And now attend, procurer, to my sentence.
The girl is free. This man is prov'd her brother, 55
[meaning THE.

And she's his sister: soon she'll be my wife;
So pay the captain's money.—That's my sentence.

THE. You'll lie in bonds unless you pay the money.

CAP. By *Hercules*! you have not judg'd with
equity: 60

And you'll repent it, *Phædromus*. For you,
May all the Gods and Goddeffes confound you!
[to THE.

Follow me then—

THE. And whither?

CAP. To my banker—
That's to the Prætor. For I always pay
My debts 'fore him.

THE. I'll have you to the prison, 65
Not to the Prætor, if you don't repay it.

CAP. I wish you hang'd—And now you know my
mind.

THE. Indeed!—

CAP. By *Hercules*! indeed.

THE. And I
Am well acquainted with these fifts of mine. 70

CAP. What then?

THE. What then? d'ye ask? if you
provoke me,
I'll quickly make you quiet.

CAP.

CAP. Is it so?

Then take your money.

75

THE. Well—

PHÆ. And captain, you
Sup with me—'Tis my wedding night—

THE. May all
End well to all!—Spectators, your applause—

75. Well.—] He means, he is content to take the money.

* * * This Fifth Act is opened by *Curculio*, with the ring, which *Planesum* had been endeavouring to take from him. In the second Scene she enters with *Phædromus*, whom she had called out to her, to know of *Curculio* where he had taken that ring. *Therapontigonus*, the captain, soon joins them, after having been looking for the parasite; and arrives quite a propos to assist in the discovery. *Planesum* and *Phædromus* press him to tell them how that ring came into his possession. He mentions his father from whom he had it, and that his name was *Periphanes*. On this, *Planesum* cries out, that that was the name of her father; recounts the occasion of her being taken away when young; and shews a ring which she then wore, and had kept ever since. The captain acknowledges it to be the same ring he had presented her with. He then asks her mother's name and that of her nurse. She satisfies them in regard to both; and her answer compleats the discovery of her being the daughter of *Periphanes* and *Cleobula*, and sister to *Therapontigonus* the captain. They in a transport of joy, embrace each other: and he, as the lawful guardian of his sister, as she had no father, to compleat her wishes, gives her in marriage to *Phædromus*.

Here the Comedy might with propriety have ended. But *Plautus* has thought proper to add a third Scene; which has no other connection with the subject, than the promise which had been made by the procurer, in selling him the supposed slave, that if she was ever discovered to be a free woman, the money he had received should be returned. They then, on convincing him of the truth of this discovery, demand it of him. He for some time disputes every inch of ground; but in the end returns the money, to the great satisfaction of all parties, himself only excepted;

excepted ; who is justly so far punished, for carrying on so infamous a trade.

The discovery of a supposed slave to be a free woman, and the finding out her parents and relations, is the subject of this Comedy. And as this is carried on by the cunning address of a parasite, who is called *Curculio*, *Plautus* gives his piece that name. The unities of time and place are exactly observed. The time is from just after midnight to the evening of the same day, when the discovery is made : and the place, a publick street ; on one side of which are supposed to be the houses of the principal characters of the Drama ; and on the other, the temple of *Æsculapius*.

End of the PARASITE.

THE

C H U R L.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

STRATOPHANES, *a Babylonian captain.*

STRABAX, *a country gentleman.*

STRATILAX, *his servant. The Churl.*

DINARCHUS, *a young gentleman of Athens.*

GETA, *his servant.*

CALLICES, *father-in-law of DINARCHUS.*

CYAMUS, *a servant of PHRONESIUM.*

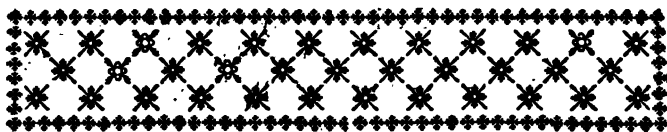
PHRONESIUM, *a courtesan.*

ASTAPHIUM, }
PITHECIUM, } *her women servants.*
ARCHILIS, }

ARCHIVA, *a midwife.*

Two women servants of CALLICES.

SCENE, ATHENS.



P R O L O G U E.

OF this your fair and ample city, *Plautus*
 Begs a small nook, where he may set up *Athens*
 Without the help of builders—Now, what say you?
 D'ye grant me my request or no?—They nod
 Assent—I thought I should succeed at once.— 5
 What if I ask you ought of private property?—
 Ay, then they shake their heads—By *Hercules*!
 You still maintain, I see, your antient manners;
 Your tongues are ever ready to deny.—
 But to the business we are met upon. 10
 Our stage is *Athens* for a little time,
 Just while we play our Comedy—Here lives

[pointing to *PHRONESIUM's house*.

A girl, by name *Phronesium* :—her manners
 Are of the present mode : she never asks
 Her lover what he has already given, 15
 But as to what remains, she does her best
 By asking and by taking : so that nothing
 Is left at last—This is the women's fashion,
 They every one will do the same, when once
 They find they have their lover in a string. 20
 Now she pretends she's lately brought to bed ;

And that a captain's father of the child :
 More expeditiously to sweep away
 His money, dust and all—To say no more,
 If this girl ever lives to be a woman, 45
 His life and fortune will be wholly hers.

V. 24. — *dust and all*—] The original is, *auferat cum pulvisculo*. The commentators tell us, that *pulvisculus*, signifies not only the dust that is swept away, but also the broom that sweeps it. So that *auferre cum pulvisculo* is, to sweep dust and all, to leave nothing.



T H E
C H U R L *.



A C T I.

S C E N E I.

Enter DINARCHUS.

NOT a whole life's experience will suffice
A man in love, to learn how many ways
He may be ruin'd—That arithmetick

* *The Churl.*] PLAUTUS calls this Comedy *TRUCULENTUS*, which signifies, *rustick, clownish, ill-bred, morose*. In this sense Terence uses the word—

*Ego ille agreffis, sævus, tristis, parvus, truculentus, senex,
Duxi uxorem——* *Adelphi, A& V. Scene IV. v. 12.*

I, on the contrary, rough, rigid, cross,

Saving, morose, and thrifty, took a wife—— COLMAN.

J. Cæf. Scaliger says, *TRUCULENTUM* Plautus *RUSTICUM* inscribere debuit. *Rusticus enim ibi, non truculentus est.*

Plautus ought to have called his *TRUCULENTUS*, *The RUSTICK*, as the character is more that of a clownish ill-bred man, than that of a churlish, or morose one.

We have, on the whole, ventured to call it *The Churl*. However, if the reader likes *The Rustick* better, he will please to call it so.

Ven.

Venus don't teach us—*Venus*, who commands
 The total sum of all a lover has— 5
 How many ways he may persuaded be
 Himself to ruin—Then, what blandishments,
 And angry moods, by turns a lover meets with,
 What perils must delight him to encounter!
 Alas! good Heavens! how must he be forsworn! 10
 An annual stipend too, besides his presents
 Must be paid down—And this but her first cast—
 For this I gain three nights—Mean while, she'll try
 If you're extravagant, or close; and ask
 For money, or for corn, or wine, or oil. 15
 Just as a man who throws a casting-net,
 Waits till it sinks, then draws it in, and closes it.
 If 'tis thrown rightly; then he takes good heed
 The fish may not escape—This way, and that
 He drags his net; and so confines them, till 20
 He draws them out—E'en so a lover's us'd—
 If what she asks he gives, is not close fisted,
 Rather extravagant; he adds some favours—
 Mean while the hook he greedily devours.
 If a deep draught he takes of love unmix'd, 25

V. 11. *An annual stipend—*] The original is *miros annua*.
Miros is a Greek word, which signifies a portion, or part of any
 thing, from *μερος* to divide: and is properly a pension, such as
 was customary to give to courtezans, for a year, or any other
 portion of time, as agreed on between the two parties.

LIMBERS.

V. 24. *—the hook he greedily devours.*] This is a mixture of
 metaphor not allowable in a good writer. The first allusion is
 clearly to fishing with a net; then, to fishing with a hook; and
 in the next line, to drinking a draught of pure wine; for we do
 not apprehend *amoris poculum* signifies a philter or love-potion,
 as some commentators imagine it does.

And

And once the poison mingles with his blood;
 His credit, fortune and himself are lost.
 Whene'er his mistress takes a pet, he suffers
 Doubly, both in his fortune and his mind.
 Should any other be the happy man, 30
 He's miserable; if he seldom seeks her,
 His mind is wretched—if she often
 Permits his visits, he indeed is blest'd:
 But then his fortune runs to wreck and ruin.
 Such is the way and manner of these brothels. 35
 E'er you've oblig'd your mistress with one present,
 She is prepar'd to ask an hundred more.
 Some trinket's lost, her robe is torn, a maid
 Is bought, some brazen or some silver vase,
 Some costly couch, a grecian tweezer-case, 40
 Something or other's always lost, or spoil'd;
 Which the poor lover must replace—And then
 All losses, with one common care, we lovers

V. 30. *Should any other be the happy man*] The original is, *fin' alter alteri potior est*. Editions vary in the reading, and commentators in the explanation of this passage. We have followed the *Delfbin*. Yet the sense seems to require a different explanation, viz. *if their love is mutual*. But we think the text will not justify it.

V. 40. —*tweezer-case*,] The original is, *armariola*, a case of instruments; in which sense it seems to be peculiar to *Plautus*. It properly means a little closet, a diminutive of *armarium*.

V. 43. —*with one common care*—] The original is, *una industria*. The word *una* is in no MSS. but was supplied conjecturally by *Camerarius*. If that reading is admitted, it will have the sense we have given it, and relate to the losses mentioned afterwards; those of fortune, fame, and person. *Gronovius* conjectures, that instead of *unâ*, we should read *mirâ*.

Conceal; while we destroy ourselves, our fortune,
 Our fame besides, for fear our friends or parents, 45
 Should find us out---Now, if we would but take
 A different course, and what we thus conceal,
 Impart; they timely would restrain our youth;
 And what our parents sav'd, would to our sons
 Descend.--This would reduce the swarms of rogues, 50
 And whores, and such pernicious vermin. Now
 They are more plenty than are flies at midsummer.—
 For, if they no where else are to be found,
 About the banker's shops you see them sitting
 Daily---And I am sure there are more whores, 55
 Ready to take the money without weighing,
 Than there are weights to weigh it in the shops.
 Nor know I why these pandars haunt those places,
 Unless to serve instead of banker's books,
 Where their accounts are kept; that you may enter 60
 Rather with them directly your accounts,
 Where you can never afterwards revise them.

V. 56. —*the money*—] *ari*— *without weighing*, is added by way of explanation.

V. 58. —*why these pandars, &c.*] The original is here so perplexed; and the commentators so puzzled, we must confess, we do not well understand either text or comment. We have however followed M. De L'Ouvrois in his interpretation in the *Delfin* edition, greatly questioning notwithstanding whether the original will justify it. According to this interpretation, *Plantus* seems to mean, "that although the slave-merchants might have
 "reason to attend the bankers shops, in order to register the
 "money they put out at interest; yet *Phronesium* had none, because she spent her money as fast as she received it."

V. 62. —*Where you can &c.*] This is translated supposing the original, as it is conjectured to have been, *accipiant illicd expensa, ut qui consueant*.

In fine, in a great city, when at peace
From foreign foes all vanquish'd; and where time
Hangs on men's hands, in love they needs must
Spend it, 65

All they whose means afford the price of love.
As to myself, this harlot who lives here,
Phronesus, from my breast has quite expell'd
Her name, and all which her name means, all pru-
dence.

But meeting with a man who could give more, 70
A man more lavish of his gold; she turn'd me
Out of my post: and yet the jade had call'd him
Troublesome, filthy fellow, her aversion.

He is a *Babylonian* captain; who,
'Tis said, is coming hither from abroad. 75

Therefore she has cook'd up this device; for she
Pretends she's lying in, only to shut
The doors 'gainst me, while he and she alone
May live like jovial *Greeks*---Now she gives out
This captain is the father of her child. 80

Why wants the slut a substituted one?
What! does she think she can deceive me thus!
Or think it possible, had she been pregnant,
To have conceal'd her pregnancy from me!
For 'tis three days since I arriv'd at *Athens* 85

V. 69. —all *prudence*] The original is, *nam Phronesi est sapientia*. *Φρονος* in Greek, signifies *wisdom* or *prudence*. This passage is not in some editions: and possibly might be a marginal note crept into the text. For though *Plautus* has many puns and conceits upon the names of his characters, yet we do not recollect that he has ever explained one, except in this passage.

V. 79. *May live like jovial Greeks*] The original is *pergræstur*. See *The Apparition*, Act I. Scene k. V. 26. and the Note, Vol. III. of this translation.

From *Lemnos*, whither I'd been sent ambassador.
 But who's this woman? O! her maid *Astaphium*.
 With her too I have had some intercourse.

[*Stands apart.*]

SCENE II.

Enter ASTAPHIUM.

Ast. Keep at the door good watch, and guard
 the house, [*speaking to the slaves within.*]
 Let none go out more loaded than they came,
 Nor with hands big, which were brought hither
 barren.

I understand mankind, I know the humours
 Of our young rakes---Whene'er a jolly set 5
 Visit our house, they come with a plot form'd.
 As soon as e'er they gain admittance, some one
 Among the crew, assaults my mistress with
 A storm of kisses: while they're both engag'd,
 The rest steal, pilfer:---and, if they perceive 10
 They are observ'd, they play some monkey tricks,
 With jokes and sport to entertain the spy.
 Oft at our cost they eat like sausage-makers.
 'Tisroth, this is fact; and part of the spectators,
 By *Pollux*! know I lie not---Valorous 15

V. 86. *From Lemnos*—] *Lemnos* was an island in the *Ægean* sea.

V. 10. —*steal, pilfer*—] The original is, *furti cēpta, artēbievui*, from the Greek, κλέπτω, or κλέπτω.

V. 13: —*like sausage-makers.*] To make sense of this passage, we must suppose the *Romans* used to send the ingredients, in order to have them made into sausages, to a sausage-maker; and that he used to take part for his own eating.

They think it is to rob the plunderers.
But we, with our marauders, know full well,
Fairly to make reprisals---For they see
Their money brought to us---Nay more, they bring it
Themselves---

DIN. [*apart.*] In that the jade hit me a slap : 20
For I myself have loaded her with presents.

AST. I recollect, if he's at home, I am
To bring him with me---

DIN. Ho! *Astaphium*, stop---
A word before you go---

AST. Who calls me back?

DIN. Look here, and you will know.

AST. Who is't?

DIN. A man 25
Who wishes you much good.

AST. Then give it me,
If that's your wish.

DIN. Look back, and you shall have it.

AST. Psha! you, whoever you are, tease me to
death.

DIN. Thou worst of women, stay then.

AST. My good man, 30
You're troublesome---But is it not *Dinarchus*?

'Tis he indeed;---he's coming to our house.

V. 30. —*good man*—] The original is, *I optimè*. There is a
difficulty in the passage. She would scarce call him, *thou best of*
men, before she knew it was *Dinarchus*. We rather think it re-
lates to what he says V. 25.

—— A man

Who wishes you much good——

There are, who instead of *optimè*, think we should read *optima*;
and then she must be supposed to speak to herself——

Thou best of women, on——

DIN. Give me your hand, and let us walk together.

AST. I am your slave, and must obey your orders.

DIN. How fares it?

AST. I'm in health, and so are you.
Now you're arriv'd, why you must have a supper-- 35

DIN. Civilly said---

AST. Now, suffer me to go
Where I am sent, I beg you would.

DIN. Go then.

What was you saying?—

AST. About what?—What mean you?

DIN. Where are you going? Who is it you're sent for?

AST. The midwife *Archiva*.

DIN. You naughty hussy!

AST. As usual—'tis a part of our profession.

DIN. You jade, I've caught you in a downright lye.

AST. How so?

DIN. Because you said just now, you was
To bring him with you, you did not say her.

You've metamorphos'd now your man, and made 45
A woman of him—A vile slut you are.

AST. A conjurer!

DIN. But tell me now, *Astaphium*,
Who the man is—Is he some new gallant?

AST. Go, go: I tell you, you're an idle rogue.

DIN. Idle! How so?

V. 35. —*why you must have a supper.*] See *The Apparition*,
Act IV. Scene III. V. 8. Vol. III. of this translation, and the
note.

AST.

ACT I. SCENE II 199

AST. You look for food and cloaths 50
From other's pockets—

DIN. 'Tis not so : my idleness
Is owing all to you.

AST. Ay ; prithee how ?

DIN. That I'll explain immediately—I've spent
My fortune in your service, and you've robb'd me
Both of my money, and my business too. 55
Had I preserv'd my means, I ne'er had been
An idle man.

AST. And can you thus conceive
The affairs of love, and the affairs of state
Are under different laws? A man engag'd
In either, must not be a man of business. 60

V. 60. —*must not be a man of business.*] The original is, *quis tu otiosus fias*. *Otiosus* means here, what we call a gentleman at large ; that is, one who lives upon his own estate, and follows no business or profession to gain a livelihood. Such were most of these who governed the republick of Rome, and they had a law for that purpose.

Ne quis senator quive senatoris filius fuisset, maritimum navem, quæ plus quam trecentarum amphorarum esset, haberet.

Livii, Lib. xxi. cap.

No senator or senator's son, shall keep a ship for traffick, but only one of small burden, to import the produce of his own estate.

And the word has again occurred in *Plautus* in the same sense—

Non ad eam rem, otiosos homines decuit deligi.

Menachmi, Act III. Scene I. V. 8.

To such like post your idle people only
Should be elected.

Idle, that is, of no business or profession. But in the course of the conversation between *Astaphium* and *Dinarchus*, it is used to signify an idle man, that is, one who wastes his time, and does nothing ; which makes *Dinarchus* say, when *Astaphium* uses it in the former sense, that she perverts the meaning of his words.

DIN. *Phroneſum* is the publican, not I :—
You miſinterpret me—She has, 'gainſt law,
Receiv'd large ſums of money, and ta'en in
Cattle, where I've ſole right of paſturage.

AST. And others too who cannot pay their rents, 60
And manage matters ill, are juſt like you.
They blame the financiers.

DIN. Your paſture farm
Has turn'd out ill, I've now a mind to try
Some arable——

This paſſage, and what immediately follows, is not eaſy to be explained, or indeed, underſtood: but as well as we have been able to comprehend it, *Dinarchus* ſays, his want of employment is owing to the loſs of his eſtate, which he had ſquandered away upon *Phroneſum*: and then retorts upon *Aſtaphium*, by ſaying he has no publick office; but that *Phroneſum* is a publican, alluding to her trade of publick prostitution: and then going on with the metaphor, accuſes her of letting the paſture which he had taken, to another. To explain this, it is neceſſary to obſerve, that part of the *Roman* revenue aroſe from uncultivated lands, which were let by the publicans, who were the receivers of the revenue, and were generally *Roman* knights, to any, who choſe to take them. The rent which was paid for the run of the cattle upon them, was called *ſcriptura*. Therefore *Dinarchus* ſays, that *Phroneſum* had permitted other cattle to feed upon his paſture; meaning, that ſhe had admitted other gallants, and had received money *ob meam ſcripturam*. Here we think *ſcriptura* cannot ſignify the rent paid for turning in cattle upon ſuch lands, but the right of paſturage itſelf. Here is beſides an equivoque in the word *ſcriptura*; which could not well be preſerved in our language, as it alſo ſignifies a writing or deed. Which ſeems to intimate, that *Phroneſum* had aſted contrary to ſome engagement by writing or deed between *Dinarchus* and her, by which he was intitled to the ſole poſſeſſion of her perſon.

It may alſo be obſerved, that in the *otium cum dignitate*, which *Cicero* ſpeaks of in his oration, *pro Seſtio*, *otium* is uſed in the ſame ſenſe.

AST.

AST. Our land is pasture all,
If you want arable, apply to those 70
Who let it; ours is for publick use.

But there are other financiers enough.

DIN. I know them both full well—

AST. By *Pollux*! you
Have idle time enough—Which like you best?

DIN. You are more saucy, they more often per-
jur'd. 75

What you give them is lost and sunk at once;
With what you get, you eat and drink at least.
In short, they wicked are; and you are vain:
Fraudulent too; nay more, are good for nothing.

AST. All you have said 'gainst us and them, you've
said 80

Against yourself, and turns out in our favour.

DIN. How can that be?

AST. I'll give my reason for't.
Because those who twit others with their faults,
Should look at home—Now you, who think yourself
So mighty wise, gain nought from us: but we 85
Great fools, have had our pennyworth of you.

DIN. You did not use to treat me thus, *Astaphium*;
But courteously, where what you now enjoy
Was mine—

AST. Ay, while a man's alive, we take
Some notice of him:—but when he's departed, 90
We let him rest—We took some note of you
While you was living.

DIN. What! D'ye think me dead?

AST. Can any thing be clearer?—What! her
gallant

In chief, bring nothing now but lamentations!

DIN.

DIN. 'Tis your own faults, by *Hercules*!---You've
been 95

Too hasty; for had you not been so rapid
In plundering, I might have held out long.

AST. A lover's like the fortress of an enemy.

DIN. How prove you that?

AST. Take him by storm as soon
As possible, 'twill be the better for 100
His mistress—

DIN. Well, I grant you that: but still
There's a wide difference between a friend
And a gallant---The oldest friend, I'm sure,
Is always thought the best---By *Hercules*!
My lands and tenements are not all gone 105

AST. For heaven's sake, why stand you thus before
Our doors, as if you was an alien, and
A stranger?---Pray go in; you're an old friend.
By *Custor*! in her heart and soul, she loves
You best of all mankind---[*aside.*] since you have
land 110

And houses left---

DIN. Your tongues drop milk and honey,
Your hearts are steep'd in gall and vinegar.
You give us sugar'd words; but then gallants,
When sparing of their purse, do bitter deeds.

AST. I have not learn'd the art of flattery yet. 115

DIN. My bounty taught you not to say such things:
But those same pinching, niggard rogues, who fight
Their inclinations---You're a cunning one,
Just what you us'd to be, an artful coaxer.

AST. How have we wish'd for your return?

For on 120
My word, my mistress was quite wild to see you.

DIN.

DIN. How so?

AST. You are the man of all mankind
She truly loves---

DIN. [*aside.*] Well done! my lands and
tenements!

You've help'd me at a pinch indeed--- [*to her.*]
What say you?

AST. Your meaning?

DIN. Is *Phronesium* now at home? 125

AST. To you she is.

DIN. And well?

AST. She would be better,
If I mistake not, at the sight of you.

DIN. This is our greatest fault; when we're too
much

In love, we're sure to be undone---For if
They tell us what we wish, fools as we are, 130
The most notorious falsehood we believe.

How by the force of love are we transform'd!

AST. O fye! that can't be true.

DIN. Say you she loves me?

AST. Yes, only you.

DIN. I hear she's brought to bed.

AST. Ah! speak not of't, *Dinarchus*, I beseech
you. 135

DIN. What now?

V. 132. *How by the force of love are we transform'd!*] The original is, *Næ, ut in æs tu, mutuumur irâ.* This passage all the editors and commentators agree to be corrupted; and some endeavour to rectify it one way or other; but none, by their amendments make it very clear, except a MSS. emendation, which we have seen, which is, *ut vi amoris mutamur.* This reading we have followed, and rendered the passage accordingly.

AST. I tremble when I hear it mention'd,
Phronesium was so near being lost to you.

Pray, in and visit her. Wait there a little;
 She's coming from the bath: she's bath'd already.

DIN. What say you?—Is it possible she can 140
 Be brought to bed, who never was with child?
 I'm sure I ne'er perceiv'd that she was breeding.

AST. In truth, she did conceal her pregnancy,
 For fear you should persuade her to destroy
 The child, or after, or before its birth. 145

DIN. By *Pollux*! who's the father of the child?

AST. A *Babylonian* captain, whom she now
 Expects: 'tis said he will be here directly.
 I wonder he's not come.

DIN. Shall I go in?

AST. Why not? As freely as to your own house. 150
Dinarchus, you are now one of the family.

DIN. How soon shall you return?

AST. Why, in an instant,
 'Tis but just by, I'm going.

DIN. Pray return
 Immediately. I'll wait for you within,

[Exit DINARCHUS.]

V. 147. A *Babylonian captain*—] It is not to be supposed
 that the captain was of *Babylon*, but only on duty in the army
 there. It seems most probable that he was a *Grecian*,

* SCENE III.

ASTAPHIUM *alone.*

Ast. [*laughing.*] My teizing importunity's gone in,
 My heart's at ease, at last I am alone.
 Now I may freely speak my mind, say what
 I wish to say, and in what way I please.
 I've heard my mistress take her final leave 5
 Of this gallant's estate—His houses and
 His lands are mortgag'd for his treats to us.
 But he's become the confidant of all
 Her secrets, and a friend to advise us, more
 Than help to maintain us—While he had to give, 10
 He gave us—Now, to give he has nothing left.
 For what was his is ours: and what was ours
 Is his—It is the common course of things.
 Men's fortunes unawares are wont to change
 One with another—Human life is chequered. 15
 Him we remember'd rich, and he us poor.
 'Tis now just the reverse—And he's a fool
 Who wonders at it. What! tho' he's in want,
 It is but just he suffer us to live.
 'Twould be a sin in us, to have compassion 20
 Upon a spendthrift—Skilful bawds should have

* This in all the editions is made the first Scene of the second Act—Absurdly so; since it is obvious that this Scene must immediately follow the preceding one. We have therefore made no doubt of continuing the first Act as far as the end of the fourth Scene; and made, what is in the editions, the fifth Scene of the second Act, the first of it.

V. 5. —*take her final leave*] The original is, *namiam dixit*, literally, *sing her funeral dirge*.

Sharp

Sharp teeth ; but smile on all their customers :
 Should fair bespeak them, but contrive their ruin.
 A courtesan, in short, should be a briar,
 And rend and tear whatever comes in her way. 25
 She ne'er should hear a lover's plea ; but when
 His purse is clos'd, dismiss him from her service.
 He's a deserter—No gallant's worth hanging,
 Who hasn't a total disregard for money.
 If he, when he has just one present made, 30
 Don't please to give another, 'tis meer trifling—
 He is the man for us, who what he gives
 Forgets—As long then as his money lasts,
 Let him indulge in love—And when 'tis gone
 Contentedly seek out some other business, 35
 And to a fuller purse resign his place.
 Who disregards his own affairs, and spends
 His fortune, he is a gallant of worth.
 The men are apt to say 'mong one another,
 We treat them ill ; and are insatiable. 40
 But when all is done, how do we treat them ill ?
 No lover ever gave, by *Castor's* temple !
 Enough, nor have we e'er receiv'd enough,

V. 28. *He's a deserter—*] This is an allusion to a custom among the *Romans* of breaking their soldiers, and that on several accounts. In the first place, they allowed them barley instead of wheat, to shew them they ought rather to be fed like beasts, than to live among good soldiers, when they did not do their duty. In the second place, they took away their pay ; and soldiers thus broke were called *avo diruti*, soldiers, who for a misdemeanour had forfeited their pay. In the third place, they dismissed them from the camp, as unworthy of keeping company with the rest ; in the fourth, they made them wear a long garment, without any girdle, to point out their effeminacy and cowardice : and lastly, they made them change their rank, and degraded them more or less in proportion to their faults.

LIMIER'S from LIPSIVS.

Nor

Nor ask'd enough—What, than an empty purse
Is worse?—The lover who denies to give, 45
Must sleep alone—We can't receive enough
From him, who ha'nt enough to give—We should
Be on the hunt to find fresh parties out,
Who from unbroken heaps can take, and give
Like this young country gull, who lives in here. 50

[pointing to the house]

'Tis he, he's a merry mortal, and a generous.
To-night, unknown to his father, he will leap
The wall, and through the garden come to us.
'Tis him I want to meet with.—But there is
A roaring, boisterous fellow of a slave, 55
When he spies one of us come near the door,
Comes out, and hoots and halloo's us away,
Just as he scares the geese from off his corn.
He too's a country chuff—But come what may,
I'll rap—Who keeps the door?—Who is't comes
out? [knocks.] 60

V. 53. *The wall*.—The original is, *illanc maceriam*. *Maceria* or *maceria*, *Lambin* tells us, is properly a wall made of stones laid one upon another without any cement. *Terence* uses the word,—

—*Maceriam jube dirui*—

Adelphi, Act V. Scene VII. V. 10.

Down with the wall—

COLMAN.

SCENE IV.

Enter STRATILAX.

STRA. Who a plague's this batters our doors for
faucily?

Who are you?

AST. I. Why do but look upon me.

STRA. What I?—Why daun't I zee ye? Ah!
wae warth thee,

What to our house dost come var?—What dost
knock

At our door var?

AST. I wish you health—

STRA. I ha' 5

Too much of thy health; I daun't care vor't, I—
I'm zick---Plague! I'd be rather zick than well
By thy good wishes---Now, I vain would know
What's owing to thee here—

AST. Keep close---

STRA. I do,

I hopes, to my 'nown wife: let him who us'd 10

V. 1. —*batters our doors*—] *ædes aristat*, a metaphor, from
aries, a battering ram, used in sieges, to beat down the walls or
gates of a town. See *The Captives*, Act IV. Scene I. V. 21.
Note. Vol. I. of this translation.

V. 3. —*why daun't I zee ye?*—] See Note on Act III.
Scene II. V. 16.

V. 9. *Keep close*—] The original is *comprime*, and *comprimas*.
There is a pun here intended between the two senses of the word
comprimere; which signifies, *to embrace a woman*, and, *to hold one's*
tongue.

Keep

Keep close to thee---Would'st, impudence, invagle
One from the country, to be nauty with thee.

AST. Keep close your tongue, I would have said.

STRA. And zo
I would, had'st thou thy fellow on the yerth.

AST. You are too churlish, too ill-manner'd,
friend. 15

STRA. Dost thou go on to rag me, woman, ha!

AST. What have I said?

STRA. Thou call'dst me churlish, didst'nt,
Ill-manner'd too---If quickly thou daun't tell me
What 'tis thou want'st, and tramp about thy business,
By *Arculus*! I'll trample thee to death, 20
Like as I ha' zeen our zow trample her pigs.

AST. Country, and with a vengeance this!

STRA. Is that
A shame, thou monkey---Com'st thou here, ad-
zooks!

Thou drefs'd out skeleton, to shew thyself,
Because thou'st dyed thy cloak a smoaky yellow, 25
And bracelets hast, dost think thyself a beauty?
Huffey, come here.

AST. Nay, now you are agreeable.

V. 14. —*thy fellow on the yerth.*] The original is, *ut effa-
cepisti si dem, si est altera*. There are many various readings of
this passage. Some editions, instead of *si dem*, read *sedem*; *iram*,
(understood :) and these we have followed.

V. 23. —*thou monkey*—] The original is, *clurinum pecus*.
Some commentators would read *clufinum*, from *Clusium*, a village
in *Tuscany*, now called *Colusi*. But all agree that it means a
monkey. *Gronovius* says it alludes to the old verse,

Simia quam similis turpissima bestia nobis.

V. 27. —*now you are agreeable.*] The text here is allowed to
be corrupted; and no edition or commentator has made it intel-
ligible;
VOL. IV. P

STRA. You lye—My question answer then—

AST. I'd rather
Answer your master, friend, than answer you.

STRA. Do'st wear these brass rings to draw in some
slave? 30

AST. They who deserve them best will have them
of me.

STRA. And an't the trinkums counterfeit?

[looking nearer.

ligible; to us at least. We have therefore ventured to transpose
the words, and instead of

—AST. *Nunc places!*

STR. *Quam me illi velim!* AST. *Mentiris.* STR. *Dicis quod te rogo.*
would submit to have it read,

AST. *Nunc places.* STR. *Mentiris, dicis quod te rogo.*

AST. *Quam tibi illi velim—*

and we suppose, that *illi* means *Stratilax's* master, *Strabax*.

The words might also be disposed, so as to bear this sense—

AST. Nay, now you are agreeable.

—Would I were so to him then.

[*ludicrously sighing.*

STR. Now you lye—

But wilt thou answer then to what I ask thee?

Do'st wear, &c.

Both these are submitted to the candid judgement of the reader.

V. 32. *And an't the trinkums counterfeit?*] The original is,
Lavinia hic sunt, quas babes victorias. There are many various
readings in the editions, and many accounts of this passage in the
commentators. *Gronovius* would read, *verane hic sunt, quas babes*
viriolas. And this reading we have followed. *Viriola* or *viria*
is said to signify a necklace, bracelet, or any toy or trinket.
And in this sense the reader will find the word used by *Pliny*,
Nat. Hist. Lib. xxxiii. cap. 3. *Limiers* also adopts the same
reading, and translates it accordingly. *Laverna* was the goddess
of thieves.

—*Pulchra Laverna*

Da mihi fallere—

Horat. Lib. i. Ep. xvi. v. 60.

Beauteous *Laverna*, my petition hear,

Oh! give me to deceive.

FRANCIS.

15

AST. Don't touch me.

STRA. Touch thee, forsooth! And may my spade
for help me,

I'd rather at our farm be yok'd wi' an ox,
And pig with him on straw, than sleep with thee 35
An hundred nights vree cost, and ha' to boot
An hundred zuppers—Do'st twit me wi' living
I'the country, just an' thou hadst found a man
Who is asham'd of some dishonest prank?
But woman, what's thy business at our house? 40
Why do'st run here, whene'er we come to town?

AST. I want to see your women.

STRA. What do'st talk
To me of women vor? we han't within
The hoos a vemale vlie.

AST. Is there no woman
Lives with you then?

STRA. They're gone into the country. 45
I zay, begone—

If they were true jewels, *Stratilax* would suppose them stolen. He therefore approaches her to view them better. If the reader would admit of so slight an alteration, and instead of *Lavinia* read *Lavernæ*, it would make sense of a line, thought by the commentators so obscure and desperate. And then the literal translation would be,

Has not *Laverna* help'd you to these spoils?

V. 34. —*be yok'd wi' an ox.*] The original is *patalem bovem*. *Patalem bovem* Plautus appellat, cujus cornua diversa sunt, et lati patent. FESTUS,

Plautus calls an ox whose horns spread far apart, and spread wide, *patalem bovem*, a broad-born'd ox.

Limiers says it is the same as *patulus* in *Virgil*.

Tityre, tu patula recubans sub tegmine fagi. Ecl. i. v. 1.

Beneath the covert of the spreading beech

'Thou *Tityrus*, repos'd—

TRAPP.

AST.

AST. Why do'st roar so, bedlam?

STRA. If thou do'st not run off from hence as vast
As e'er thy legs can bear thee, I'll root out
Those greas'd, valse, vormal, wrizzled locks of thine.

AST. And why? 50

STRA. Vor daring to come nigh our doors
With your perfumes, and with your cheeks all
purple.

AST. I only blush'd to hear you clamour.

STRA. Blush'd!

As tho'f thou'st left thy skin the power to change
Its colour, thou has ruddled zo thy cheeks,
And zo all o'er bedaa'd thy vlesh wi' paint. 55
You're most abominable jades?

AST. How is it
You're pleas'd with these abominable jades?

STRA. I knows more than thou thinks vor.

AST. And pray now
What is't you know?

STRA. How my old measter's son
Strabax is ruining himself, and how 60
You draws him in, how cheat, and plunder him.

V. 57. *You're pleas'd with -*] The verse in the original is defective at the end, and has been supplied by an ingenious critic, with the words *adèd placent*.

V. 61. — *how cheat and plunder him.*] The original is, *illicitare in malam fraudem et præmium*. *Præmium* sometimes signifies plunder or booty, as well as presents or rewards.

*Multaque præterea Laurentis præmia pugnae
Aggerat, et longo prædam jubet ordine duci.*

Virgil. Æneid. Lib. ii. v. 78.

Then copious spoils, the plunder of the war
Gain'd in *Laurentian* fields, he piles on heaps,
And in long order bids the pillage move.

TRAPP.
We

AST. Was your head quite right, I should call this scandal.

None at our house are e'er destroy'd; they spend
Their fortunes with us; and when that is done,
They may go naked thence where'er they please. 65
I know not your young man—

STRA. Indeed!

AST. Ay, seriously.

STRA. Our garden wall, which loses every night
A brick or two, zays plain enough which way
He travels to his ruin.

AST. The wall's old—

What wonder then the bricks should tumble
down? 70

STRA. Is this your talking, huffy? Old walls
tumble!

Zooks! may no mortal man believe me more,
If I daun't tell old measter of your tricks!

AST. And, is he boisterous too?

STRA. He did not get

His money by maintaining harlots, but 75
By living hard—And, hildings, now 'tis all

We are aware that *Trapp* translates it *the rich rewards*: but the
commentators say that *præmium* there signifies *plunder*.

However in the following passage, according to *Gronovius*, it
undoubtedly means so.

*Nec finit occurat quisquam, qui corpora ferro
Vulnget, aut rapta præmia veste feret.*

Tibullus, Lib. i. Eleg. ii. V. 25.

Nor suffers she the sword to stop my way,
Nor midnight robbers to attain their prey.

DART.

V. 67. Our garden wall—] *Mucoria*. See Scene I. V. 52.
Note.

Borne off to you, to you, ye six claw'd harpies.
 'Tis a bad life you lead—'Midst o' zuch doings
 D'ye think I'll hold my tongue?—No, I'll to
 Vorum,

Tell our ould measter what 'tis you're a' about : 80
 An if I daun't, my back will be examin'd. [Exit.

AST. By *Castor*! if this fellow liv'd on mustard,
 I should not think 'twould have the power to make
 him

So snappish—But in troth, he seems to have
 His master's interest at heart; and tho' 85
 He's so outrageous, yet I trust he may
 By coaxing, and our other harlot's arts,
 Be made a convert—Horses I have seen,
 And other beasts made tame—Now to my mistress—
 But hold! For see where my aversion comes. 90
 How soure he looks! He has not yet, I find,
 Met with *Phronestum*—

V. 77. —ye six claw'd harpies—] The original is, *O sex angula*, which is usually explained, *thieves with six bands*. But we rather think, the word means *with six nails or claws*: we have therefore called them *harpies*.

V. 82. —liv'd on mustard,] Alluding to the known effect of mustard eat in too large a quantity. *Plautus* again alludes to it. *Pseudolus*, Act III. Scene II. V. 28.

SCENE V.

Enter DINARCHUS, from PHRONESUM's house.

DIN. Fifies, I believe,
Who spend their lives in water, do not bathe
As this girl does—Were women to be lov'd
Proportionably to the time they spend
In bathing, why all lovers would keep bagnios— 5

AST. What, can't you bear to wait a little then?

DIN. By *Hercules*! I'm tir'd to death with waiting.

AST. Why, I'm so tir'd, I want to bathe myself.

DIN. Go in, *Astaphium*; tell her I am here—
Make hast; persuade her she has bath'd enough. 10

AST. I will—

DIN. But hark ye?

AST. Say, what is your pleasure?

DIN. Confound me, Gods! how could I call you
back!

I said nought to you—Go—

AST. You foolish simpleton—

Why call me back? I might have been from hence
A mile— [Exit.

DIN. Why stood she at the door so long? 15
Some one she must have waited for, I fancy.
The captain—Ay, as sure as I'm alive.
They're just the same as vulturs; they foresee

V. 3. —*were women to be lov'd, &c.*] As we do not well
comprehend what *Plautus* means in this place; lest we should be
mistaken, we have followed *Limiers* in his translation, almost
verbatim.

Three days beforehand, where will fall a carcase;
 They all gape for him; towards him is the mind 20
 Of all; and when he's come, they'll pay no more
 Regard to me, than if I had been dead
 Two hundred years—Ah me! how sweet it is
 To keep one's money—I am punish'd now,
 Because I've wasted what I had before. 25
 Should fortune send an ample fair estate,
 As long as I the bitter and the sweet
 Of riches know, I would so hoard it, and
 Would live so frugally, there should not be
 In a few days, a single sesterce lost. 30
 I would confute to purpose those who blame me.
 But hold! I prate too much—Those greedy doors,
 Which suck up all that comes within their bolts,
 I do perceive are opening.—

SCENE VI.

Enter PHRONESIUM,

PHRO. Pray, my love,
 D'ye think my doors will bite, that you're afraid
 To enter?—

V. 19. *Three days beforehand—*]

Umbricus, haruspicum nostro ævo peritissimus, triduo ante aut biduo vulturis volare, ubi cadavera futura sint. Plinii Nat. Hist.

Umbricus, the most skilful soothsayer of our time, observed that vulturs would fly about a place where a carcase was afterwards to be, two or three days beforehand.

V. 2. *D'ye think my doors will bite—*] *Taubman* says, this is an allusion to a known inscription over doors, *cave canem, 'ware dog*.

DIN. See the spring! 'tis in full bloom.
How sweet it smells! how fair and bright it shines!

PHRO. But, my *Dinarchus*, why so ungallant!
What! do you not at your return from *Lemnos*,
Salute your mistress?

DIN. Out upon't! By *Hercules*! [*aside*.
I shall be lost again most wretchedly.

PHRO. Why turn you from me?

DIN. Save you, my *Pbronesium*.

PHRO. You're welcome home—Since you are safe
arriv'd, 10

You'll sup with me to-day?

DIN. I am engag'd.

V. 3. See the spring—] Alluding to his mistress *Pbronesium*.
Horace has pretty much the same thought.

*Lucem reddere tuæ, dæx, bene, patriæ;
Instar veris enim, vultus ubi tuus
Affulsit populo, gravior it, dies,
Et solus melius nitent.*

Lib. iv. Od. 5.

Come then, auspicious prince, and bring
To thy long gloomy country, light,
For in thy countenance the spring
Shines forth to cheer thy people's sight;
Then hasten thy return, for thou away,
No lustre has the sun, nor joy the day.

FRANCIS.

Virgil too has pretty much the same thought.

Phyllidis adventu nostræ nemus omne virebit.

Ecl. vii. v. 59.

At *Phyllis*' dear approach, through all the grove,
Each tree shall deck him in his freshest green.

The reader may not be displeased here to be referred to Note 43,
to *The Greater Hippias*, a Dialogue of *Plato*, as translated by the
learned *Floyer Sydenham*.

PHRO.

PHRO. Where will you sup?

DIN. Where you command me, here.

PHRO. You'll give me pleasure.

DIN. I shall give myself
Much more; for you'll be with me all the day,

Phronesium——

PHRO. If 'tis possible, I will. 15

DIN. Give me my sandals—Quick—Bear off the
table.

PHRO. What's now the matter?—Are you in
your senses?

DIN. In troth I cannot drink, I'm sick at heart.

PHRO. Stay, something must be done—You must
not go——

DIN. My love, you've thrown cold water on me
now; 20

My fit is over, take my sandals off.

Give me a bowl of wine.

PHRO. You're now yourself:

V. 16. *Give me my sandals—*] *Cedo solas mihi.* They were a kind of slippers the Romans wore within doors only; for it was esteemed effeminate to appear with them in the streets. But even these they pulled off, when they reclined upon their couches either to drink, or at their meals. In this place, says Limiers, it must be supposed that *Phronesium's* doors were opened, so that the spectators might see them. But we think it appears from many passages of *Plautus*, that the characters eat and drink upon couches before their houses.

V. 19. —*something must be done—*] The original is, *aliquid fer.* In the line before, *Dinarchus* had said, *I'm sick at heart.* *Phronesium* seems to mean, *something must be done to make you well.*

V. 20. —*You've thrown cold water on me now,*] i. e. by way of refreshment.

But

But have you had a safe and pleasant voyage?

DIN. By *Herc'les* yes, since I've the pleasure now
Of seeing you.

PHRO. Embrace me, love.

DIN. Most willingly. 25
Ah! what sweet honey is so sweet as this?

[*embracing her.*]
In this I'm happier than is *Jove* himself.

PHRO. What! not a kiss to give?

DIN. Ay, ten.

PHRO. You are
Not poor in them—more than I ask, you promise.

DIN. Would from the first, I had been of my
money 30

As frugal, as you're generous of your kisses.

PHRO. Could I but help you save, in truth I
would.

DIN. Have you done bathing?—

PHRO. For myself I have;
In my own eyes, I'm clean enough—To you
Do I seem dirty?—

DIN. By no means to me. 35

But I remember that there was a time

When for each other we had no regard.

But what is this I hear since I'm come home?

What in my absence have you been about?

But I rejoice you have escap'd the danger. 40

V. 23. — *a safe and pleasant voyage?*] The original is, *Bene
me ambulavisti*; which *Parvus* tells us, was a form the Romans
used when any one was come from a journey or voyage. See *The
Apparition*, Act III, Scene II. V. 177. Vol. III. of this trans-
lation.

PHRO. I've ever made a confidant of you.

I have no child, nor ever been with child.

'Tis true I feign'd I was——

DIN. Why so, my life?

PHRO. By reason of a *Babylonian* captain,

Who here a year resided, and liv'd with me 45

In some sort as his wife.

DIN. That I found out.

But why? What was your scheme in this pretence?

PHRO. To have some bait, some lure to draw him
back.

Now he has lately sent me here a letter,

That it will prove to what degree I lov'd him, 50

If I preserve and educate the child;

I'm then to have his all.

DIN. That's no bad news.

What did you then?

PHRO. Because the tenth month now

Draws on, my mother here has sent her maids

Out several ways to find a boy or girl, 55

Which might be pass'd for mine. In short, you
know

Sura our tire-woman, who lives hard by?

DIN. I know her well.

PHRO. At once, she went thro' all

The neighbourhood, and hunted for a child. She
said

'Twas given her.

V. 48. —*some lure*—] The original is, *redimiculum*, which properly signifies the buckle which fastens the ribband, used by women to tie up their hair. *Phronesus* would say, that as the hair is tied up by the ribband which keeps it in its place, so he will retain the captain in her net by the scheme she had proposed.

LIMIERS.

DIN.

DIN. A pretty business this! 60
So she that bore the child, is not the mother.
But you, it seems, have borne it after her—

PHRO. You take it right—The captain, as he sent
Me word, will very soon be here—

DIN. Mean while
You'll manage your affairs, as if you'd just 65
Lain in.

PHRO. Why should I not?—There will be no
Great trouble in't; and, as to the deceit,
'Tis right each use his cunning at his trade.

DIN. What, when the captain comes, will be my
fate?

Ah me! Can I forsaken live without you? 7A

PHRO. When I have gain'd my ends, I shall with
ease

Between us raise a quarrel, and procure
A separation—After that, my love!
I'll wholly pass my days with you—

DIN. I'd rather
You'd pass your nights—

PHRO. But I must sacrifice 75
To-day; 'tis necessary to be done.
The child is five days old.

DIN. I think you should.

V. 75. —*your nights*—] The original is, *accubuo*, an adverb,
as *Pareus* tells us, formed by *Plautus*, from *accubare*, as *assidue*,
from *assidere*.

V. 77. —*five days old*.] The *Greeks* sacrificed to the gods,
and named their children on the fifth day after their birth; the
Romans on the ninth, if a male; on the eighth, if a female.

DE L'ORVILLE

PHRO.

PHRO. Dare you not make me some small trifling present?

DIN. Whate'er you ask me, love, I count a gain.

PHRO. And so do I, my love—when I've receiv'd it. 80

DIN. You'll have it presently—I'll send my page.

PHRO. Pray do—

DIN. Be't what it will, receive it kindly.

PHRO. I know you'll send me, what I need not blush To take—

DIN. Well! Have you any more commands?

PHRO. Only, when you have any leisure, visit me 85

Again—

DIN. Farewell.

PHRO. Farewell to you, my love.

[Exit PHRO.]

DIN. Immortal gods!—What she has just now done,

Shews not the foolish fondness of a girl,
But th' open, unreserved confidence,
And trust, of a most dear and faithful friend. 90

What even one sister would not tell another,
She has disclos'd to me, that she has palm'd
A child upon the world—Now she has open'd
Her very heart and soul to me; and prov'd
She never can be faithless while she lives. 95

Shall I not love her then? Not be her friend?
Rather than not love her, I would not love
Myself—And, after this, shall I not send her
A present?—Yes, I'll order her five minæ
From hence directly—And a mina more 100
To buy provisions—She's so kind to me,

I'll

I'll do much more for her than for myself;
Since to myself I nothing do but ill. [Exit.

* * This Act is opened by *Dinarchus*, just returned from *Lemnos*, where he had been as an ambassador, in a very long soliloquy; much the longest in our author, one excepted, in *The Apparition*, which, it is something remarkable, is exactly in the original, the same length. He paints in lively colours the dangers young men are exposed to by Jove, and describes at large, the manners and way of life of courtezans. After just hinting at his mistress *Phronesium's* supposed pregnancy, he sees *Astaphium* her maid coming out of the house. She gives such an account of the mysteries of her occupation, abundantly sufficient to disgust the young man, had he been capable of reflection. But he uses all his efforts to gain admission, let the consequence be what it will. As he had spent all his money before his embassy to *Lemnos*, and which *Astaphium* was apprised of, she will not receive him into the house, and, by way of excuse, tells him, her mistress is bathing. But he urges the affair with such vehemence, that she at last permits him to enter the house, after having communicated to him the secret of the supposed pregnancy.

On his going into the house, *Astaphium* in the third Scene, gives an account of what is going on within doors at the courtezans's; after which, she takes care to inform the spectators, that *Strabax* is one of those who was going to his ruin in their house, on account of its vicinity to that in which his father lived at *Athens*. While she is going to knock at the door, *Stratilax* the churl appears; whom we have made to speak in the west country dialect; (see Note on Act III. Scene II. V. 16.) and plagues her with the rusticity of a clownish servant. Their discourse is the subject of the fourth Scene: at the end of which *Stratilax* goes off to the Forum, to tell his master what they are about. *Astaphium* remains upon the stage, and is soon joined by *Dinarchus*, entering from *Phronesium's* house, where he had been waiting till she had done bathing; which begins the fifth Scene. She goes into the house to acquaint her mistress with his approach, and leaves him waiting at the door for *Phronesium's* coming out. This soon happens; and with it begins the sixth Scene: in which, in pursuance of her design of ruining the young man, she bestows some caresses on him; and rallies him on his not entering the house

house without ceremony. She then mentions the supposititious child; a contrivance of hers to draw in *Stratophanes* the captain: always assuring *Dinarchus*, that he is the only person for whom she has any affection. She does not forget every now and then asking him to make her some little present. When the young man, charmed with the confidence with which *Phronesium* honours him, and at the same time fully persuaded that he alone is the favoured lover, after she had returned into the house, goes off, after a short soliloquy, in quest of something to present her with. This ends the Act. And the first interval is taken up with the time necessary for the above purpose, and for *Dinarchus*'s return.

End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T I L

S C E N E I.

Enter PHRONESIUM, [*speaking to her*
Slaves within.]

SEE, give that child the breast—How miserable,
How anxious are mothers, how distress'd !

'Tis a bad business this : and when I think

Upon it well, and turn it in my mind,

I am convinc'd, we're not esteem'd so bad

As in reality we are ; and this

I speak from what I've just now learn'd at home.

What vast uneasiness, what pain I feel,

Lest this child's death should ruin all my plot.

And I'm more anxious for its life, because

I'm its reputed mother, and have dar'd

In private to attempt so bold a fraud.

'Twas greediness and thirst of gold, which push'd

Me on to this base deed : and made me sham

Another's pains—We never should attempt

An act of fraud, unless we are resolv'd

To carry it on with craft and diligence.

You see I'm dress'd as if I'd just lain in ;

[*to the spectators.*]

And soon shall counterfeit a decent sickness.

Whene'er a woman once begins a fraud,

Unless she perfects it, she'll find it pain

And grief and misery—If a good work

She takes in hand, how soon will she be weary !

But few indeed are tir'd with acting wrong ;

And fewer persevere in acting right.

VOL. IV.

Q

A woman

A woman finds it a much easier task
 To do an evil, than a virtuous deed.
 I, partly from my mother's bad advice,
 And partly from my own bad disposition,
 Am but a wicked jade 'tis true; who have 30
 Thus feign'd a pregnancy; and have declar'd-
 The *Babylonian* captain as the father.
 I hope he'll find the plot conducted well.
 I apprehend e'er long he will be here,
 And with that previous knowledge I'm fore-arm'd. 35
 I'm dress'd as if I had but just lain in.
 Bring me the oyl of cinnamon, and fire
 For the altar—I'll now to *Lucina* pay

V. 28. —*my mother's bad advice,*] The original is *mater*; and it is the same in *Plautus*, V. 47 of Act I. Scene VI. as regulated in this translation. In that, as well as this instance, we conceive it does not mean *Pbronesium's* natural mother, but the bawd with whom she lived. *Mother*, is at this time a common appellation of a bawd.

V. 38. —*to Lucina*—] *Lucina* was the *Roman* Goddess of child-birth; who presided over and took care of women during their pregnancy, and at the time of their delivery.

Juno *Lucina*, *fer opem! serva me obscuro!*

Terentius. Andria, Act III. Scene I. V. 15.

Juno Lucina save me! help, I pray thee! COLMAN.

She was so called, because she ushers children into light, or into the world. Or, from *lucus*, the grove where these devotions were paid.

Gratia Lucinæ; dedit hæc tibi nomina lucus;

Aut quia principium tu, Dea, lucis habes.

Ovid. Fastorum, Lib. ii. v. 448.

Thanks, O *Lucina*, thee this grove thus stil'd,

Or that thou first giv'st light to every child. GOWER.

By *Lucina*, *Juno* is sometimes understood, and sometimes *Diana*, or the moon.

My

My adoration---Set them down and leave me.
 Retire ye from my presence---Ho! *Pitbecium*--- 40
 Get ready for my lying down---Come near---
 Assist---This suits a woman in the straw---
 Take off my sandals, and throw over me
 My robe, *Archillis*---Where are you, *Astaphium*?
 Bring me the vervain, frankincense, sweet wine, 45
 And water for my hands---By *Castor*! now
 I wish the captain here---

[Goes to the back of the stage, and lies down
 on a bed, as if having just lain in.]

SCENE II.

Enter STRATOPHANES.

STRA. Do not, spectators,
 Expect that I recount my valorous deeds.
 My conquests, by my arm I'm wont to publish,
 Not by my tongue---Soldiers there are, I know,
 Who tell most marvelous tales---There's *Homerionida*; 5
 And after him a thousand might be nam'd,
 Who have been both convicted, and condemn'd

V. 45. —*sweet wine*,] The original is *bellaria*, which usually signifies, confections. But we think, in this place, it rather means, sweet wine for a libation.

SCENE II.

V. 5. —*There's Homerionida*; And after him —] *Homerionidam*, et post illa. Instead of this, some editions read *Homerionida Poetilla*. We have adhered to the first reading; especially as it has the sanction of *Aldus*; and it is supposed to be the name of some braggard captain, a character in some Comedy, known at that time. But if the latter reading is preferred, it must be supposed to be the name of some paltry poetaster, a vile imitator of *Homer*.

Of vaunting wars, and battles never fought.
 I don't commend the man, who rather trusts
 His ears than eyes---It discomposes me 10
 When those are louder in their commendations,
 Who've only heard reports, than those who saw
 The deeds perform'd.—And one eye-witness weighs
 More than ten hear-says. Seeing is believing,
 All the world o'er—I like not him, whose praise 15
 Is trumpeted in town by low buffoons,
 While in the camp, the common men are silent.
 Nor like I those, whose tongues at home make blunt
 Our sword's keen edge—The valiant profit more
 Their country, than the finest cleverest speakers. 20
 Valour once known, will soon find eloquence
 To trumpet forth her praise—In the same light
 Look I upon the inactive orator ;
 And her who sings encomiums on the dead—
 Praises she has on others to bestow, 25
 But none has for herself—'Tis now almost
 Ten months, since last I took my leave of *Athens*.
 I'll to my mistress, whom I left with child,
 And see what she's about—

PHRO. Who's talking there ?

[to ASTAPHIUM.

V. 24. —*who sings encomiums on the dead—*] *Præfca* ; which *Festus* tells us, was a woman hired to mourn at funerals ; who went before the corpse, and praised the deceased.

Ut Pharios aliæ fictæ pietate dolores

Mygdoniosque colunt, et non sua funera plorant.

Statii. Silv. Lib. V. v. 248. Epicædion in patrem.

Like those who thro' a feign'd affection mourn
 For *Pharos* and *Mygdonius* ; and yet
 Their own dirge do not sing—

AST. The captain's here—*Stratophanes* is come. 30
Phronefium, now's your time; feign yourself ill.

PHRO. Peace then!—D'ye think that I want your
 advice?

Can any of you all exceed my cunning?

STRA. She's brought to bed, I'll answer for't!

I speak to him.

AST. Suppose

PHRO. Ay, go—

STRA. See here, *Astaphium* 35

Is coming to me.

AST. Hail! *Stratophanes*!

I'm glad you're safe arriv'd—

STRA. Well, that I know.

But is *Phronefium* brought to bed?

AST. She is;

And of a charming boy—

STRA. Is he like me?

AST. Why ask you such a question?—when the
 moment

The boy was born, he ask'd for sword and target. 40

STRA. Yes; he is mine; the proof is quite ap-
 parent.

Extremely like me! wonderfully so!

Is not his size already large?—Already.

Has he not chose what legion he would plunder?

AST. Why yesterday he was but four days old. 45

STRA. What then?—something by this he should
 have done.

Why was he born before he could engage
 In battle?

AST. Follow me, and greet my mistress;
 And give her joy—

STRA. We'll follow you.

PHRO. O heavens!

Where is she?—Gone! and left me here alone! 50

AST. I'm here—And I have brought your long
desir'd,

Your lov'd *Stratophanos*—

PHRO. Where is he, pray?

STRA. The god of war returning from abroad,
Salutes his wife *Neriane*—Since you have had
Success, and since with children you are blest'd; 55
And since you've honour'd both yourself and me,
I give you joy—

PHRO. You, who've of day-light robb'd me,
Of my life too almost, right welcome are you.
You, who have been the cause of all I've felt,
And all I feel— 60

STRA. O fye! my love! this pain
Is for your interest—You've produc'd a son
Will fill your house with plunder—

PHRO. Ah! by *Castor*!
We want much more to have our granaries fill'd;
Lest famine starve us e'er his plunder comes.

STRA. Have a good heart—

PHRO. Ask me to kiss you here, then? 65
I've been, and still I am so much in pain,
I can't lift up my head, nor stand upon
My feet without assistance.

STRA. O my sweet!
If from the mid-sea you would bid me fetch
A kiss of yours, I should not think it trouble. 70
You have experienc'd that already.—Now

V. 54. *Salutes his wife Neriane*—] *Neria* or *Neriane* was said to be the wife of *Mars*. The reader—that is desirous to know more of her, may consult *A. Gellius*, Lib. xiii. cap. 22.

I'll prove how much I love you, my *Phronefum*.
I've brought you here two maids from *Suria*—Here,

[to a slave.

Produce them—These are yours—They both were
queens

At home.—But I have waisted and destroy'd 75
Their country——

PHRO. Don't the number I've already
Displease you; notwithstanding, do you bring me
More maids, to eat me out of house and home?

STRA. By *Hercules*! if this present you dislike—
Here, boy, give me the bag there—See, my love, 80
Here is a *Phrygian* robe—I pray accept it.
And one from *Pontus* too—Take it, my love.

PHRO. For all my grievous pains, d'ye make me
such

A trifling present?

• STRA. I'm undone, by *Hercules*!

Ah, me! my son will cost his weight in gold. 85
She does not value me a rush—I've brought you,
See here, from *Tyre*, a beauteous purple robe—

V. 81. *Here is a Phrygian robe—*] *Phrygian*. The original
is, *ex parva Græcia*, from *lesser Greece*; which we are told, means
Phrygia, a country famous for embroidery. See *The Twin Bro-*
thers, Act II. Scene IV. V. 92. Note. Vol. III. of this trans-
lation.

V. 86. —*from Tyre—*] The original is, *ex Sarâ*. The city
of *Tyre* was called *Sarra*, from *Sar*, the *Phœnician* name of a
shell-fish, from whence was obtained their famous purple dye.

Ut gemmâ bibat, et Sarrano dormiat astro—

Virgil. Geor. Lib. ii. v. 506.

To quaff in gems, or sleep on silks of *Tyre*. WARNO.

Accept it—Now remove these *Surians* here,
Out of her sight—Don't you love me a little?

PHRO. By *Castor*! not at all—You don't deserve
it. 90

STRA. Will nothing satisfy her? She han't said
One kind word to me—I am sure, the presents
I've made her now, would sell for twenty *mina*.
She's desperate angry with me now, I know,
And feel--But I'll go to her--Well, what say you? 95
Would you, my love, that I should go and sup
Where I'm invited; then return, and sleep
With you—Why are you silent?—Without doubt
I'm ruin'd--Hey!--What have we here?--Who's he
That leads this grand procession?--I'm resolv'd 100
To watch which way they go---I do suppose
To her---but I shall presently know more. [*stands apart,*

SCENE III.

*Enter GETA, followed by slaves, with presents from
his master DINARCHUS.*

GETA. Hey! gee! hey, mules!--Come this way
both of you,
You who bear loss and ruin to my master;
Who his goods carry off from home, together
Drawing a cart-full of them at your tails.
The man who's heartily in love, must be 5
Quite good for nought---He takes incessant pains,
And uses art to rob himself---Nor ask,
How I know this---A master of the art

V. 1. --*hey! mules, &c.*] The original is, *muli aris*. The commentators tell us, that *Plautus* here intended a *jeu de mots*, between *muli aris* and *mulieres, women*.

We

We have at home, who looks upon his furniture
 As dung; bids it be carried out—He fears 10
 The Ædiles, one would think; as it's their order
 That all things be kept clean—He is resolv'd
 To have his house quite free from dirt; and so
 All that is in it he sweeps clean away—
 By *Hercules*! then since he is determin'd 15
 On his own ruin, I shall privately
 Assist: he'll not be ruin'd much the sooner,
 For that; since from a single mina here
 For these provisions I have only crib'd
 Five pieces; *Hercules's* share, a tenth. 20

V. 11. —*He fears—The Ædiles—*] The original is, *metuit publicos*, i. e. *Ædiles*. It has been observed in the course of these notes, that the Ædiles had, among other offices, the care of the publick streets and buildings; were obliged to keep them clean, and a power of punishing any whom they found guilty of nuisances.

Namque hoc quoque nobilissimi Ædiles fungebantur officio, intrandi ea loca quæ populum receptabant, exigendique manditias.

Seneca, Epist. lxxxvi.

For the most noble Ædiles also performed the office of going into those places which received the people, and of exacting neatness.—

Again,

*Virtutem in templo invenies * * * circa balnea, et sudatoria, ac loca Ædilem metuentia—*

De vita beatâ, cap. vii.

You shall find virtue in the temple * * * about baths and sweating-houses, and places that are in fear of the Ædiles.

V. 20. *Five pieces—*] It is clear from this passage, that five *nummi* are the tenth part of a *mina*. In other places *Plautus* uses *nummus* for a golden *Philippæan*, when he speaks of three hundred *Philippæans*, and five hundred *nummi* as the same sum.

V. 20. —*Hercules's share, a tenth.*] It has been before observed, that the tythe or tenth part was offered up to *Hercules*.

'Tis

'Tis as you'd turn a stream upon your field:
 Which if you do not, it will all run wast
 Into the sea---My master's money here
 Runs wast: 'tis spent, most wretchedly, I'm sure,
 And without credit too; when I observe 25
 Things go on thus, I pilfer, I purloin
 A little plunder from the general spoils---

I can't but think a courtezan is like:
 The sea; she swallows every thing you give,
 Yet ne'er o'erflows--Nay worse; for what you give 30
 To her, is lost, and ne'er appears again.
 But what the sea receives, the sea at least
 Preserves---Now here this courtezan has brought
 My wretched master, by her wheedling wiles,
 To want; and robb'd him of his fortune, friends, 35
 His honour, and his life---How now! she's here;
 Just by; I wish she ha'n't o'erheard my prate.
 She's pale, as just deliver'd of a child---
 I'll talk to her, as if I did not know it---
 Save you!-----

PHRO. Our *Geta*!---What are you about? 40
 How do'st?-----

GETA. I'm well---And sent to you, who are
 Not well---I bring a med'cine with me here
 Will make you better---Your dear love, my master,
 Bid me these presents bring, which you may see
 Conveying hither; these five minæ too. 45

PHRO. In troth, I have not lov'd him so for nought.

GETA. He bade me beg you to accept them kindly.

PHRO. I do so, and with thanks---Order them in.
 Go, *Cyamus*---What! don't you hear my orders?---50

GETA. They sha'n't bear off the vases---I will have
 them

Air'd first:-----

PHRO.

PHRO. How troublesome's this faucy fellow?

GETA. Do you in earnest call me faucy fellow,
Who are yourself the sink of vice?

PHRO. But tell me 55
Where is *Dinarchus*?

GETA. He's at home---

PHRO. Then tell him,
For these his gifts, I love and honour him
Of all mankind---I beg he'd visit me.

GETA. Immediately---But, who's that fellow there,
With those malignant eyes and woeful countenance?
He feeds on his own spleen, whoe'er he is,
And pines in thought, I'll swear. 60

PHRO. 'Troth he deserves it.

GETA. Who is it?

PHRO. What! not know him? Why, 'tis he
Who liv'd with me, the father of my child.
He order'd me to bring it up, and gave me
But scarce enough to serve him for a breakfast.
His orders I obey'd, and watch'd and waited. 65

GETA. I know him well, a good for nothing
rogue,
Pray is that he?

V. 59. *He feeds on his own spleen*—]

*Ex hac autem indigentia timor nascitur, et cupiditas futuri exedens
animum.* Seneca, Epist. ci.

From this indigence proceedeth fear, an eagerness after futurity
preying upon the mind.

V. 64. —*for a breakfast.*] *Usque ad jentaculum, jussit ali.* This
passage seems to be corrupted. Some read *a Pentapoli jussit ali.*
which perhaps is a better reading. But we have followed the
other, with a little licence, because it strongly marks *Phronesium's*
character.

PHRO.

PHRO. The very same.

GETA. He eyes me

Groaning, and from the bottom of his breast
He fetches deep his sighs—Observe him now,
He grinds his teeth together, smites his thigh. 70
Why sure the man is mad, to beat himself.

STRA. Now will I rouse my indignation up,
And utmost fury—Say! Whence are you, tell me
Whose scoundrel slave? How do you dare to speak
Uncivilly to me?

GETA. Because I chuse it. 75

STRA. And is it thus you dare to answer me?

GETA. Yes, thus; I do not value you a straw.

STRA. [to PHRO.] And what say you? How dare
you own you love

Another man?

PHRO. I like another man.

STRA. Ay, say you so at last? I shall try first 80
If for a shabby present of mean pot-herbs,
Of butcher's meat, and four wine, you'll love
A curl'd, effeminate voluptuous fribble,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.

V. 71. —*the man is mad*—] The original is *ariolus*, a *diviner* or *soothsayer*, but here it signifies a mad man. Soothsayers in the midst of their divinations often seemed as if mad.

V. 83. —*effeminate, voluptuous fribble*,] The original is, *umbraticola tympanotribam*: *Umbraticola*, one who likes shade or obscurity, one who keeps within doors, and plays least in sight: *Tympanotriba*, properly a *drummer*; thence metaphorically, an idle effeminate person, like one of *Cybele's* drumming priests.

Ô vere Phrygiæ, neque enim Phryges! ite per alta
Dindyma, ubi assuetis biforem dat tibia cantum.

Tympana

GETA. Rascal! how now! dare you abuse my
master; 85

Spring-head of wickedness and perjury?

STRA. Say one word more, I'll crumble you to
atoms,

GETA. Hold—Touch me but, I'll make a lamb
of you;

I'll quarter you—If you're in the army

A famous warrior; I'm i'th' kitchen, *Mars* 90
Himself.

PHRO. If you was wise, you would not blame
My visitors, whose gifts, with pleasure I
Receive, and thanks: while yours are odious to me.

STRA. Then I have lost my presents, and my
thanks.

GETA. That's a clear case.—What stay you here
for then? 95

Impertinence!—You have confess'd yourself
Undone and lost—

STRA. I am undone to-day,
Indeed, if I can't drive this fellow off.

[coming towards GETA.]

Tympana vox buxusque vocat Berecynthia matris

Idææ: finite arma viris et cadite ferro.

Virgil Æneid, Lib. ix. v. 617.

True *Phrygian* women (for no other sex
Can *Phrygia* boast) go, revel on the top
Of *Dindymus*: Th' accustom'd pipes two notes
Invite you thither; and th' *Idæan* box,
And mother *Berecynthia's* cymbals call.

Desist from battles, and leave arms to men. TRAPP.

V. 9.—*I'm i'th' kitchen, Mars—*] *Ares*. For the *Grecians*
called *Mars* *Ἄρης*.

GETA

GETA. Move but this way!—do but come here! 100

STRA. Do you threaten?
You ragamuffin! Now---now---now---I'll mince you
To mammoicks—Why, come hither? Why, to her?
I say, how didst thou come to know my mistress?
If you but move a hand, I'll murder you.

GETA. What!—Should I move a hand?

STRA. Do as I bid you. 105
Stop here—Now will I cut you into chops.

GETA. [*aside.*] I'd best march off—Why this is not fair play. [*to him.*]

You have a longer sword than mine by far—
Since we must fight, permit me but to fetch
A spit—I'll just step home—I'll chuse 110
No partial judge between us, man of war—
But wherefore do I tarry loit'ring here, [*aside.*]
And not pack off, while with whole bones I may?
[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

PHRO. Give me my sandals—Lead me in this minute.

The wind has made my head ache desperately.

V. 104. *If you but move a hand—*] The original is, *si manu nictis*. *Nicere* is the same as *nictare*, to wink or make signs with the eyes. *Plautus* applies it to the hand, to express making the least motion.

SCENE IV.

V. 1. *Give me my sandals—*] See Scene IV. V. 16. note. To which we may add, that *Horace* in the eighth satire of his second book, makes *Rufus*, when he goes out to give directions for more victuals to be brought in, call for his sandals or slippers.

STRA. What's to become of me? For these two
maids

I gave you, make my heart ache desperately.

[PHRON. is led in.

What are you gone! A ha! have I bestow'd 5

My presents thus? I'm finely fool'd, indeed—

What! suffer this? How little would persuade me

Instant to turn this whole house topsy-turvy?

Is any thing so greedy as these women?

Having a boy, she plucks her spirit up— 10

This is as if she said, I neither ask,

Nor yet forbid you to come in—But I

Will not—I won't go in—In a few days

I'll make her say I am a man of blood.

Follow me this way— [to his attendants.] I'll have

no more prating. [Exit. 15

Et solcas poscit——

Then for his sandals call'd——

On which passage, *Danster* observes, that the *solea* was a sort of sandal without any upper-leather, so that it covered only the sole of the foot, being fastened above with straps and buckles. They properly belonged to women, and were looked upon as effeminate in the other sex. *Cicero* exposes *Verres* and *Clodius* for wearing them, and *Scipio* was censured on the same account.

We may also observe that the guests laid their slippers at the end of their couch, when they went to supper.

V. 8. —to turn this whole house topsy-turvy?] The original is, *suffringam talos totis adibus*. Literally, to break the heels of the whole house.

* * The first Scene of this Act is employed by *Phronefium's* disposing of every thing in order to carry on the imposture, she is determined to put in execution. As she every instant expected *Stratophanes the Captain*, it was necessary for her to appear in the condition of a woman just brought to bed. She places herself
on

on a bed, counterfeits sickness, affects all the solicitude of a woman under those circumstances, and has a nurse, and a new-born infant in the house. Scarce had she put matters in order, when *Stratophanes* enters; which begins the second Scene. His character is that of a rude unpolished soldier, who can talk of nothing but war and his own exploits, and is quite a stranger to every thing else. He strait enquires if *Phronesium* is brought to bed; and finding her sitting in a careless posture on the bed, wishes her joy of having got a son, who could not fail of imitating the valour of his father; and in order to give some relief to the pain she had suffered, offers her some presents, which she receives with a sort of indifference: and at the same time treats him with so much contempt, that he cannot obtain of her the favour of a single caress. While he is reflecting on his ill treatment, when he expected to have been received with open arms, the third Scene introduces *Geta*, the slave of *Dinarchus*, who enters loaded with presents to *Phronesium* from his master, which she receives with every possible mark of affection. On this *Stratophanes* loses all patience, abuses the servant, draws his sword upon him, and he defends himself with a spit. However the Scene ends without bloodshed, as *Geta* thinks it best to retire. In the fourth Scene, *Phronesium* pretending that the open air incommoded her, is led off by her servants; and leaves *Stratophanes*, who quits the stage, meditating revenge. This ends the Act; and the interval is filled up, with his determinations on so doing.

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Enter STRABAX.

STRABAX.

ONE morning, not long since, my father sent me
 Into the country hence, to give out fodder
 To feed our oxen; scarce got I there, when
 One came up to our farm, (so't pleas'd the gods!)
 Who ow'd my father money: he had bought, 5
 It seems, *Tarentine* sheep of him—He ask'd
 Where was my father—Why, in town, I answer'd him.
 And then I ask'd what was his business with him.
 He took his purse from off his neck, and gave me
 Just twenty minæ. Gladly I receiv'd them, 10
 And stuff'd them in my purse—Away went he,

V. 2. —to give out fodder to feed our oxen;] *Ut bubus glandem
 prandio depromerem.* *Glands* signifies the fruit of an oak, beech or
 chefnut. The first we call acorn, the second mast, and the third
 nut. With these the Romans at times fed their oxen.

*Glandis non inutile est singulis jugis modios singulos dare, nec tamen
 amplius, ne laborent, nec minus diebus triginta præbueris.*

COLUMELLA *De Re Rusticâ*, Lib. xi. C. 2.

It will not be amiss to give each yoke of oxen one modius of
 mast: nevertheless you must not give them more, 'lest they be
 sick with it, nor for less time than thirty days.

V. 9. *He took his purse from off his neck—*] See *The Discovery*,
 Act III. Scene II. v. 41. note. Vol. III. of this translation.

And strait to town I've brought these fleecelss sheep
 Stow'd in my purse—By *Pollux*' temple! *Mars*
 Is desperately enrag'd against my father,
 His sheep have stol'd so very near the wolves. 15
 Now all your finical, fine town gallants,
 With this one stroke I'll set adrift, and turn them
 Strait out of doors—My father I'm first fix'd
 To ruin: then my mother—Now, to her,
 Whom I much better than my mother, love; 20
 I'll take the money—Who's here?—Nobody?
 [knocking at PHRONESIUM's door,
 Who opens me the door?—

Enter ASTAPHIUM.

AST. What's this? Good now,
 My *Strabax*!—You a stranger!—And why not
 Come in at once?—Ought you to have been so shy?
 You whom we look upon one of the family— 25

V. 12. —*fleecelss sheep*—] The original is, *perperas minas oves*.
 We have followed the explanation of this passage in a note of
Muretus, in the *Variorum* edition, published by *Gronovius*.

V. 13. —*Mars*—] The wolf was peculiarly sacred to *Mars*;
 therefore it was given out that the founders of *Rome* were suckled
 by a wolf, because they were the sons of that god. Courtezans
 were also called *lupæ*, *she-wolves*; from whence arises the humour
 of this passage. LIMIERS.

*Quæsitum aut matri multis balatibus agnum
 Martius a stabulis rapuit lupus—*

VIRGIL. *Æneid*. Lib. ix. V. 565.

—Sacred to *Mars*, the wolf
 Snatches a tender youngling from the fold— TRAPP.

STRAB.

ACT III. SCENE II. 243

STRAB. Well, well, I'll in then, that you may not think
I loiter here too long—

AST. Why that's well done.

[Exit STRABAX.]

SCENE II.

Enter STRATILAX.

STRAT. 'Tis marvalous, *Strabax*, our measter's zon
Bean't yet come back to town—May hap, he's privately

Zlunk into thick corrupting huffey's house.

AST. [*aside.*] If he should see me now, he'll scold me off.

STRAT. I be'ant so crusty as I was, *Astaphium*, 5
Not near—I fe no churl now—Nay, daun't be frightened.

What would'st thou ha'—

AST. What?—Why, your churlishness.

STRAT. Command whate'er, and in what way thou would'st—

Vor I am chang'd; I've got new manners now,
And cast the old ones off—Plague! I could love, 10
E'en I, and take a *bona-roba* home—

AST. This is rare news, indeed! But, tell me—
Have you—

STRAT. A *bona-roba*, you would say, may-hap—

V. 13. *A bona-roba you would say, may-hap—*] The original is *parafitum*, which *Lambin* tells us, sometimes signifies a mistress. See *The Captives*, Act I. Scene I. v. 3. note. Vol. I. of this translation.

AST. You've a quick comprehension—

STRAT. Hark you me!

Zinse to and fro I've trudg'd so oft to town, 15

I'm grown a banterer, a nice poker too—

AST. Astonishing!—What means that nonsense,
prithee?

Joker you would have said, perhaps.

STRAT. Ay, joker,

Or poker; there's no such mighty difference.

AST. Follow me in, my love—

STRAT. Here, take these boli, 20

As earnest, that you'll come to me anon.

AST. Merciful! Boli! what strange beasts are
those?

Why did you not say oboli?

V. 16. —*a nice poker*—] The original is, *cavillator probus*. But that reading is manifestly wrong; because from what follows, *Stratilax* plainly uses a wrong word; therefore some read *cauliator*, but they do not say what it means; and whether they intended it should have any meaning at all, we know not. This, and the passage which follows, where *Stratilax* uses *rebabonem* for *arrhabonem*, we have translated with some licence; it being scarce possible to have done otherwise: and we have followed *Limier's* hint; but thought it better to use *obolus*, than any modern coin; yet as it was a *Roman* coin of so small value, we have used it in the plural number.

From these abuses of language in *Stratilax's* diction, we have ventured to render his part of this scene, and some others, in our west country dialect: although we do not observe, in any other place in the original except those already taken notice of, and one more, V. 25. that he speaks in a dialect different from the other characters; yet we conceive no countryman in *England* would be guilty of these extraordinary blunders in common conversation, who did not speak one or other of our dialects.

STRAT.

STRAT. To zave

An o; like the *Prænestine* volk, who say

Vor pewit, wit—

AST. Follow me.

STRAT. I but waits 25

Vor *Strabax* here, who ought to come to toon.

AST. *Strabax* is here with us—He's just now come.

STRAT. What here, avore he gang to zee his mother?

Alack-a-day!—He's good for nought, I'se zure.

AST. What! your old way again!

STRAT. Nay, I ha' done. 30

AST. Walk in—Give me your hand, I pray—

STRAT. Here—take't.

[gives his hand.

Now am I leading to a publick house,

Where I shall vind bad treatment vor my money.

[*Exeunt.*

V. 25. *Vor pewit, wit—*] The original is, *conia est ciconia*. *Ciconia* signifies a stork: but we have taken the liberty to render it by the bird, commonly called *pewit*, a sort of plover; in order to aim at something like the original. *Lambin* says, it is a banter on the inhabitants of *Præneste*, a city of *Italy*, about twenty miles east of *Rome*; who were noted for curtailing their words.

V. 30. —*your old way again!*] Did not this in some measure contradict it, we should be induced to think, that this change of *Stratilax*, which he mentions, V. 9. is artificial, and put on to get into the house, and save his young master. As commonly understood, it is surely unnatural.

* * This third Act is opened by *Strabax*, who, in his turn, is bringing money, by way of present, to *Prænestum*. He had received cash for some sheep he had sold on account of his father; and instead of carrying him the money as he was ordered, he is

hastning to bestow it on his mistress. In order for which he knocks at her door, which is opened by *Astaphium*; and goes into *Phronefium's* house. *Stratilax* then enters to *Astaphium*: but never man so changed. Instead of the rustick, churlish lout he had appeared before, he now tells her, he is become mild, good-natured, and affable. For this change of disposition *Plautus* has given no reason. It were to be wished, he had. *Astaphium* then conducts him into the house, in order the better to assure herself, that this change of temper is not counterfeited. This ends the Act; and the reader is left at liberty to fill up the interval with whatever he thinks proper.

End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Enter DINARCHUS.

DINARCHUS.

THERE's not begotten, born, nor can be found,
Whom I would have more prais'd, more
gratified,

Than *Venus*—Ye great gods ! how I rejoice !
I'm overwhelm'd with joy—What ravishing news
Has *Geta* brought to-day !—*Phronefium* sets 5
A value on my gifts, and loves them dearly.
And 'tis not only this which charms me, but
What most delights me is, the Captain's gifts
Are ill receiv'd ; nay more, are odious to her.
I'm all in rapture ; for if he's dismiss'd, 10
The day's my own ; my girl will live with me.
I in my ruin plainly find my safety.
Without such ruin I had quite been lost.
Now will I watch what they're about, and who

V. 5. *Has Geta brought to-day !—*] Instead of *Geta* most of the editions read *Cyamus* ; but it seems to us a mistake. For it appears plainly, after *Geta* had delivered the presents to *Phronefium*, that he went home to give an account of her reception of them to his master. We have therefore, on the authority of *Meurfius*, who made that undoubted emendation ; and of *Pareus*, who inserts *Geta* in the text for *Cyamus*, done the same.

V. 11. *The day's my own—*] The original is, *Mea est pila. The ball is mine—It is my turn to play.* An allusion to the game of tennis.

R 4

Comes

Comes out, and who goes in here--At some distance 15
 What's like to be my fate, I can observe.
 But still one thing disturbs me much ; for now
 Since all my fortune's spent, I must depend
 Entirely on another's will and pleasure.

S C E N E II.

*Enter ASTAPHIUM [speaking to PHRONESIUM
 as she comes out.]*

AST. I'll do my duty well, see you do yours
 As well within—Love what you ought ; your interest.
 While he is willing, fleece him :—while he has
 To give, why humour now the opportunity.
 Call forth your graces, feast him with your charms : 5
 I will preside and manage here without.
 While he exports his father's goods to us,
 I'll not admit a creature to be troublesome.
 Go on to fleece, and strip him at your pleasure.

DIN. Ha ! who is this ! *Astaphium* ! Prithee say, 10

V. 19. —*on another's will and pleasure.*] The original is,
Omnia agam precario. A sense in which the word is used in the
 best Roman authors.

Mori præstat, quam precario imperatorem esse.

Q. CURTIUS, Lib. ix. cap. 3. sect. 34.

I had rather die, than reign a king at the will and pleasure of
 another.

V. 9. —*fleece and strip him -*] *Ludin' istos.* Some commenta-
 tors read *lude istos.* *Boxhornius* reads *ludo in isto*, which seems to
 be the best. *Go on in the same game*, that is, *go on to plunder him.*
 This is meant of *Strabax* only ; therefore *lude* or *ludin' istos*, can-
 not be right.

Who's

Who's this, who now is on the brink of ruin?

AST. Was you here, marry!

DIN. Am I troublesome!

AST. More now than formerly—For he by whom
We nothing get, to us is troublesome—

But give me leave to say what I would say. 15

DIN. What is't?—Concerns it me?—

AST. No, not a jot.

There's one within who gives by heaps—

DIN. What now?

Some new gallant?

AST. A full and untouch'd hoard
She has seiz'd—

DIN. Who is't?

AST. Don't mention it, I tell you,
Don't you know *Strabax*?

DIN. To be sure I do— 20

AST. He is a prince with us; he's our estate—
He spends his cash with spirit—

DIN. How! By *Hercules*!

Then I'm undone indeed—

AST. Indeed you are—

A simpleton, who would with words undo
What is already done—But so did *Thetis* 25
Mourn her lost son with funeral lamentations.

DIN. Can I not be admitted?

AST. And why rather
You, than the Captain?—

DIN. Why?—Because I've given
Her more—

V. 26. *Mourn her lost son*—] The original is, *lausum fecit*:
some editions read *lessum*, which seems to be the right word;
and which, we are told, means a lamentable voice, used at deaths
or funerals. For this we have the authority of *Cicero*.

AST.

AST. You oftner had admiffion then—
Others you fhould permit, for what they give
To ufe their time—You've learn'd your A, B, C. 30
Since you are perfect, theirs let others learn.

DIN. Why let them learn, fo I may con my leffon,
For fear I fhould forget my learning—

AST. But,
While you, a mafter, exercife your brain, 35
Why fhould he do the fame with hers—

DIN. How's that?

AST. She'll ever and anon expect fome money.

DIN. I lent her, it is but to-day, five minæ;
Yes, and one more befides, to buy provifions.

AST. And they were bought I know; we now
regale 40

Upon your courtefy—

DIN. What! fhall my enemies
Feaft here at my expence? By *Hercules*!
I fwear, I'd rather fuffer death than bear it.

AST. My enemies I wifh fhould envy me,
Not I my enemies—To fee another 45
Happy, is pain and mifery to you.
Who envies, pines in poverty and want;

V. 47. *Who envies, &c.*] What *Plautus* here fays concerning
envy, will we doubt not put the learned reader in mind of what
Horace fays on the fame fubject. It is fo fimilar, we can fcarce
help thinking but that he had this paffage in his eye—

Invidus alterius macrefcit rebus opimis:

Invidiâ Siculi non invenere tyranni

Majus tormentum —

Lib. i. Epift. ii. V. 57.

The man who envies, muft behold with pain
Another's joys, and fickens at his gain:
Nor could *Sicilia's* tyrants ever find
A greater torment, than an envious mind.

FRANCIS.

While

ACT IV. SCENE II. 251

While the objects of his spleen abound in wealth.
O you are mighty simple!—

DIN. How's that?

AST. Wait—

DIN. Why so?—

AST. Because I chuse you should.

DIN. And not 50

At least be sharer of my own provisions?—

AST. If that was your intent, to your own 'house
You should have order'd half—For our receipts
Are just like those of *Acheruns*; we all
Receive; but what comes in, returns no more— 55
Farewell—

DIN. Stay, stop—

AST. Let me alone; be quiet.

DIN. Well—then—But I'll go in—

AST. To your own house.

DIN. No—but in here—

AST. That's quite impossible.

DIN. 'Tis very possible—Let me but try.

AST. No forcible entry—Wait here, and I'll tell
her, 60.

You're come, unless I find she is engag'd. [*going.*

DIN. Stay—Hold—

AST. 'Tis all in vain—

DIN. Will you return?

AST. I would—But hark! I hear one call, whose
voice

Is louder far than yours—

DIN. One word—

AST. Well, say it.

V. 54. —*like those of Acheruns*;] i. e. the infernal regions,
from whence there is no return.

DIN.

DIN. You'll let me in?—

AST. You fib—Go to—Your word 65
You've multiplied; for you've said four—all fibs.

[Exit.

DIN. She's fled, gone in—What! shall I bear all
this?

I'll make a riot, and expose you here
Before your proper doors; trickster, I will
By *Hercules*!—Thou, who against the laws 70
From numbers hast extorted money, now
There's not a magistrate in town, but I
Will lay thy name before; and then for quadruple,
Will seize upon thee, thou vile forcerefs,
Who dost steal boys, and pass them for thy own. 75
I'll publish to the world thy wicked deeds.
I'm now not worth a sesterce—I've spent all
I had—I'm desperate grown, and reckless now
What shoes I wear—Why do I clamour here?
Suppose she would admit me now--Most solemnly 80

V. 72. *There's not a magistrate—*] Among the *Romans*, the common way of accusing persons, was, by giving in their names to the *Prætor*.

V. 73. *—for quadruple—*] A person condemned in some cases, was bound to make four-fold restitution.

“*Zaccheus* stood and said unto the Lord, * * * if I have taken
“any thing from any man by false accusation, I restore him four-
“fold.” St. *Luke*, Chap. xix. V. 8.

V. 79. *What shoes I wear—*] The *Romans* were remarkably punctilious in their dress. It was infamous to walk in the streets without a girdle or with the sandals or shoes they wore within doors. It was also looked upon as a mark of rusticity and ill breeding to wear shoes which were too big, and sat loose upon the feet.

I swear, I'd not go in, tho' she intreated me.
 This railing is but loss of time—Who strikes
 A goad, will feel the smart—To vent your rage
 'Gainst her, who does not care a straw, is folly.
 But who is this!—Good gods! I see old *Callicles*; 85
 Who once was to have been my near relation—
 He brings two girls with him in bonds! the one
Phronesium's tire-woman, his own maid t'other.
 I'm in a dreadful fright—For added to
 The present grief, which wounds my heart, I fear 90
 My old bad pranks will now be brought to light.

SCENE III.

Enter *CALLICLES, his MAID, and SURA, bound.*

CAL. [*to his maid.*] Speak I to you ill language?—
 Or to you? [to *SURA.*
 Bear I a mind malicious?—Both of you

Soloates tamen vos populi Romani senatores per urbis vias ingredi nequaquam decorum est, non hercle vobis minus, quam illi tum fuit, cui hoc M. Tullius pro turpi crimine obiecit.

A. GELLIUS, Lib. xiii. Cap. 21.

Yet it is by no means comely for you *Roman* senators, to go abroad into the city with your sandals on: not in truth less than it was for him to whom *M. Tullius* objected this as a base crime.

M. Tullius's words are (speaking of *M. Antony*,) *cum calceis et toga, nullis nec gallicis, nec lacernâ cucurristi.*

Oratio Philippiæ II. Sect. 30.

You run about the streets with your sandals and gown on, without either cassock or cloak.

The shoes or sandals the ancient *Gauls* wore in rainy weather, were probably what the modern *French* call *des galloches*, and we from them, *galashes*. *Lacerna* was the cloak they also wore in wet weather.

In my opinion, have well nigh experienc'd
 How gentle and how mild a man I am.
 For when you both were scourg'd, and both examin'd, 5
 I recollect, and know how every thing
 You then confess'd—Now, here I fain would see,
 If without torture, you will own the same.
 But mind, I plainly tell you both beforehand,
 Tho' of the serpent kind you are, beware 10
 You speak not different language, lest for aye
 I stop your double tongues; unless you chuse
 To go to those will make the lashes smack
 Upon your backs—

MAID. I must perforce confess
 The truth, the thongs so wring and gall my arms. 15

CAL. Confess the truth, and you shall be unbound.

DIN. [*aside.*] I know not what to make of this
 affair;

I only know I'm in a horrid fright.

MAID. I'm yet to learn what crime I have com-
 mitted.

CAL. Stand first of all apart—Thus I, observe, 20
 Would have it—Mark, and use no signs between you.
 I'll be a screen—Speak you— [*to his maid.*]

MAID. What shall I say?

CAL. Say what's done with my daughter's child,
 my grandson?

Tell me from first to last.

MAID. I gave it her— [*meaning SURA.*]

CAL. Now hold your tongue—You took the child
 then from her? [*to SURA.*]

V. 11. *You speak not different language—*] The original is, *Ne duplices babetis linguas. You have not double tongues.* But as *vos bilingues*, which means the same, immediately follows, we have endeavoured to vary the expression.

SUR.

SUR. I did.

CAL. Well, peace! I stand on nothing else.
You have confes'd enough—

SUR. I shan't deny it.

CAL. By this you've made a plaister for your back.
As yet they both agree in what they say.

DIN. [*aside.*] Wretch that I am, my wicked deeds
are now 30
Disclos'd, which I have hop'd would ne'er have come
To light—

CAL. Do you speak now: [*to the maid.*] Who
bid you give
The child to her?—

MAID. 'Twas my old mistress, Sir.

V. 28. —*a plaister for your back.*] The original is, *livorem tute scapulis istos concinnis tuis*. Which Lambin explains in a manner, we think quite unsatisfactory. *Pistorius* conjectures we should read *lævorem*, which signifies smoothness or softness, which *Limiers* approves of, and has adopted it in his translation; we too have done the same, and have an authority for the use of the word in that sense, in *Lucretius*.

*Asperitas autem vocis fit ab asperitate
Principiorum, et item lævor lævore creatur.* Lib. iv. V. 456.

But more; the harshness in a voice proceeds
From rough; the sweetness from the smoother seeds.*

CREECH.

Præterea spectantur in chartis tenuitas, densitas, candor, lævor.
PLINII Nat. Hist. Lib. xiii. Cap. 12.

Moreover in paper are considered, fineness, compactness, whiteness, smoothness—

So that the literal translation would be, *you have given a smoothness to my back; or, made my back smooth.*

CAL.

CAL. Now what say you? [*to SUR.*] Why did you take it of her? 35

SUR. Why, my young mistress beg'd I would procure

A child, and keep the whole a secret, Sir.

CAL. Speak you again—What did you with the child?

SUR. Why, I convey'd it to my mistress's strait.

CAL. Well, what did she with 't?

SUR. She to my mistress

Directly gave it—

CAL. To what mistress, carrion? 40

SUR. I have two mistresses—

CAL. Mind what you say.

Answer to what I say; my questions only.

SUR. Why then I say, the mother, my old mistress, The infant gave directly to her daughter.

CAL. You did not say so much just now.

SUR. Nor did 45

You ask so much—

CAL. Come, answer me more speedily.

Now, she who had the child, what did she with it?

SUR. She made it pass for—

CAL. Whose?

SUR. For her own child.

CAL. For her own child! good Heaven! with what a deal

More ease, a stranger bears a child, than does 50

The real mother! Here is one has brought

A child into the world, and felt no pain.

A happy child indeed, and doubly blest,

Since it two mothers, and two grandams has.

V. 54. —*two mothers, and two grandams has.*] *Plautus* must mean two grandmothers by the mother's side; or else, he should have said three grandmothers.

I fear

I fear it has more fathers too, than one. 55
See, 'see the wicked ways of women!

MAID. Troth
This fraud had more of man than woman in it.
It was a man, and not a woman got
The child—

CAL. Ay, I know that as well as you.
You've been a trusty guardian—

MAID. Why, the weakest 60
Goes always to the wall—He was a man—
Was strong, and conquer'd--What he ask'd, he took--

CAL. And brought you into misery.

MAID. You need not
Tell me the thing I know, by sad experience.

CAL. Cannot I make you tell me, who's the
father? 65

MAID. I've kept it secret hitherto—But now
It all must out—For since he's present here,
I must perforce declare it—

DIN. [*aside.*] I am petrified.
Wretch that I am! I dare not stir—'Tis all
Discover'd now; I'm trying for my life. 70
It was my folly, my foul deed: I fear
She'll name me soon—

CAL. Tell me, who was't debauch'd
My virgin daughter?

MAID. Why, I see him by you.

V. 60. —*the weakest—Goes always to the wall—*] The original is, *Plus potest, qui plus valet.* Literally, *The strongest can do most.*

V. 73. *Why, I see him by you.*] The original is, *Vides ego te, propter mala facta qui es patronus parietis.* The whole, in all the editions, given to the maid. *Salmasius* reads thus: *ANC. Vides ego te propter— CAL. Mala, quis? ANC. Qui est patronus parietis.* This we have followed in our translation.

CAL. Huffy! who is't?

MAID. He who supports the wall.

DIN. I'm nor alive, nor dead—Nor do I know 75
What I've to do—How shall I face him? How
Get off?—I'm stupified with fear—

CAL. Well, will you
Tell me, or no?

MAID. *Dinarcbus*; he, to whom
You had before espous'd her—

CAL. And where is he?

DIN. Here, I am, *Callicles*: and by these knees 80
Adjure you, that what I with folly did,
You would with wisdom bear, and pardon me—
Wine was the cause; reason had lost her sway.

CAL. I like not this—You throw the blame on that
Which can say nothing; for, could wine but speak, 85
Wine would defend its cause—'Tis not for wine
To guide and rule men's conduct—Wine is but
The slave of virtuous men; and, the debauch'd,
Whether they drink, or whether they abstain,
Will be debauch'd—The fault is in their hearts. 90

DIN. Many reproaches I must hear, I'm sensible,
Which I would not—I own besides, I have
Offended you—I'm privy to the crime.

MAID. I beg you would not injure any, *Callicles*—

Limiers also had done the same; and observes that the word
patronus, *Plautus* here uses in a remarkable sense

A patron is he who protects and supports his client or depend-
ant. *Dinarcbus* went close to the wall; not to support it, but
to conceal himself as much as possible.

V. 94. —you would not injure any—] The original is, *homini
ne facias injuriam*. *Homini* 'ne' in this place must certainly be used
for *nemini*, no man; it cannot else be sense. *Nemo* is formed from
ne and *homo*, as if, *nullus homo*; and *homo* is used for either sex, so
may mean any person.

LIMIERS.

While

While the defendant pleads his cause at large, 95
You keep the witnesses in bonds—

CAL. Unbind them.

There, get you gone—[*to the maid.*] Do you go
home—And you [to SURA.

The same; and tell your mistress to restore
The child where 'tis demanded—As to you,
Dinarchus, you must go before the Prætor. 100

DIN. Why summon me before the magistrate?
Yourself shall be the judge—And, *Callicles*,
I beg you would consent that I may marry her.

CAL. By *Pollux*! I perceive how you had judg'd
The thing, yet would not stay for my consent, 105
But serv'd yourself—As you have caught her, take
her—

I'll fine your folly tho'—I shall deduct
For that, six Attic talents from her fortune.

DIN. You treat me kindly—

CAL. You had best demand
Your son, and, soon as possible, take home 110
Your wife—I'll strait return my kinsman's messenger,
And let him know, he must look out his son
Some other match— [Exit.

DIN. I'll claim my child, for fear
She should deny it—But that can't be, for she
Had openly declar'd the whole to me, 115
And of her own accord—By *Pollux*! see,
Most luckily she's coming—On my word
She has a long sting to wound my heart from thence.

SCENE IV.

Enter PHRONESIUM *and* ASTAPHIUM.

PHRO. She's an insipid and a dirty trollop,
 Who even in her cups neglects her interest.
 Tho' she is over head and ears in wine,
 Tipsy from top to toe, yet let her mind
 At least be sober—I am vex'd at heart, 5
 Poor *Sura* has been treated so severely.
 The child is prov'd to be *Dinarchus'* son :
 She said—Where heard she that?—Yet all I have,
 Children and all are his—Look here! I see
 The man who made me guardian of his fortune. 10

V. 1. —*insipid* &c.] The original is *blitea*, formed from *blitum*, an herb the *Romans* used to eat boiled with their food ; but was looked upon as tasteless and insipid. *Plautus* mentions it in *Pseudolus*, A& III. Scene II. v. 26. See *The Cheat*, A& III. Scene II. Vol. III. of this translation. And for its insipidity, we have the authority of *Pliny*.

Blitum iners videtur ac sine sapore, aut acrimonia ulla. Unde convivium facinoris apud Menandrum faciunt mariti.

Nat. Hist. Lib. xx. 'Cap. 22

Blite seems to be an insipid herb, without any poignancy of taste. Whereupon *Menander* uses it as a term of reproach, by making a husband call his wife *Blite*.

V. 6. *Poor Sura* &c.] The original is, *tonstricem meam*. Literally, *my woman barber*. *Limiers* observes that women as well as men had, among the ancients, women servants whom they called *tonstrices*, who painted them, cut their hair, assisted them in bathing, and any other kind of services. As no word has occurred which quite comes up to this meaning, we have made use of the name of the attendant, and rendered it, *Poor Sura*.

ACT IV. SCENE IV. 261

DIN. Woman, I'm come to you—

PHRO. What would you have
My love?

DIN. No love—Truce with your fooleries.
I've nothing more to do with them—

PHRO. I know
What 'tis you want, and what 'tis you demand,
And what you seek for—To see me was what 15
You wanted; you demand my love, and seek for
The child—

DIN. Immortal gods! how plain she speaks!
And how concisely to the point she comes!

PHRO. I know you are betroth'd—I know you have
A son by your betroth'd—and soon you are 20
To marry her; and in another place
Your heart's now fix'd, and I'm to be forsaken,
But ne'ertheless reflect, the little mouse,
How sage a brute it is! who never trusts
Its safety to one hole: for when it finds 25
One entrance is block'd up, it has secure
Some other outlet—

DIN. Well, when we have leisure,
We'll discourse farther of these matters—Now
Restore the child—

PHRO. Nay, only a few days
I beg, you'd suffer him to be with me. 30

DIN. By no means—

PHRO. Do—I beg you do—

DIN. For what?

V. 11. *Woman, I'm come to you—*] We have followed a various reading, which we find in *Parvus's* notes, viz. *Mulier, ad te sum profectus*: the common reading is, *Mulier adsum: profectus*.

PHRO. 'Tis for my interest—But for three days only,
'Till I can ~~some~~ ^{now} trick my noble captain.

If I have any gains, you shall have part.

~~Take the child from me, and you kill all hopes~~ 35

I've in the Captain—

DIN. Well, I wish it so—

But ~~there's no room for me to make that wish~~

Effectual, if I would—Now you've the child,

Do your best with it, and take care of it:

You've wherewithal—

PHRO. And for this kindness, I 40

By *Castor*! love you—And whenever you fear

A scolding bout at home, fly here to me,

And be at least an useful friend—

DIN. Farewell,

Phro exits.

PHRO. Don't you call me then your love? 45

DIN. That name may now and then by stealth be
mention'd.

PHRO. Any thing else?

DIN. Be mindful of your health,
When I have need, I'll visit you again. [*Exit.*

PHRO. He's gone, he's fled—Now I may speak
my mind.

The proverb's true—Best friends are sometimes
troublesome.

On his account, the captain saw himself 50

Shut out to-day; whom, better than myself

I love, by *Castor*! So I gain my ends—

V. 43. —*an useful friend*—] The original is, *amicus manubi-*
arius, which *De L'Oeuvre* and *Pareus* tell us, means *a useful friend*;
one as useful as a collector of the *manubiae*, i.e. *spoils of war or*
plunder,

But when all comes to all, to say no more,
Little remains of what we get by trade—
Such are the glories of a courtesan! 55

AST. Hift, Hift! *Pbronefium!*

PHRO. What's the matter now?

AST. Here is the father of the child—

PHRO. If he,

And only he, let him come when he will,
And come the nearest road—By *Castor*! if
He comes, I by my artifice will ease him, 60
First of his cash—Then pack him off again. [*Exeunt.*]

*. *Dinarchus*, in an air of triumph that his presents had met with a better reception from *Pbronefium*, than those of *Stratophanes*, opens this Act with expressions of his great joy on that account; and determines to place himself at his mistress's door, in order to see who goes in or out. In the second Scene, *Asaphium* enters from the house; from whom he soon finds out that he is mistaken in his expectation of *Pbronefium*'s favours. *Strabax* was a young stripling; fresh and high fed, with money in his pocket; and such a one was more for her purpose than a broken ruined ambassador. On which account she had ordered her maid *Asaphium* to place herself at her door as a centinel; and to tell all who offered to go in, that her mistress is engaged. In vain does he press the porter to open; she will hear nothing without a fee. Nay farther, she tells him, that her mistress is mightily taken with a young man, whose purse is better furnished than his; which so engages *Dinarchus*, that he determines to bid adieu to her for ever. He had debauched a girl of a good family, who was the mother of the infant *Pbronefium* had made use of to carry on her counterfeit delivery. Under his uneasiness of mind on this account, and seeing the father of the girl he had abused approaching, he recollects his fault; and is under great uneasiness lest it should be discovered. *Callicles*, for that was the old man's name, having heard of his daughter's disgrace, and that to conceal it, she had the infant exposed, begins the third Scene, with two girls whom he had bound. These were servants of *Pbronefium*, who had carried the infant to their mistress. This fact the old man had no great difficulty in bringing them to confess;

every word of which confession was so many daggers to *Dinarchus*; who standing aside, overhears it all. When, breaking from his concealment, he throws himself at the old man's feet, asks pardon of his fault, begs he would make no noise, and tells him that he is ready to marry his daughter. The good man consents; and, as a punishment for his having debauched his daughter, cuts him off with part only of the portion he had intended to give her. It was now necessary to get back the infant; which he takes upon him to re-demand from *Pbronesum*; and this is the business of the fourth Scene. But as *Pbronesum* was well assured *Stratophanes* the captain would renew his visit, she prevails with *Dinarchus* to let her keep the infant a few days, till she had still farther duped him. *Dinarchus* agrees to it; on which they part; and this ends the fourth Act. But without any interval. For *Dinarchus* had scarce quitted the stage, before *Asaphium* acquaints her mistress that she sees *Stratophanes* approaching.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

PHRONESIUM and ASTAPHIUM appear
before the door.

Enter STRATOPHANES.

STRATOPHANES.

WHY did I love!—Now, here a second time
I come, alas! a suppliant to my mistress.
However she receiv'd the presents of me,
I've thrown away, yet have I brought her more—
How's this? [*seeing them.*] Both maid and mistress
here before

5

V. 1, 2. *Why did I love?—Now, here a second time—I come alas! a suppliant to my mistress.*] This is one of the many passages in *Plautus*, and in this Comedy in particular, which are very difficult to understand: and most probably, from the corruption of the passage itself. The common reading is, *Eo mihi amare! fero supplicium damnis ad amicum meum.* *Lipinus* says we should read *Eo mihi amare! fero supplicium jam bis ad amicum meum.* And this reading we have followed, as it appears to us more intelligible than the common one. Notwithstanding which, we think the common reading by no means an absurd one. The original is, *fero supplicium*, which may here mean the same as it does afterwards in V. 8. except, that here *supplicium* is his punishment for loving *Phronesium*, and there, for having offended her. And as this punishment is the present he is going to make her, *damnis* instead of *jam bis*, may stand: *damnis*, by, or in the loss to himself. V. 1. Instead of *Eo mihi amare*, a learned critick has conjectured *Quo mihi amare!* and we think the conjecture so happy a one, that we have ventured to translate it accordingly.

The

The door!—I'll speak to her—What are you doing?

PHRO. Don't speak to me—

STRA. Ah! you are too inhuman.

PHRO. Let me be as I am—Can't you be quiet?

STRA. My sweet *Astaphium*, what's the matter now?

AST. By *Castor*! she has reason to be angry. 10

PHRO. Who, I?—Not angry half enough with him.

STRA. If heretofore, my love, I've been to blame,
I bring you some amends for't now, a mina---
And, if you won't believe me, why examine it.

PHRO. My hands forbid me to believe, before 15
They have possession of it --Here we want
Food for the child---and for the bather too---
A swinging skin of old wine for the nurse---
That she may tippie night and day---We want
Coals, wood, and cradles, pillows, whittles, swaths, 20
Flour, and oil for the child---We want from morn
To th' night: nor can all things be had at once;
For we shall be continually in want.
Officers children can't be fed with onions.

V. 14. —*if you won't believe me &c.*] We have followed the emendation of *Acidalius*, *nisi mihi credis espice*. The common editions read, *si mihi rides respice*, *if you smile upon me, if you are not angry, look on me*.

V. 24. —*with onions.*] The original is, *Setanio*. *Setania*, or *setanium*, we are told is a species of onion.

Cepæ genera apud Græcos, Sardja, Samothracia, Alfidena, Setania, Schista, Ascalonia, ab oppido Judææ nominata.

PLINII Nat. Hist. Lib. xix. Cap. 6,

There are among the Greeks many sorts of onions; the *Sardian*, the *Samothracian*, *Alfiden*, *Setanian*, the cloven onion, and scalions, taking the name from *Ascalonia*, a town in Judea.

STRA. But look upon me now---accept of this---25
Sure this will be enough---

PHRO. Well, give it me—
But 'tis too little—

STRA. Sometime hence I'll add
Another mina—

PHRO. O 'tis far too little.

STRA. Command just what you will, I'll give it you.
Give me a kiss then—

PHRO. No, I won't—Hands off! 30
You filthy creature—

STRA. So, I make no progress—
I meet with no return of love, but waste
The day—I'll answer for it, I have lost
Ten pounds of love—

PHRO. [*to a slave.*] Take this, and bear it in.

Some commentators say it means coarse bread; for which also
we have the authority of *Pliny*.

Nauticus panis, tusus atque iterum coctus, fistit alvum.

Bread such as seafaring men use, being bruised and sodden
again, is good to bind the belly,

According to *Theophrastus* and *Dioscorides*, *fitanium* or *fitania*,
is a species of *mespilus*, or medlar, common in *Italy*. There are
also, who say it means, a kind of pulse not much valued, and
which they used to boil in porridge they give to children.

Lipsius would have us read *prutanio*; a word, the meaning of
which we have not been able to trace.

SCENE II.

* Enter STRABAX.

STRAB. Where in the world's my mistress now?—
I do

No business, neither here, nor in the country—
I'm eaten up with rust, I'm grown quite callous,
With lolloping so long upon the couch.
But look you, there she is—Holla!—Sweet heart! 5
What are you doing? Ha!—

STRA. Who is that fellow?

PHRO. One I much better love than you—

STRA. Than me!

How so?

PHRO. So that you mayn't torment and teize me.

STRA. What, now you've got your money, you
are going? [going.]

PHRO. What you have given me, I've laid up
within--- 10

STRAB. Come here, sweet heart, I speak to you.

PHRO. To you
I was just coming.

STRAB. What! to me, my love?

PHRO. Seriously yes---By *Hercules*! I was.

STRAB. Tho' I may seem not over wise to you,
I like to have a little recreation--- 15
And troth, your beauty will be my misfortune,

* Enter STRABAX.] This should begin a new Scene—
and we have made it so accordingly.

.V. 16. —*your beauty will be my misfortune,—*] We have given
this whole speech to Strabax, and the next to Phrontesium, agree-
able

Unless I may enjoy some favours---Come---

PHRO. Would you that I embrace you, love--- and
kiss you?

STRAB. Whate'er you do will be agreeable.

STRA. Shall I bear this? Shall I see her cares 20
Another man 'before my face?---By *Hercules*!

I'd rather die---Woman, hands off; unless
You'd have me kill both of you with my sword---

PHRO. If you expect my love, don't bluster, captain.
'Tis not your iron, but your gold, *Stratophanes*, 25
Will scare away my lover---

STRA. How a plague!
What! you a beauty and a wit besides,
Love such a fellow!---

PHRO. Don't you recollect
What once an actor said---Every one knows
Nicely to pick and chuse for his own profit. 30

STRA. Do you cares such a foul filthy fellow?

PHRO. Altho' he is so filthy and so foul,
He's fair enough for me---

STRA. Have I not giv'n you
Gold, Madam?

PHRO. Me? You've given your child some-
food.

STRAB. Another mina's needful, if you hope 35
To have her.

STRA. Hence---Go, hang, you country put.

STRAB. But don't you give her all--Reserve a little
To serve you on your journey back---What does
She owe you?---Three things only---

able to *Aldus's* edition; and have followed his reading, *as bella
male tuo, nisi tecum aliqui gaudeo*, only changing *tuo* for *meo*, on
the authority of *M. Marolles*; because it seems to be the obvi-
ous sense.

STRA.

STRA. What three things?

STRA. A night, a kifs, and some perfumes---

PHRO. In troth 40

He's even with him---If you love me, give
Some little trifling matter from your store.

STRA. What can I give you? only say, and if
'Tis left, 'tis yours---

PHRO. You trifle now---Go, go---
I have consider'd this affair. [STRA. *kisses* PHRO.]

STRA. Take care 45

You wound her not---To you I speak---You there
With th' iron teeth---In general, she all
Admits; but see that you take off your hands.

STRA. Now, to thy cost, be whipt, thou man of
might.

STRA. I gavé her gold---

STRA. Ay, and I gave her silver. 50

STRA. I gave her too a robe, a purple one.

STRA. I'll give her wool, and sheep, and many
things

Besides, which she may ask---You'd better vie
In mina's, than in menaces with me.

PHRO. A merry blade, by *Castor*!---Well, my
Strabax, 55

V. 44. *You trifle*—] The original is, *campas dicitis*. *Campa* or *campe*, signifies a sea-horse or any large fish; and according to Gronovius, *Campas dicere, est nugari, fabulari, monstra et prodigia loqui, quæ ut plurimum fabulosa et mendacia sunt*.

Campas dicere, is to trifle, to talk idly, to speak of things marvellous, what usually turn out fables and lies.

V. 47. —*with th' iron teeth*—] This may allude to the teeth in his mouth; or to some country utensil, as a rake, or fork with iron teeth, which he may be supposed to have in his hand.

Proceed—

ACT V. SCENE II. 271

Proceed---I beg you would---While we're secure,
[*aside.*]

A mad man and a fool contend which shall
Be ruin'd first---

STRA. Younker, do you begin---
Give something---

STRAB. You begin; waste, and be ruin'd.

STRA. Accept this---pray---Here is a talent for
you, 60

'Tis *Philippæan*---

PHRO. Ay, so much the better.
Be now esteem'd part of our family;
But live, as usual; 'at your own expence

STRA. [*to STRABAX.*] For you now--Where's your
present?--Come, produce it.
Untie your purse-strings---

PHRO. A fair challenge that! 65
STRA. What art afraid of?

STRAB. You're a sharper---I
Live here, and stand in awe of my relations---
I ramble not, nor stroll about---I've brought her
A flock of sheep, tied up here, in my purse.

STRA. A pretty present that!--I've cut his comb. 70

STRAB. No, I've cut thine, in that my present's
made.

PHRO. Prithce walk in with me. [*to STRABAX.*]---

Ay, and you too--- [*to STRATOPHANES.*

STRA. Then I shall have your company---

STRAB. What's that?
What! shall this fellow have your company?

V. 70. --*I've cut his comb.*] In this passage we have followed
P. Falla's explanation, as it is in *Gronovius's* edition, or the
Variorum.

STRA.

STRA. I gave the last.

PHRO. Your present, troth, is given; 75
His is to come---I am possess'd of yours,
His is in expectation---I'll take care
To please you both; and even as you wish---

STRA. Well, be it so---We must, I find, take things
Rough as they run---

STRAB. My place you shall not have 80
I promise you---

PHRO. I've fairly caught them both,
And to my wish, by *Castor*! My affairs
Have had success, and so I'd manage yours.
What's yet to do, I prithee, let me know---

To the SPECTATORS.

For *Venus's* sake, the guardian of our Comedy, 85
Give your applause---Farewell; rise up, and clap---
[*Exeunt.*]

V. 82: —*my affairs*—] The original here is differently read, differently explained by commentators, and very difficult to be understood. If therefore we are mistaken, the learned reader will, we hope, excuse us.

* * * *Stratophanes* the captain begins this Act; who having a better opinion of the effect of his presents than of his merit, resolves to soften his mistress by doubling his generosity. He therefore accosts *Phronesium* with this intention. But the crafty courtesan only affects a greater indifference. She however accepts of what he so liberally offers her; but particularly takes care to give him an account of every thing that is necessary for the taking care of the infant; and then fairly tells the pretended father, that what he had already given, was scarce enough to find the infant in pap. To add to his embarrassment, *Strabax* appears; which disconcerts him not a little. Surprized to see a person to him quite unknown, he asks who he is; and *Phronesium* has the cruelty to tell him, it is one she loves much better than she does him: and caressing him before the captain's face, makes

makes him quite desperate. The two rivals then enter upon a disputation concerning each others generosity, and who shall give most to obtain his mistress's favours. *Sirabax* lets *Stratophanes* at defiance; and he returns the same compliment. Money costs him nothing; he gives it her by handfuls; and this was all *Phronesium* wanted; who sits as judge of the contention, and is at the same time the reward of the victor. However, in order to prevent any dissatisfaction, she leads them both in, in order to divide her favours between them.

Thus ends this Comedy. The character of *Phronesium* is a meer picture of the very worst and most debauched of courtezans, without the least remorse or punishment. And then in the end *Plautus* talks of its being dedicated to *Venus*; not to love, order, or elegance, but to lust and debauchery. It has scarce any humour in it; and the character of *The Churl*, or *Truculentus*, is, in regard to the business of it, absolutely, nobody. Yet according to *Cicero*, this Comedy was one of *Plautus's* favourites.

Quam gaudebat bello suo Punico Nævius! quam Truculentio Plautus! quam Pseudolo!
De Senectute, Sect. xiv.

How did *Nævius* exult in his Poem on the *Punic* war? What joy had *Plautus* in his *Truculentus* and in his *Pseudolus*?

Modern criticks too have been very lavish in commendation of it.

Hæc Comædia est altera, quam Ciceroni imprimis placuisse, de Catone intelligi potest. Et quamvis mendosissima et lacera ad nos pervenerit, tamen, quasi de ungue leonem, aut de culmo fruges estimant, ita de his reliquiis præstantia hujus fabulæ planè indicatur.

JOACHIM CAMERARIUS.

This is another Comedy, which we find by his treatise called, *Cato*, or concerning Old Age, *Cicero* was in particular pleased with. And though it has come down to us so excessively full of blemishes, and so mutilated; yet, as we judge of the lion by his claws, or of the grain of corn by the stem, so from these remains, the excellency of this Comedy may be estimated.

And *J. Palmerius* says, that it is *nulli Comediarum secunda*, second to none of his Comedies.

The foundation of this opinion, we scarce know how to account for. The ravages of time may have deprived us of some witticisms, some humour, or of some fine sentences ; and these perhaps may have been what *Cicero*, and ancient criticks have been so fond of. But surely, that could not alter the characters or conduct of the piece. We therefore join in opinion with the *French* translator, *Limiers*—

For my part, (says he) the man who in a Comedy looks for an interesting subject, an agreeable disposition of events, a plot well unravelled, and incidents naturally and happily managed, I ingenuously own, that, having discovered nothing of this sort in this Piece: it has not given me that satisfaction which many others have done, where all these beauties are to be met with.

The reader however will judge for himself ; and to his judgement we leave it.

The End of THE CHURL.

THE
CARTHAGINIAN.

T 2

PERSONS

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

HANNO, *the Carthaginian.*

BOY, *servant of HANNO.*

AGORASTOCLES.

MILPHIO, *his servant.*

COLLYBISCUS, *his baily.*

TWO WITNESSES.

ANTHEMONIDES, *a captain.*

LYCUS, *a procurer.*

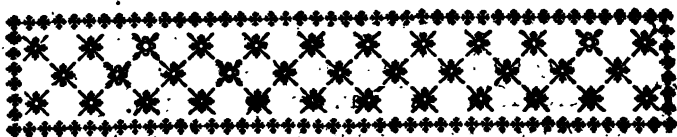
SYNCERASTUS, *servant of Lycus;*

ADELPHASIAM.

ANTERASTILIS.

GIDDENEME, *their nurse.*

SCENE, *CHALYDON, a city of ÆTOLIA.*



* P R O L O G U E.

MY pattern I've a mind to make *The Achilles*
 Of *Aristarchus*—From that Tragedy
 I'll take my opening to this Comedy.
 Hift then!—Be silent, and attend—Our chief,
 The manager, would have you all to hear; 5
 And in your places with good humour fit,
 Whether or full, or fasting ye are come.
 Those who have din'd, I look upon as wisest:

* PROLOGUE.] *Justus Lipsius* is of opinion that this Prologue is not written by *Plautus*, though it is most certainly in his manner. Speaking of it, he says,

Certe Plautinus Prologus, est non Plauti.

De Amphitheatro, Cap. xv.

A Prologue tho' not of *Plautus*, certainly in his manner.

V. 2. Of *Aristarchus*—] *Aristarchus* was a tragick poet. He wrote his Tragedy called *Achilles*, about two hundred and fifty years before the time of *Plautus*; which Tragedy was translated by *Ennius*. How far *Plautus* has imitated him, it is not possible to say.

DE L'ŒUVRE.

V. 8. *Those who have din'd*—] It appears by this passage, that during the second *Punic* war, when this Comedy was first represented, the hour at *Rome* of going to theatrical representations was just about dinner time; and, were that time certainly known, we might be able to fix the hour precisely. But the

178 P R O L O G U E.

Such as have not, may dine upon the Play.
 In him, who has his dinner, by our favour, 10
 Thus ready cook'd before him; it were foolish,
 To sit here fasting, with an empty stomach.
 Ho!—Cryer there!—Stand up, proclaim attention,
 I wait to see whether you know your duty.
 Come, exercise your lungs; by which you eat, 15
 Get clothes and living.—For unless you cry

learned tell us, it was very uncertain when the *Romans* eat their dinner; whether at eight, or ten in the morning, or just at noon. Their supper was usually at three in the afternoon, often not till six, or later. This appears by a passage in our author—

——— *Bac. It dies, ite intrò accubitus.*

Filii vos expectant intus—

Nic. Quam quidem actutum amoriatur.

Bac. Vesper est, sequimini—

Bacchides, A&V. Scene II. v. 85.

——— 1. *Bac.* The day wears fast, come in,
 And let us to our couches—

Nic. How soon we may be dead—

1. *Bac.* 'Tis evening—Follow——

Notwithstanding this, it seems reasonable to suppose that theatrical representations began at noon; in order that the audience might be dismissed before supper; which was their grand meal, as above mentioned.

V. 13. —*proclaim attention—*] The original is, *exsurge præco, fac populo audientiam.* Gronovius informs us, that it was the business of the *præco*, or cryer in the publick games, or upon the stage, to command silence, and procure attention.

—*Quum Claudio obstreperetur, audientiam facere præconem jussit.*

LIVIVS, Lib. xliiii. Cap. 16.

When a clamour was made, that *Claudius* might be heard, *Rutilius* the Tribune ordered a cryer, by proclaiming silence, to procure attention.

Out lustily, unheard you'll starve in silence,
Well, to have double wages, now sit down.

Heaven grant success!--Now my commands obey--
Let no stale mistress sit upon the stage— 20
Let not the Lictors, or his rods be noisy;

V. 18. —to have double wages—] That is, for proclaiming silence, and sitting down in silence.

V. 19. *Heaven grant success!*—] The original is, *bonum factum* 'st. This was the stated form, at the head of the Roman edicts, placed there as a good omen; and equivalent to *felix faustumque sit*. This *Plautus* uses jocosely at the beginning of the manager's ridiculous edict. Others tell us, it was a form of preface used in those times, *boni ominis causâ, for the sake of all good success*; and so common, that the initial letters B. F. stood for it; as S. C. did for *senatus consultum*. It seems to be pretty much the same with, *in nomine Dei, amen!* in the name of God, amen! which form is used at this time. A passage or two from *Suetonius* may illustrate this.

Peregrinis in senatum allectis, libellis propositum est bonum factum: ne quis senatori novo curiam monstrare velit.

Lib. i. *Julius Cæsar*. Sect. 80.

Upon the admission of aliens into the order of senators, a bill was proposed in this form, *bonum factum*, that no man should shew the senate house to any new senators.

—*statim libellus propositus est, et Chaldeos dicere bonum factum, ne Vitellius Germanicus intra kalendarum diem usquam esset.*

Lib. vii. *A. Vitellius*. Sect. 14.

—there was a bill proposed to this effect, *bonum factum*—
We give warning by these presents unto *Vitellius Germanicus*, that by the said day of the kalends he be not seen in any place whatever.

V. 21. *Let not the Lictors*—] *Lipsius* tells us, this was not one of the Lictors belonging to the chief magistrates; but one of those who attended the *designatores* or *marshals at funerals*. But we do not see why a Lictor belonging to the magistrates, might not attend

Nor while the actor's still upon the stage,
 Shew any to their seats : those who have ta'en
 Too long a nap at home, 'tis fit should stand ;
 And be content, nor think of sleeping here. 25
 Let the slaves stand, that freemen may sit down,
 Or pay for seats, if they have wherewithal.
 Or else march home, and 'scape a double evil ;
 Here to be beat with rods, at home with thongs,
 If things be not in order, when their masters 30
 Come back again. Let nurses keep their bantlings
 At home, nor hither think of bringing them,
 Lest they should die with thirst, their brats with
 hunger ;

Or, when they want the teat, should baa-like kids
 For milk. Let matrons silent see the piece, 35
 And smile in silence too ; nor with their voices,
 Loud as they're shrill, come to this place to babble.
 Home is the place to hold their prittle-prattle ;
 Nor tease their husbands here, and at home too.

And now to you, the umpires of our Piece, 40
 Be ye impartial ; give to no comedian
 The palm of honour, but as merit claims.
 For private pique, or interest none exclude ;
 Left to good actors you prefer the bad.

at the *Roman* theatres for the same purpose that the guards attend
 at ours. See LIPSIVS, *Singulari Electorum*, Cap. xxiii.

V. 26. *Let the slaves stand—*] Concerning this, the reader
 may find much erudition, if he consults LIPSIVS *De Amphitheatro*,
 Cap. xv.

V. 32. *—nor hither think of bringing them,*] What is here very
 justly censured, is too much the practice at our theatres at this
 time.

This one thing more, I had almost forgot— 45
Rush, while we're acting, to the cake-house, lacqueys,
Now is your time, run, while the rolls are hot.
These are the manager's commands—By *Hercules*!
All would have good success, if for himself
Each one would but remember these his orders— 50

Now to the story of the Comedy—
That you may be as wise as I myself,
Its scene, its bounds, abutments I'll lay down;
For you must know that I am made surveyor—
But first of all, if you so please, I'll give you, 55
The name of this our Piece—If you don't please,
I'll tell it ne'ertheless—For I've authority
From those who manage—This same Play in Greek
Is call'd *The Carthaginian*; but in *Latin*
'Tis term'd by *Plautus*, *The Pulse-eating Uncle*. 60

V. 47. —now while the rolls are hot.] The original is, *scribitæ*, a kind of rolls or cakes, with letters upon them. Perhaps not unlike our letter'd gingerbread, much in repute among children and school-boys.

V. 59. —*The Carthaginian*—] The original is *Carchedonius*, which has that signification.

V. 60. —*The pulse-eating uncle*—] The original is, *patruus puliphagonides*. What the Romans called *puls* was a composition made of meal, water, honey, cheese and eggs. There was a particular sort called, *puls Punica*; so called because the *Carthaginians* were particularly fond of it. The reader will find the receipt to make it in *Cato, De Re Rusticâ*, Cap. 85, 86. This was probably intended by *Plautus* as a reflection on the *Carthaginians*, who were at that time at war with them. Some commentators notwithstanding (*Lambin* and *Turnebus* in particular) say, that it means the Roman uncle; as the Romans at one time, made use of what they called *puls*, instead of bread. But this opinion *Taubman* controverts. On the whole, it seems pretty certain that *puliphagonides*, *pulse-eating*, must mean *Carthaginian*.

Simpliger

You have the name; and now shall know the rest.
 'Tis here our story will be criticiz'd;
 On its own stage its judgement 'twill receive.
 You are the criticks; exercise your office.

There were two brothers, *Carthaginians* both, 65
 Both opulent, and of a noble family:
 One yet is living, but the other's dead.
 And this with greater confidence I say,
 Because the embalmer, who embalm'd him told me.
 The brother who is dead, had but one son. 70
 This only son, when seven years old was stolen
 From *Carthage*, and secreted from his father—
 Six years indeed before the old man's death.—
 He, seeing he had lost his only son,

Scaliger and *Salmassius* are clear in it: though, instead of the composition above mentioned, they say, that *puls* signified a vegetable, which grew in particular about *Carthage*, and was therefore called *puls Punica*. There are who think, that instead of *patruus* we should read *parvus*. This answers to the common title of the Comedy, *Pænulus*; which strictly means *The Little Carthaginian*. The *Carthaginians* were frequently ridiculed by the *Romans* for the shortness of their stature. But as *patruus* is the reading of all the editions we have seen, it seems best to abide by it.

V. 62. 'Tis here our story will be criticiz'd—] This is an allusion to the *Roman census*. We have given it a different turn; or rather only dropt the allusion. Had it been preserved, it would scarce have been intelligible to the *English* reader, without a tedious note.

V. 65. *There were two brothers*—] The original is, *fratres patruales duo*, two cousin-germans by the father's side: and therefore *Hanno* the *Carthaginian* was first cousin once removed, or what we sometimes call Welsh-uncle to *Agorastocles*. But since through the whole Comedy *Hanno* and *Agorastocles* call, and speak of each other as uncle and nephew, we have, to avoid confusion, translated *fratres patruales*, *brothers*—

Fell sick with grief, making his brother heir; 75
 Then, without taking leave, set out for *Acheron*.
 The kidnapper brought off the child to *Calydon*;
 Here sold him to a rich old man, desirous
 Of having children, but averse to marriage.
 This old man bought him, without knowing him 80
 To be the son of his old host at *Carthage*,
 Adopted him, and made him when he died
 His heir--The young man lives there in that house--
 To *Carthage* shall I now return again--
 Have you, good folks, any commands at *Carthage*? 85
 If so, pay down the ready, or you trifle--
 But if you pay it, you will trifle more--
 This old man's uncle, old, and living still
 At *Carthage*, had two daughters--Five years old
 Was one, the other four: when with their nurse 90
 Together they were lost: and from *Megara*,
 By stealth, convey'd away to *Anactorium*.
 There the kidnapper sold for ready money
 Both nurse and children, to a man, (if pandars
 Are men) the most accursed upon earth-- 95
 Yourselfs may farther guess what kind of man

V. 76. --without taking leave--] The original is, *sine viatico*; which in this place, we apprehend, means that he died suddenly or unexpectedly, setting out in haste, without provisions for so long a journey.

V. 91. --from Magara--] A place in *Carthage*, as *Limiers* informs us, planted with trees, and made use of by the inhabitants as publick walks.

V. 92. --from Anactorium--] *Anactorium* was a town in *Acarnania*, a country before that time called *Curetis*; being a part of *Epirus* in *Greece* (now *Carnia*) separated from *Leucadia* only by a bridge.

He is, whose name is *Lycus*—From that town,
 From *Anactorium*, where he liv'd before,
 He, on account of gain, remov'd but lately
 Hither to *Chalydon*—In that house he lives. 100
 By that young man here, ignorant who she is,
 And little thinking she's his own relation.
 Yet he has ne'er enjoy'd her; he's so harra's'd
 By that vile pandar, and so tantaliz'd—
 As yet he has neither privately debauch'd her, 105
 Nor brought her home in publick, as his own.
 The rascal would not part with her: but seeing
 How the youth lov'd her, rais'd his price the higher.
 The younger sister is a captain's flame,
 Who fain would purchase her to be his mistress.
 The *Carthaginian*, having lost his daughters,
 Seeks them by sea and land; and at each town 110
 Finds out the courtezans, where'er they live:
 Gives gold, prolongs the night in his enquiries,
 Whence, of what family, of what estate,
 Servile, or free; taken in war, or stolen.
 So wisely of his daughters he pursues 115
 The search; so subtly too. All languages

V. 97. —*whose name is Lycus*—] From the Greek *λυκος*,
a wolf. Common women were also called *lupa*; and brothels,
luparia. So our author.

Divertunt mora virgini longè ac lupa—

Epidicus, Act III. Scene III. V. 22,

——— The difference is great between
 A modest virgin and a common woman ———

V. 100. —*to Chalydon*—] A city of *Ætolia*, a country in the
 middle of *Greece*.

He knows; but hides his knowledge, he's so true
 A *Carthaginian*. 'Twas but yester eve,
 In short, he landed at this port. The father
 Of these two girls is uncle to the youth. 120
 D'ye take it? If you do, then draw it out:
 Break it not short; but let the Play go on— [*going*.

V. 118. — *he's so true—A Carthaginian—*] This is another reflection on the *Carthaginians*. And the reason seems to be, that this Comedy was wrote and acted during the second *Punic* war. And indeed there seems to be much ground for the reflection. *Punica fides* was become a proverb. Thus the old senators of Rome, to *Marcus* and *Attilius* on their return to Rome.

Hæc Romana esse, non versutiarum Punicarum calliditatis Græcæ: apud quos fallere hostem quam vi superare gloriosus fuit.

LIVIVS, Lib. xlii. Sect. 47.

These were true Roman manners, not the fraudulent cunning of *Carthaginians*, or artifices of the *Grecians*, who reckoned it more glorious to over-reach an enemy, than to conquer him by open force.

Cicero also calls them, *fraudentos et mendaces, deceitful persons and liars*: and in his oration *De Haruspicum responsis*, he says,

—*Nec robore Gallos, nec numero Hispanos, nec calliditate Pœnos, nec artibus Græcos superavimus.*

We are not superior to the *Gauls* in strength, nor to the *Spaniards* in number, to the *Carthaginians* in cunning, nor to the *Grecians* in arts.

V. 121. *D'ye take it?*—] The original is, *Tentis*, &c. in which word there seems to be an equivocal turn, as it means to *understand*, as well as to *hold off* with the hand; as does *dirumpatis* a little farther on; which may mean here, to *break the rope*, or, to *interrupt*. *Lambin* says, there is an indecent joke intended; and, according to his explanation, it is indecent indeed. We are inclined to think with *Gronovius*, that it alludes to some boyish diversion with a rope. But as the allusion does not hold in *English*, we have dropt it.

Hold!

Hold! I'd almost forgot to tell the rest.
 He who adopted this young man, was guest,
 And well received by the *Cartbaginian*, 125
 Who will this day be here, and find his daughters;
 With this his brother's son—as I've been told.
 Well, I go in and dress. And you with coolness,
 Remember this—He who to-day arrives here,
 Will find his daughters and his brother's son. 130
 Then fare ye well—Attend—I'll go, e'er long
 To appear another man. For what remains,
 Some remain here, who will explain it to you—
 Farewell—Now favour us.—And so the goddess
 Salvation be propitious to you all.

V. 128. *Well, I'll go in and dress—*] That is, for the part he was to act in the Comedy; which some have thought probable, was that of *Agorastocles*.

V. 135. *Salvation be propitious to you all.*] See *The Captives*, Act III. Scene III. note. Vol. I. of this translation.



THE
CARTHAGINIAN.



A C T I.

S C E N E I.

Enter AGORASTOCLES and MILPHIO.

AGORASTOCLES.

MILPHIO, to you I often have intrusted
Matters of doubt, which wanted much advice;
They by your wisdom, labour, kindness, care,
And art, have all succeeded to my wish;
For which good deeds, I own I owe to you
Your liberty, and many thanks to boot. 5

MIL. Old sayings, timely introduc'd, are clever,
Pye-crust and promises are made, 'tis said
But to be broken: now you wheedle me;
Your promises are sieves; they won't hold water; 10

V. 8. *Pye-crust and promises*—] The original is, *geræ germanæ, atque edepol liræ liræ*. A proverbial expression borrowed from the Greek, and used to signify, any thing trifling or of little importance. Gronovius in his *Lectiones Plautinæ*, observes that *Aristophanes* in his *Plutus*, Act I. Scene I. when the old man is threatening

Meer words of course; meer castles in the air.
But yesterday you wore out three bull thongs
Upon my hide—

threatning his servant, if he is impertinent, he will scourge him, makes use of the expression, V. 22—24.

Χρ. Μὰ Δι' ἀλλ' ἀφελὼν τὸν σέφατον ἢ λυπηρῆς τί με,
ἵνα μᾶλλον αἰγῇ;— Καρ. Λῆρος—ὃ γὰρ παύσομαι
Πρὶν ἂν φρασῇς μοι, τίς ποτ' ἔστιν ἔτσι.

Chremylus. By *Jupiter*! if you plague me I will—first taking off your chaplet, to punish you the more—

Cario. This is trifling: I shall never leave off, 'till you tell me who that fellow is.

So again, Act II. Scene V. in the same Comedy. When *Poverty* is enumerating a number of things, which if *Plutus* was to recover his sight, men would not concern themselves about, *Chremylus* answers, V. 517, 518.

Λῆρον ληρεῖς—ταῦτα γὰρ ἡμῖν πένθ' οσα συνὶ κατέλεξας,
Οἱ θαρσύνοντες μοχθήσουσι.

Ridiculous trifter! our slaves will with their labour perform for us all you have enumerated.

And a little farther in the same Scene, where *Poverty* is observing “that *Jupiter* must of necessity be poor; for if he was “rich, would he when he celebrates the *Olympick* games, for “which purpose he convenes all *Greece* every five years, crown “with wild olive those whom he proclaims the victorious wrestlers? It would rather become him to give them a golden “crown.” When *Chremylus* replies, V. 586.

Οὐκ οὖν τῷτ' δὴτ' ἀλοῖ τιμᾶν τὸν πλεῖστον ἐμείρος.
Φειδόμενος γὰρ καὶ βυλόμενος, τῷτ' μηδὲν δατανᾶσθαι,
Δῆρος ἀναδῶν τῆς νικῆνται, τὸν πλεῖστον ἱὲ παρ' ἑαυτῷ

By this instance you see he manifestly shews his respect for riches: for with the utmost frugality and hatred to expence, he binds the victors with trifles, and keeps all the riches to himself.

FIELDING and YOUNG.

Quid

AGO. I am in love; and what
Through love I did, you should forgive, my *Milphio*.

MIL. Nothing more just.—Why, now I am in
love

O'er head and ears; let me give you a drubbing;

As you did me, and for no fault at all.

You should, you know, forgive a man in love.

Quid ergo? Kalendis Januarii Panfa spes? ἀγῆρος πολὺς, [nugæ multæ] in vinò et in somnò istorum?

CICERO *ad Atticum*, Lib. xvi. Epist. i.

What then? is nothing to be expected from *Panfa* at the kalends of *January*? Egregious trifling! to expect any thing from such as think only of drinking and sleeping.

In regard to *gerræ*, the origin of the proverb, take the following account from *Festus*.

Gerræ, cratères vimineæ. Atheniensibus, cum Syracusas obsiderent et crebro gerras poscerent, irridentes Siculi gerras clauitabant: unde factum est, ut gerræ pro nugis in contemptu dicuntur.

Other twigs fastned together in bundles or fascines, were called *gerræ*. When the Athenians were besieging the *Syracusans*, and were often calling aloud for these fascines, the *Sicilians* in ridicule used to cry out *gerræ*: on which account that word became in use, to signify in contempt, any thing trifling.

Plautus again makes use of the word in the same sense.

—*gerræ maximæ!* *Epidicus*, Act II. Scene II. v. 49.

Trifles indeed!

If the reader chuses any thing farther on this subject, he will find it in *Erasmi Adagia*, Chil. ii. Cent. 4. Sect. 10.

As a literal translation of this passage might not have been so pleasing to the reader, especially as it is introduced by way of adage; we have substituted an *English* proverb in the room of it, which has pretty much the same signification.

AGO. Why, if you long, and it will give you pleasure,
I give consent; bind, tye me up and scourge me. 20
You've my permission—

MIL. Ay, but when you're loos'd,
If that permission you should then revoke,
I shall be hang'd.

AGO. And dare I serve you so?
Whene'er I see you scourg'd, each stroke gives pain.

MIL. I'm sure I feel that pain.

AGO. And so do I. 25

MIL. I would you felt it all. But what's your pleasure?

AGO. Why should I lye? I love immoderately.

MIL. Yes, yes, my back is sensible of that.

AGO. I tell you, I'm in love with *Adelpbasum*,
Our neighbour here, this pandar's eldest girl. 30

MIL. You told me that before.

AGA. I'm on the rack
With my desire—But *Lycus*, that vile pandar,
Her master—Dirt itself is not more dirty—

MIL. Would you present him with some mischief
now?

AGO. With all my heart.

MIL. Present him then with me. 35

V. 35. *Present him then with me.*] *Milpbio*, who asked whether *Agorastocles* would make a present of some mischief to the pandar, *Vin' tu illi nequam dare nunc?* Yes, replies *Agorastocles*, *Cupio*. *Present him then with me*, says *Milpbio*—*en! me dato*; for then he'll have a rascal like himself. *Utrumque faxo habebit, et nequam et malum*. There is an *equivoque* in this passage, which depends on the double sense of the word *nequam*, which signifies a *rascal* as well as *mischief*. *Agorastocles* takes it in the latter sense, and *Milpbio* in the former.

GURDEVILLE.

AGO.

AGO. Go, hang yourself.

MIL. But tell me now in earnest :
Say, would you wish to be a plague to him ?

AGO. I would.

MIL. Send but this self-same me, I'll see,
He shall have plague and mischief too.

AGO. You joke ! 40

MIL. Wish you, without all loss or charge of
yours,

To see your mistress free ?

AGO. I wish it, *Milphio*.

MIL. I'll see it done. Three hundred *Philippæans*,
Gold ones, you have within.

AGO. Six hundred too.

MIL. Three hundred are enough—

AGO. Well then, and what 45
Will you do with them ?—

MIL. Peace ! The pandar whole,
And with him, his whole family, I mean
This day to you a present—

AGO. By what way ?

MIL. I'll let you know—Your bailiff *Collybiscus*
Is now in town : this pandar knows him not. 50
D' you understand ?

AGO. I understand your words—
But I'm quite ignorant of what you drive at.

V. 43. *Three hundred Philippæans*—] A *Philippæan* was a coin much in use among the ancients, even the *Romans*, in *Plautus's* time. It was of gold ; and had the head of *Philip of Macedon* stamped upon it. At this time in *France*, *Louisdares* are so called, from having the head of *Louis* stamped upon them. Its value was about two guineas ; as *Lambin* informs us, in a note on a passage in *Bacchides*. It is mentioned by *Plautus* in many of his Comedies.

MIL. Ignorant?

AGO. Troth, I am—

MIL. Then I'll inform you.

Give him the gold to carry to the pandar :
 And with it, let him say, that he's a stranger 55
 Come from some other town, with a desire
 To gratify an amorous inclination ;
 And wants some private place, where he may freely
 Indulge his appetite. Greedy of the money,
 The avaricious rogue will take him in ; 60
 And man and gold conceal.

AGO. I like the plot.

MIL. You'll ask him, if your slave is in the house ;
 Me, he'll suppose you mean ; and answer, no.
 No doubt then, but he'll be adjudg'd a thief ;
 And fin'd to pay of both the double value, 65
 The slave and money.—He can't raise the sum ;
 Him then, and his whole family to you
 The Prætor will decree in open court ;
 And thus our wolfish pandar's in a pit.

AGO. I like the scheme. 70

MIL. You'll like it more, when more
 I've polish'd it—At present 'tis but rough.

AGO. Unless you want me, *Milphio*, I am going
 To *Venus*' temple ; 'tis her feast to-day.

V. 60. *Indulge his appetite.*] Some of these short tautologies are omitted.

V. 68. *The Prætor will decree.*] Civil causes were tried before the city Prætor, and a certain number of other judges, who were in the nature of a jury. The cause was determined by the opinion of the majority.

V. 73. —*'tis her feast to-day.*] The original is, *Appredifia hodie sunt*. The feasts of *Venus* were called *Appredifia* from her
 her

MIL. I know it is.

AGO. To see the courtezans;
And feast my eyes with harlot-finery. 75

MIL. No, first begin the action of our plot.
Let's in, and well instruct your *Collybiscus*
How to behave, and carry on the cheat—

AGO. Tho' love's my master, you I will obey.

MIL. And I'll take care you shan't repent the
deed. 80

[Exit AGORASTOCLES.

There is in this man's heart a spot of love,
Which by no means can e'er be wash'd out clean,
Without much loss to somebody—And *Lycus*,
That wicked pandar here's a proper person.
At him the bolt of mischief is well aim'd, 85
And soon I'll draw the string. See, *Adelphastum*,
And *Anterastilis* are coming hither.
The foremost's she has turn'd my master's brain.
I'll call him—*Agorastocles*! Holla!
If you would see the sweetest games, come forth. 90

Re-enter AGORASTOCLES.

AGO. What is this bustle, *Milphio*?

her name, which in *Greek*, is *Αφροδίτη*; a name derived from
ἄφρος, *foth*; because *Venus*, according to the poets, was sup-
posed to have arisen from the froth of the sea.

V. 85. —the bolt of mischief, &c.] The original is, *balista*;
properly an engine, out of which stones are thrown; and *balista-*
rium, is the place where the *balista* is mounted. There is a lit-
tle liberty taken in the translation. Literally, it would be, *The*
balista is shrewdly aim'd at him, and soon I'll let fly at him, from the
place where it is mounted.

V. 90. —the sweetest games—] i. e. his mistress.

MIL. 'Tis your mistress,
If you would see her.

AGO. May the gods reward you,
Who offer to my view this charming sight!

S C E N E II.

*Enter ADELPHASIUM, ANTERASTILIS, and
an ATTENDANT.*

ADEL. The man that wants employment in
abundance,

Let him procure a woman and a ship;
For no two things can furnish you more business;
Especially when you begin to rig them.
These are two things are never rig'd enough; 5
Nor is there any end of 't, they so love it.
And this I speak from very late experience;
For we from dawn, from peep of day, till now,
Have never given intermission to
Our washing, rubbing, wiping, smoothing, dressing, 10
Polishing, painting, forming of our features;
And yet we had two handmaids to assist us,
Washing and cleaning—We quite tir'd two men
With bringing water—Fie upon't! What plague
One single female gives: but two I know, 15
Can for a nation find full work enough;
Who night and day, thro' every stage of life
For ever wash, and wipe and dress, and deck.
In short, the golden mean's no rule for us:
We know no end of washing and of rubbing. 20
And she who only is wash'd clean, and not
Thoroughly dress'd, passes, I think, for dirty—

ANT. I am amaz'd to hear you talk so, sister:
You, who're so witty, circumspect and wise:
For when with nicest art we've trick'd ourselves, 25
Do all we can, we scarce can find us lovers.

ADEL. Why that is true—But ever think on this.
In every thing, the golden mean is best.
Excess in its own nature, is a plague;
A manifest vexation to mankind— 30

ANT. The men (I prithee, sister, think on this)
Deem us, like salt-fish, without taste or sweetness;
Unless well soak'd in water, they are so rank,
So salt, one cannot touch 'em. Such are we,
Tasteless, and graceless without cost and dress. 35

MIL. In my opinion, *Agorastocles*, [apart.]
This girl here is an arrant cook—She knows
To freshen salt-fish—

AGO. Don't be troublesome.

ADEL. Peace, sister, pray: let others talk so of us;
And let us not ourselves proclaim our foibles—

ANT. Well, I have done—

ADEL. I love you for't—But answer; 40
Are all things ready here, to make the gods
Propitious to us?—

ANT. I've taken care of all.

AGO. How fine a day! how charming, how de-
lightful,
Worthy of *Venus*' self, whose feast it is!

V. 33. —*soak'd in water*—] The original is, *muriatica *** nifi multa aquâ usque et diu macerantur*. Gronovius in his *Lectiones Plautinæ* informs us, that the antients before they dressed their salted fish or meat, in order to take off their rankness, and that they should not be too salt, used to soak them for some time in fresh water; and this they called *muriatica macerare*. The practice continues to this day.

MIL. Nothing for me, who call'd you to this
fight?— [apart to AGO.] 45

Don't I deserve a cask of good old wine?

Come, say you give it me: Ha! not a word?

He has lost his tongue, I think: Why, what the
deuce!

You stand astonish'd.

AGOR. Suffer me to love:

And don't disturb me—Prithee hold your tongue. 50

MIL. I'm dumb.

AGOR. Had you been so, you'd ne'er
have said so.

ANT. Come sister, let's be going,—

ADEL. Ha! my dear!

Why that way are you hurrying?

ANT. Do you ask?

Our master's waiting us at *Venus'* temple.

ADEL. Why, let him wait—The altar's crouded
now. 55

You would not sure, squeeze in 'mongst bakers
strumpets,

Old worn out punks, wretches with train oyl greas'd;

Low dirty slaves that stink of their own filth,

Whom ne'er a freeman would take home, nor touch,

The penny drabs of little dirty slaves. 60

V. 45. *Nothing for me—] ea quid gratiæ, what will you give,
what favour will you do me?*

V. 57. *Old worn out punks—] Reliquias alicarias, Women who
have got their living by prostitution.* AINSWORTH *Advoc.*

V. 58. There follows in the original *sellam et sessibulum merum*; which we have omitted in the translation. *Sessibulum* is an
atensil, conveying no very cleanly idea.

MIL.

MIL. Be hang'd—And dare you too to spurn at us?
A punk!—As if she was a beauty!—As if
Herself was fit for princes!—O prodigious!—
A pigmy thus to throw out words so big!—
A wench, for whom I would not give a straw!— 65

AGO. O ye immortals!—Gods omnipotent!
What greater beauty is with you above?
What have you there, that I should ever think
You more immortal than myself, whose eyes
Are ravish'd with such exquisite delight. 70

Venus above is *Venus* now no longer.
To this true *Venus* will I pray henceforward
With eyes of love, propitious to regard me.
Milphio! where are you?

MIL. Present to your asking.

AGO. A pretty present!

MIL. You are merry, Sir. 75

V. 65. —*I would not give a straw.*] There is a designed variation in the translation. The original is, *nebula cyathos*, a cup made of a cloud; an expression used to signify any thing very insignificant or trifling. *Gronovius* observes, that *Aristophanes*, when he was introducing *Socrates* upon the stage, in order to expose him, for giving up his mind to insignificant trifles, makes him pay adoration to the clouds, as goddesses.

V. 74. *Present to your asking.*] The original is, *ubi es?*
MIL. *Assum apud te eccum!* AGO. *Ego elixus sis volo*—Literally, *Where are you?* MIL. *Present at your elbow.* AGO. *I'd rather you were boil'd.*—It is a pun on the word *assum*, which signifies, *I am present*, or, *I am roasting*; which *Agorastacles*, though the word in the first sense is a good answer, chuses to take it in the latter, and says, *I had rather you was boiled.* This will not well do in a translation, as it would make *Milphio* begin the joke; which will not agree with the context. We have endeavoured therefore, to preserve some sort of joke, but have given it quite another turn.

AGO,

AGO. I learn this from you—

MIL. From me do you learn
To love the girl whom you have never touch'd?
That's nothing new to you—

AGO. I love the gods,
And fear 'em, yet restrain th' unhallow'd touch.

ANT. By *Castor*! when I look on our attire, 80
We're dress'd so ill, it grieves me.

ADEL. Well enough!
Dress'd for our master's gain, and our own too—
Where the expence exceeds, there are no gains.
In dress; enough is better than too much.

AGO. Now may the gods so love me, *Milphio*, as 85
I'd rather she should love me, than the gods.
This woman would constrain a flint to love her.

MIL. You've hit the mark; for you, who love her so,
Are senseless as a flint.

AGO. But witness for me,
I never yet have soil'd her lips with kisses. 90

MIL. I'll hie me therefore to a pool or lake,
And get some soil.

AGO. Some soil? And what to do?

MIL. I'll tell you what—To soil her lips and yours.

V. 78. *That's nothing new to you.*—] The original is, *nihil hic quidem est*. Commentators vary extremely which character to give this sentence to; and also, what it means. If therefore we err, we err with men of learning.

V. 90. —*soil'd her lips with kisses.*] The original is, *nunquam limavi caput*. Here is a play upon the words *limavi* and *limum*; which, though they have a similarity of sound, have very different meanings.

In this place, *limare* signifies, *to join beads*, and *limum*, *mud*. Though immediately after, where *Milphio* says, *ut illi et tibi limem caput*, it means *to daub*.

AGO:

AGO. Go to the gallows!

MIL. I'm next that already.

AGO. Do you persist?

MIL. I'm hush.

AGO. Be ever so. 95

MIL. At my own game you challenge me, and yet

Make game of me yourself.

ANT. Now you may think
Yourself well dress'd, good sister; but you'll sigh,
When others, on comparison, are finer.

ADEL. I find no envy, sister, in my frame, 100
And a good disposition far prefer
To gold: for gold's the gift of fortune: goodness
Of disposition, is the gift of nature.
Rather than wealth, may I be bless'd with virtue.
O, modesty becomes us more than scarlet; 105
And is a brighter ornament than gold.
Bad manners foil the finest dress, e'en worse
Than dirt; but virtuous ones, do by their deeds,
Brighten the foulest.

AGO. *Milphio!* do you hear?
Wilt play a merry prank?

MIL. With all my heart. 110

AGO. Take my advice—

MIL. I will—

AGO. Go home and hang
Yourself:

MIL. And why?

AGO. For that again, on earth,
Such honey dropping words you will not hear.
Why should you live?—Take my advice, and swing.

MIL.

MIL. If you'll swing by me, like a bunch of grapes. 115

AGO. But I have reason good to live—I love
My *Adelphastum*—

MIL. I to eat and drink.—

ADEL. [*to ANT.*] Sister—

ANT. What say you? What is your desire?

ADEL. Don't you observe my eyes, before not clear,
Are brilliant now?

ANT. But here is something still, 120
I'th' middle of your eye.

ADEL. Lend me your hand.

AGO. And do you rub those eyes with unwash'd
hands?

ANT. We've been too indolent to-day—

ADEL. And why?

ANT. For that we did not come before 'twas
light

To *Venus*' temple, and prefer our fire 125
First on her altar.

ADEL. Ah! no need of that.
It is for night-dark faces to seek night
For sacrifice. Before the goddess wakes

V. 115. —*like a bunch of grapes.*] *Pro uva passa*, a sort of grape hung up in the sun to wither, and afterwards scalded in a *lixivium* or lye, either to be preserved dry, or to make sweet wine of. See COLUMELLA *De Re Rusticâ*, Lib. xii, Cap. 16

—*tum pensilis uva secundas*

Et max ornabat mensas, tum duplici sicu.

HORAT. Lib. ii. Sat. ii. V. 120.

—Grapes long hung up,

Nuts and large figs adorn'd our second course.

They

ACT I. SCENE II. 301

They speed their work; for were her eyes but open,

So ugly they, by *Castor*! they would fright 130
Venus, and drive her out from her own temple—

AGO. *Milphisa*!

MIL. Poor *Milphisa* is a wretch indeed.
Well, what with *Milphisa* now?—

AGO. Mark, I beseech you—
Her mouth drops honey.

MIL. Nothing but tile cakes,
Indian corn, wheat, poppy and parch'd nuts. 135

V. 134. *Her mouth drops honey*—] The original is, *μυλὴ ἀκνίστη*, *she speaks sweet wine*. Mr. THORNTON has observed in a note on *Aulularia*, *The Miser*, Act I. Scene V, Vol. II. of this translation, to which the reader is referred, that *Aristophanes* has a pretty expression of this kind, *ῥόδα μὲν ἔειπνας*, *You have spoken roses to me*. To which we may add a similar instance from *Persius*.

*Quod si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,
Corvos postas et postridas picas,
Cantare credas Pegasus nectar—*

Prologus, V. 12.

—Hang but lure enough in view,
And they shall strait turn poets too,
And like the Muses, crows and pics
Shall nectar sing.

I am aware that most of the modern editions read *pegaseum nectar*, but the reading of the old editions is *pegaseum nectar*.

V. 134. *Nothing but tile cakes*—] The original is, *lateralos*; so called from their form, being made in the shape of a tile.

DE L'OEUVRE.

V. 135. —*poppy*—] The *papaver* or *poppy* was most undoubtedly propagated by the *Romans*, and used for food.

AGO. Think you I am in love?

MIL. Yes, with your lofs.

*Nec non et lini fegetum et cereale papaver
Tempus humo tegere* — VIRGIL. *Georgic. Lib. i. V. 112.*

Now in their beds your poppies hide, and flax. WARTON.

Columella mentions the fame in his treatife *De Re Rusticâ*, Lib. xi. Cap. iii. Sect. 43. But the following passage from *Pliny*, puts the matter out of all doubt.

Papaveris sativi tria genera: candidum, cujus semen tostum in secunda mensa, cum melle, apud antiquos dabatur.

Nat. Hist. Lib. xix. Cap. 8.

Of the manured poppy there are three sorts; the white, the seed of which parched, and mixed up with honey, was made use of by the antients in their second course.

Matthioli also observes from *Dioscorides*, that bread was made of it.

E sativi papaveris genere, quod hortense fit, semen in panem densatur.

Of one species of manured poppy, the garden one, the seed is thickened up into bread.

And this, though other explanations are given of the matter, may possibly be the reason, why *Ceres* is represented as bearing corn and poppies. I have been told too, that in the cabinets of the curious is a coin of *Adrianus*, upon whose reverse was figured a vessel containing the ears of wheat, and among them the head of a poppy, with the inscription, ANNONA. CORN.

The reader will give me leave to add one more instance. Speaking of *Ceres*—

Α'υτίκα Νικήτην (τὰν δι πόλις ἀρήττειραν
Δαμοσίαν ἑσάσειν) ἑίστατο· γίντο δὲ χαρὶ
Στέμματα καὶ μάκωνα·

CALLIMACHUS *Hymnus in Cerecem*, V. 43.

—Instant she took

Nicippa's form her priestess: and in hand

The crown and poppies bore—

DODD.

And

And that's what *Mercury* by no means loves.

AGO. In love's trade sure we should not deal for gain!

ANT. Come, sister, let's be going.

ADEL. As you please.

Follow me this way then.

ANT. I follow you. 140

AGO. They're moving. Shall we join 'em—

MIL. Join 'em you.

AGO. First, to the elder health, to you the next,
[coming up to them.]

Second in value, health; and health beside

[to the attendant.]

To you the third, whose value I don't count.

ATTEND. Then have I lost my labour and my
pains. 145

AGO. Whither away?

ADEL. What I?—to *Venus'* temple.

AGO. Why there?

ADEL. In order to appease the goddess.

AGO. What! is she angry? Sure, it cannot be
But she's propitious; I will answer for her.

ADEL. What are you doing? Why do you tease
me thus? 150

AGO. So cruel?—Ah!

ADEL. Forbear, I beg of you.

AGO. Why in such haste?—The temple's crowded
now.

ADEL. I know it is.—I would be seen and fee.

V. 133. —*what Mercury by no means loves.*] Because he pre-
sided over profit and advantage, and was the god of merchants.
From whence he was also called *Hermes*, from the Greek, *supervisor*.

LAMBIN.

AGO.

AGO. And take you pleasure to behold such
frights,

Or to expose your beauties to their gaze? 155

ADEL. At *Venus'* temple it is *Venus'* fair;
There merchants meet, and I would shew myself.

AGO. To goods unsaleable, the purchaser
Must be entic'd by art; but your choice wares
In corners tho' they lye, soon find a buyer. 160

But what is your intention?—At my home
When shall we lay our heads and sides together?

ADEL. That day when *Pluto* sends away the dead.

AGO. I've got some money burning in my pocket.

ADEL. Give it to me, I soon will cool its heat. 165

MIL. Smart that! in troth!

AGO. Go, rascal, to the gallows!

MIL. The more I look, the more she seems a
bauble;

A topping of false hair.

AGO. Prate to yourself.

You're tiresome.—Come, lift up this veil of yours.

[to ADELPHASIVM.]

ADEL. I'm purified in order to attend 170

The sacrifice—Nay, nay, hands off, I say.

V. 164. — *burning in my pocket.*] The original is, *nummi lymphatet, money made as it were, and endeavouring not to stay where it is.*

V. 168. *A topping of false hair*] The original is, *magis est nimbat, the wearing of false hair to the forehead.* A topping was false hair made for that purpose. The word is now in use in the north of England; though perhaps grown obsolete in the other parts of the kingdom.

V. 170. *I'm purified*—] It was the custom for those who were preparing for sacrificing, or any other office of divine worship,
to

AGO. So—so—What now is to be done?

MIL. What done?

Why, if you're wise, this matter end at once.

AGO. What business is't of yours to intermeddle

170

In my affairs?—Say, *Milphio*, what art doing?

MIL. [*aside.*] This love's my plague!—What your commands with me?

AGO. What think you is the reason she's so angry?

MIL. Why she's so angry?—What care's that of mine?

That's your affair.

AGO. 'Tis over with you, rascal, 175

Unless you make her calm as is the sea,

When there the halcyon feeds her young.

MIL. Well, say

What must I do?—

to take care to do nothing displeasing to the deity they were going to pay their adorations to. On this account *Adelphastium* will not permit *Agorastocles* to touch her, for fear she should be contaminated by his hands. It was owing to the same delicacy, that they always bathed before they went to the temples.

GRUBDEVILLE.

V. 171. —Say, *Milphio*, what art doing?] This passage is variously read, and differently explained. We have followed that explanation which seemed to us most agreeable to the context.

V. 176. —calm as is the sea, &c.] *Fœtificans* [*halcyones*] *bruma*, qui dies *halcyonides* vocantur, placido mari per eos et navigabili, Sæculo maxime. PLINII *Nat. Hist.* Lib. x. Cap. 32.

These, [the halcyons or king's-fishers] have their young in winter, and the days at that time are called halcyon days; during that season, the sea is calm and navigable, especially on the coast of Sicily.

AGO. Fawn, sooth, intreat.

MIL. I will,
And that most heartily—But your ambassador, 180
Good now, don't give him, Sir, a dressing for it.

AGO. Well, well, I'll not.

ADEL. Come, let us now be going—
Still do you stop me? 'Tis ill done of you—

[to AGORASTOCLES.

Many fair promises you've made me, Sir,
And all in vain—You've sworn, not only once, 185
But sworn an hundred times to make me free.
While I on you depended thus, nor fought
For other aid, the aid you promis'd me
Appears not; and I still remain a slave.

Sister, pass on—Nay, leave me— [to AGORAST.

AGO. Then I am ruin'd. 190
Ho! *Milphio*, what are you about?

MIL. My joy,
My life, my dear, my pleasure, my delight,

[to ADELPHASium.

My pigfney, my dear little lip, my health,
My heart, my honey, sweet as mother's milk,
Soft as cream-cheese—

V. 180. —*your ambassador*—] The original is *oratore*m, which, in this passage, and another, V. 233. *Gronovius* in his *Lectiones Plautinae*, says, means *ambassador*.

Tres validissimæ urbes Etruriæ capita, Volscinii, Perusia, Arretium, pacem petiere; et vestimentis militum, frumentoque pacti cum consule, ut mitti Romam oratores licet, inducias in quadraginta annos impetraverunt.

LIVII, Lib. x. Cap. 37.

Three of its most powerful cities, *Volfinii*, *Perusia*, and *Arretium*, sued for peace; and having agreed with the consul to furnish his troops with clothes and provisions, they had liberty to send *ambassadors* to *Rome*, and obtained a truce for forty years.

AGO.

ACO. Shall I, before my face 195
Let him address her thus?—May I be tortur'd,
If I don't order he be whirl'd to th' hangman
P' th' racer's car—

MIL. Nay, Madam, don't, I beg you,
On my account be angry with my master.

ADEL. By your good leave, I will.

MRE. You're far too hasty. 200
He'll give much money for you—He will make you
A citizen of *Athens*, a free woman—

ADEL. Why don't you let us go—What would
you say?

To those who wish us well, we wish the same.

MIL. If heretofore he has deceiv'd you—now 205
You may in truth, rely upon his word.

ADEL. Begone, thou would'st trepan me—

MIL. I obey.

On this condition tho' let me entreat you,
Let me but touch your ear, but kiss your hand:
I must, or make you kind, or make him weep. 210
He'll beat me too, I'm wofully afraid,
Unless I can prevail—Ay, that he will.
I know the crabbed manners of the man.
My sweetest creature, I beseech you then
Suffer yourself to be prevail'd upon. 215

V. 204. *To those who wish us well—*] The original is, *qui bene volunt*. Some editions instead of *volunt* read *visitent*.

V. 209. *Let me but touch your ear—*] This passage describes a method of kissing, wherein the person to be kissed, was, by the kisser, held and pulled forward by the ears till his lips met the other's. This *Brookbushus*, in his observation upon the passage in *Tibullus* (which we shall cite in this note) tells us, the *Italians* called a *Florentine kiss*. *Lambin* observes, that it was a custom when a lover kissed his mistress, to take hold of her ear.

AGO. If I don't strait tear out that scoundrel's eyes,

Thrust his teeth down his throat, I'm not a man
Of three pence—There, take that, and this, you
rascal. [beats him.]

This, for your honey, your delight, your heart;
This, for your health, your little lip, your darling, 220

MIL. O impious! do you beat thus your am-
bassador?

AGO. And more than this—I'll add to it, your
pigney,

M. De L'Oeuvre also tells us, as does *Limiers* from *Scaliger*, in
a note on a parallel place in *Asinaria*.

‘Οὐκ ἔραμ’ Ἀλκίπας, ὅτι με πρὶν ἢ ἐφίλασε,
τῶν αὐτῶν καθελοῖς, ὅσα οἱ τὰν φάσσαν ἔδωκε.

THEOCRITUS, *Idyl.* v.

I love not *Alcippus*, (for I hop'd would prove
More kind) when I presented her a dove,
She did not clasp my ear, nor kiss'd, nor call'd me love. }
GREEK.

*Et factus matrona dabit, nataque parenti
Oscula compressis auribus oripuit.*

TIBULLUS, *Lib.* ii. *Eleg.* v. V. 91.

The wife shall then her numerous offspring see,
And the child hold the father by his ears
'Till their lips meet——

And we meet with it again in *Plautus*—

Prebende auriculis, compara labella cum labellis—

Asinaria, Act III. Scene III. V. 78.

——Take me by the ear, and press
Your lips to mine——

V. 217. —I'm not a man of three pence—] The original is,
Non ego homo trioboli sum—

Your

Your little lip, your tongue.

MIL. What, ne'er have done?

AGO. Is this the way I bid you plead my cause?

MIL. How should I then have pleaded? 225

AGO. Do you ask?

Why, rascal! thus—You, this my master's joy,
I do beseech his little lip, his heart,
His darling, honey, and his mother's milk,
His tongue, his sweet cream cheese, yes, you whipt
scoundrel,

His darling, you scourg'd rascal, his delight, 230
His heart. Whate'er you mention'd as your own,
You should have spoke as mine.

MIL. Well, be it so.

I then intreat of you, my master's joy,
And my aversion—his fair-bosom'd friend,
My spiteful foe, his eye, my eye sore, honey
To him, my gall—With him be not you angry-- 235
Or, if you cannot help it—

ADEL. Take a rope

And hang yourself, your master, and his slaves.

MIL. So! now shall I, on your account, be forc'd
To feed on pottage! By your love, I've got
A back as hard as any oyster-shell, 240

ADEL. Would you that I should rather interpose
To save your back, than that he should be true.

V. 234. —*his fair-bosom'd friend,*] *Hujus amica mammeata,*
literally, *his full-breasted mistress.*

V. 239. —*to feed on pottage—*] The original is, *vilandum
forbilo*, literally, as we have translated it. Some commentators
say, it means to live on sighs, metaphorically; as those who eat
pottage or spoon-meat, draw in their breath, as well as those do
who sigh.

310 THE CARTHAGINIAN.

ANT. Give *Agorastocles* some gentle answer,
I beg you, that he may'nt be troublesome
To us—for he detains us from our business— 245

ADEL. You're right—Well, Sir, this one fault
more I pardon.

I am not angry—

AGO. Are you not indeed?

ADEL. Indeed, I'm not—

AGO. Then, that I may believe you,
Seal but my pardon with a kiss.

ADEL. Anon,

When from the sacrifice I shall return. 250

AGO. Therefore make haste.

ADEL. Come, sister, follow me.

AGO. And hark ye! Pay my compliments to *Venus*.

ADEL. I will.

AGO. And hear this too.

ADEL. What is it? say.

AGO. Be your devotions short—And hear once
more—

Turn—Look on me.—She turn'd towards me her
eyes. 255

Venus for this, I trust, will look upon thee.

Exit ADEL. ANT. and ATTENDANT.

V. 255. *Turn, look on me—*] The original is, *respice*. There is an equivocal meaning in the word *respicere*, which signifies, *to look back upon*, and *to have a regard for*. The *English* does not well preserve it. Some editions in the next verse read *respexit*; some, *respexi*. Some give it to *Agorastocles*, some to *Milphio*, and others, to *Adelphasium*. We have followed that which we thought most agreeable to the context.

SCENE

SCENE III.

AGO. Well, *Milphio*, what advice d' ye give me now?

MIL. Why, scourge me first, and then proclaim an auction.

E'en sell your house over your head at once.

AGO. How so?

MIL. Because your dwelling's in my mouth.

AGO. Truce with this prate.

MIL. What now is't you would have? 5

AGO. E'en now I gave my bailiff *Collybiscus*,
But just before you call'd me from the house,
Three hundred *Philippæans*—I adjure you
By this right hand, and by its sister here,
This left; by your own eyes, and by my loves, 10
And by my *Adelphastum*, and by
Your liberty—

MIL. Now you adjure by nothing.

AGO. My little *Milphio*, my friend, my guardian.
Do what you promis'd; and point out the way
How I may ruin this procuring rascal. 15

V. 2. —*proclaim an auction.*—] Some commentators have observed that there is in the original an *equivoque* between the words *auctor* and *auctio*; if so, it is not to be translated; nor can we think of any thing in imitation of it.

V. 3. *E'en sell your house*—] This pleasantry is scarce worth explaining. *Milphio* supposes himself his master's house, because he is continually speaking of him, or to him. *Your dwelling's in my mouth.*

V. 8. *Philippæans* —] See note on Act I, Scene I. v. 43.

V. 12. —*by nothing.*] Because *Milphio* was still a slave.

MIL. An easy task!—Go bring your witnesses;
While I within, with wiles and with disguise
Equip your bailiff for my plot.—Be gone—

AGO. I fly—

MIL. More like to be my case than yours.

AGO. And should I not, if you play well your
part— 20

MIL. Only be gone.

AGO. Your freedom give you!

MIL. Go.

And not to do't this very day—Depart—

AGO. I would not take as many pieces, I—

MIL. You—Only go—

AGO. As there are ghosts in hell—

MIL. Still here?—

AGO. Or drops of water in the sea— 25

MIL. Will you depart or not?—

AGO. Or clouds i'th' air—

MIL. What will you ne'er have done?

AGO. Or stars in heaven—

MIL. Still din my ears?—

AGO. I'd take nor this nor that,
Nor—in good earnest now—No, not by *Hercules*!
What need of many words? Or why not shorten— 30

V. 19. *More like to be my case than yours.*] Here *Milphio* seems to allude merely to his being a slave. To fly or run away being a common trick with them; and often mentioned by *Plautus* as such.

V. 30. *What need of many words?*—] From hence to V. 38. *Plautus* designedly makes *Agarastocles* talk unintelligibly, in order to tease *Milphio*. From V. 24 to V. 30. M. De L'Oeuvre observes, that if you take what *Agarastocles* has said just before, join his interrupted discourse, and add the ellipses, it will stand

Since here we may in one word speak out freely,
And yet not mean it seriously—But how ?
'Tis thus—Now may the gods so love me !—
Would you I speak in honest faith and truth ?—
Which here in private you and I may do ? 35
May *Jupiter* so deal with me—D' you know
My meaning ?—Do you look to that. And don't you
Believe the story now which I've been telling.

MIL. If I can't make you go, I'll go myself.
This speech of yours hath need of *Oedipus*, 40
And *Sphynx*'s riddle right interpreted—

[Exit MILPHIO.]

thus— "Should I not give you your liberty to-day if you do what
" you had promised, if you impose upon the pandar, and de-
" liver *Adelphastum* to me, I do not deserve so many *Philippeans*
" of gold, as there are dead men in the shades, waves in the sea,
" or stars in the sky."

We have endeavoured in some measure to make the translation agreeable to this conjecture.

V. 33. — *Now may the gods so love me !—*] All this is excellent satire on the insincere ; who to gain credit, call the gods, and even *Jupiter* himself to witness to a falsehood. It seems to begin at verse 29 ; and the verses preceding serve as an example of it, and introduce it by an easy transition.

V. 40. — *hath need of Oedipus—*] *Juno*, in her displeasure against the city *Thebes*, sent the inhabitants the *Sphynx* to plague them. This *Sphynx* was a monster, with the face and speech of a woman, the wings of a bird, and the rest of the body resembling that of a dog, or a lion. This monster proposed enigmatical questions to those it met with, and those who could not explain them, it devoured. The oracle was consulted ; when they were told, they should not get rid of the monster, unless they could find out the meaning of the enigma or riddle ; which was, " What is that animal, who in the morning hath
" four feet, two at noon, and three at night ?" This *Oedipus* undertook to explain: He said, " it was a man ; who in infancy
" crawl

314 THE CARTHAGINIAN.

AGO. He's gone, and in a rage—I must beware
Left in the way of my amour, I lay
A rub by my own fault—I'll e'en be gone

“crawls on all four, during his state of manhood stands on two
“legs, and when old makes use of a stick, as a third leg, to
“to support him.” The monster on hearing this, in rage,
knocked out its brains against a rock. LIMINGA.

Oedipus, when he is demanding aid of the infernal gods, as
Statius relates it, uses this expression—

—*fi Spynxos iniquæ*

Callidus ambages te pramonstrante resolvit.

Thebaisides, Lib. i. V. 66.

If seconded by thee, I durst chastise
Th' insidious Sphynx, and gain'd the glittering prize.
WIL. LILLINGTON LEWIS.

Terence too alludes to it, and much in the same manner as
Plautus does.

—*Darus sum, non Oedipus*—

Andria, Act I. Scene II. v. 23.

—I'm *Darus*, and not *Oedipus*.

COLMAN.

* * It seems to be agreed on all hands, that this Comedy was
written during the time of the second *Punic* war; and that that
circumstance gave occasion to the writing of it. Yet *Hanno*,
the *Carthaginian* is by no means the principal character. He
does not appear till the opening of the fifth Act. It has been
mentioned, that it is not called *Pannus*, *The Carthaginian*, but
Pannulus, *The Little Carthaginian*. Some have thought it was
done so by way of contempt. But it may be observed that
Plautus affects these diminutives where no such thing is intended.
So *Cistellaria*; not *Cista*, *The Casket*, not *Cistella*, *The Little*
Casket, but *Cistellaria*, *The very little Casket*. The same may be
said of *Aulularia*, *Mostellaria*, &c. The subject of the Comedy
is fully explained in the Prologue, which is a very long one.
This Act is opened by *Agorastocles* and his servant *Milphio*, who
are scheming in what manner to be revenged on one *Lycus*, a
pandar,

And fetch the witnesses—Where love commands, 45
Free tho' I am, my slave I will obey — [Exit.

pandar, who had his mistress in his possession. *Milphio* finds out an expedient, by the assistance of *Collybiscus*, bailiff of *Agorastocles*, to draw the pandar into a snare. This being determined, *Agorastocles* leaves the management of it to *Milphio*; and recollecting that this was the day when the courtezans went to the temple of *Venus*, in order to pay their devotions there, he determines to take that opportunity of seeing his mistress; when on the instant, *Milphio* sees her and her sister on their way thither, and calls to his master to feast his eyes with the sight. This is the business of the first Scene. The second opens with *Adelphosum*, *Anterastilis*, and an *Attendant* going to the temple of *Venus*. The master and the servant go apart, and after the courtezans have expatiated a little on the subject of their intended devotions, they are joined by *Agorastocles* and his servant. After some little raillery, in which the servant bears his part, *Adelphosum* reproaches her lover, with not having been so good as his word in giving her her freedom. Matters however, are after a little time made up, and the Ladies go off to the temple of *Venus*, leaving the master and the servant in the third Scene, to finish their design on the pandar, and in what manner he was to be imposed upon by *Collybiscus*; which they agree should be, by his hiring of witnesses to carry on the design. This ends the first Act; and the interval between this and the second, is taken up with the necessary time for *Agorastocles* to go in search of these witnesses.

End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

Enter LYCUS.

LYCUS.

IF ever pandar, shall from this day forth,
 Offer at *Venus*' shrine one single sacrifice,
 Or e'en of frankincense one single grain,
 Him may the gods render unfortunate!
 For wretched I, with whom the deities 5
 I worship, are in wrath, have sacrific'd
 To-day six lambs; and yet have not been able
 To make this *Venus* to my vows propitious.
 Since I could not appease her, off I went,
 And in a rage forbad them cut the entrails;
 Nor would I look at them—I did believe 10
 The goddesses undeserving, when the priest
 Pronounc'd the entrails inauspicious:
 Wherefore I chous'd the niggard deity,
 And made a feint. When that which was enough,
 She would not deem enough, I held my hand: 15
 'Tis thus I act, and thus I ought to act.

V. 5. —*the deities I worship*—] By his deities, the pandar means *Venus* and *Mercury*, the proper deities for such kind of people. MAROLLES,

V. 14. —*made a feint*—] The original is, *Veneri ut adierit manum*. *Adire manum*, *Pareus* tells us, is a metaphor taken from wrestling, and signifies making a *feint*, and thereby deceiving the antagonist. Here it means, *to make an offer to Venus, and not to give what was offered*.

I will

ACT II. SCENE I. 317

I will engage the other gods and goddesses
Will sooner be contented, and less greedy,
When they shall know the pandar chous'd their
Venus.

The soothsayer, a good for nothing chap, 20
Mischief and loss, and angry gods denounc'd.
How can I credit such a man as this,
In ought divine or human; when immediately
I had a present of a silver mina?
But where I wonder has this captain stopp'd, 25
Who gave it me? and whom I've ask'd to dinner.
Oh! here he comes—

Enter ANTHEMONIDES.

ANT. As I was telling you,
You rogue, of that same pentethronic fight;
When in one day full sixty thousand men,
Ay, flying men, with my own hands I kill'd— 30
LYC. How! flying men!

ANT. Yes, I affirm it, Sir.

LYC. Are there, I pray, such things as flying men?

ANT. There were; but I have kill'd them all.

LYC. And how?

ANT. I'll tell you—I deliver'd to the legions 35
Birdlime and slings; and on each sling they laid
Some leaves of coltsfoot.

V. 28. —*pentethronic fight*,] *Pugna pentethronica*. A grand sounding word, coined by the captain, without any meaning.

V. 37. *Some leaves of coltsfoot*.] The original is, *folia fursaria*. The commentators are divided in their opinions what these leaves were. Some think they were leaves of the poplar tree, some of a plant like *coltsfoot*, and others that it means any leaves in general. It is not very material.

LYC.

Lyc. Why?

ANT. O, to prevent
The birdlime's sticking to the flings.

Lyc. Proceed.
You lye with a good grace, by *Hercules*! [*aside.*]
What then?

ANT. Some birdlime-balls of moderate size, 40
They put into their flings; then I gave order,
They on the flying men should be discharg'd.
In short, whome'er the birdlime hit, they fell
As thick as pears; and as each dropp'd, I strait
One of his feathers run quite through his brain, 45
And kill'd him, just as you would kill a pigeon.

Lyc. If ever such a thing was done, may *Jupiter*
Whene'er I sacrifice, ne'er grant my prayers.

ANT. Don't you believe me then?

Lyc. Yes, I believe—
Just as I should believe. Come, let's go in, 50
And wait until the entrails are brought home.

ANT. I long to tell you of another battle.

Lyc. I mind not battles.

ANT. Hear—

Lyc. By *Hercules*!

ANT. I'll break your head, unless you either hear,
Or else go hang——

Lyc. Rather go hang myself— 55

ANT. And you're determin'd not to hear me then?

Lyc. Determin'd —

V. 46. — *a pigeon.*] The original is, *turturum*, properly *a turtle dove*. Though the resemblance indeed is not very striking, yet there is possibly enough in this braggart captain's giving an account of his adventures, to put the reader in mind of *Ben Jonson's Captain Bobadil*, in *Every Man in his Humour*.

ANT.

ACT II. SCENE I. 319

ANT. Prithee, on this lucky day
Of *Venus*' feast, secure me your least girl.

LYC. My holy matters take so odd a turn,
I put off business to another time, 60
For I'm resolv'd to make it holyday.
Come, let's go in—Follow me this way.

ANT. Yes.
This day I follow you : my pay—the girl—

[*Exeunt.*]

* V. 58. —of *Venus*'s feast—] See Act I. Sc. I. v. 73. note.

* * This Act, which consists of only one Scene, is opened by *Lycus* the pandar, who is going to offer sacrifice in the temple of *Venus*. The poet here, in order to prepare the spectators for the catastrophe, makes *Lycus* pretend that the goddess was greatly displeased with him, and that ill omens attended him; on which he abuses both the goddess and her priests. He is then joined by *Anthemonides* a captain, and suitor to *Anterastilis*, one of the courtezans he had in his custody. He had promised her to the captain, who now comes to purchase her of him. However, *Lycus* not chusing to settle this matter now, as from what is before mentioned, he supposes this an unlucky day; puts him off to another time; but invites him into his house as his guest, till the courtezans shall have been come back from the temple. And their conversation together is supposed to fill up the second interval.

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Enter AGORASTOCLES, and two WITNESSES.

A G O R A S T O C L E S.

SO may the gods be kind ! as nothing more
 Provokes a man, than a slow friend ; especially
 A man in love, who's always in a hurry.
 Here lead I on these crawling witnesses,
 Slower than loaded hulks in a calm sea. 5
 My elder friends on purpose did I wave,
 Knowing full well their age would make them slow,
 So much delays I dreaded to my love.
 In vain I chose these youngsters, slow as snails,
 Who walk in gyves. [*to them.*] If you'd be here
 to-day, 10
 Come on—Or go and hang yourselves elsewhere.
 Is this the expected gallop of a friend,
 To help the impatience of a man in love ?
 Your steps are surely bolted through a sieve,
 Unless you had been taught to walk in fetters. 15

V. 5. —*loaded hulks*—] The original is, *corbitæ*, large heavy loaded, trading vessels, used for merchandize, usually to carry corn.

V. 9. —*youngsters*— The original is *procos*, which the commentators tell us, means *young men*, *men of a marriageable age*.

V. 14. —*thro' a sieve*,] The original is, *cribro pollinario*, a sieve used to sift the finest flour.

WIT.

WIT. Hark you!—Tho' we plebeians seem, and
poor,

Bespeak us fair; or, high and mighty Sir,
We want not courage to attack the wealthy.
Nor care we what it is you love or hate.

When we our freedom bought, our money paid
for it, 20

Not yours—We ought to act as freemen, nor
Do value you a rush—Think not we'll be
Slaves to your passion—No—Free citizens
Should, through the city walk a sober pace.

'Tis only fit for slaves to hurry on. 25

Now too, the state at peace, our foes no more,

'Twere shame to make a tumult in the streets—

Were you in such a hurry for our help,

You should have summon'd us the day before.

Think not that we shall bustle through the streets; 30

Nor have the mob throw stones at us for madmen.

AGO. Had you been ask'd to dine here in the
temple,

A running footman or a stag you'd pass—

V. 32. —*to dine here in the temple,*] The original is, *in ædem vos dixissent*. The commentators tell us we must supply the word *sacram*; it being the custom of the antients to invite their friends to the temples, in order to eat up what was left of the victims that had been offered up in sacrifice. We meet with it again in our author—

—*nunc si in ædem ad cenam veneris.*

Trinummus, Act II. Scene IV. v. 67.

If you was present at a feast i' th' temple. THORNTON.

V. 33. *A running footman*—] The original is, *clavatore*, one who carries a club, or large stick; and, as being swift of foot, was sent from the army with dispatches. We know not with

322 THE CARTHAGINIAN.

But now because I said, as advocates
And witnesses I brought you, you are gouty, 35
And in slow motion have outdone a snail.

WIT. And reason good, to run at such a rate
When we at free cost eat and drink our fill :
Since we make no return, but as we please.
Nevertheless, tho' we are poor, at home, 40
We find sufficient—Treat us not with scorn.
Whate'er our little pittance is, 'tis all
At home, and we are neither dun'd, nor dun.
Not one of us will burst his veins for you.

AGO. You are too warm—I spoke it but in jest. 45

WIT. Then think it was in jest we answer'd you.

certainly that the *Romans* had any such servant as a *running foot-man* ; though the variety of them was almost infinite. Some editions read *grallatorem*, one who walks upon stilts, consequently takes long strides.

V. 33. — *a stag you'd pass.*— The swiftness of the stag is notorious even to a proverb.

V. 38. — *at free cost, &c.] edas de alieno* ; and then follows, *nunquam reddas domino*, *we never make return*. You cannot ever compel a person who has fared sumptuously, to return what he has eat and drank, to the master. There is a play upon the word *alienus*. Whoever makes use of what is the property of another person, is obliged to restore it. But whoever eats and drinks what is the property of another person, plainly makes it his own, and cannot be compelled to restore it. BOEHMNIUS.

V. 44. — *burst his veins* —] The original is, *rupturus ramices*. *Ramex* signifies a *rupture*. *Ramices*, in the plural number, is used for *large veins in the breast*. *Plautus* again makes use of the word—

Tua causâ rupi ramices, jam dudum sputo sanguinem.

Mercator, Act I. Scene II. v. 27.

I've burst a vein already for your sake—
And now I spit blood.—

COLMAN.

AGO.

Ado. Good now, give me a fly-boat, not a hulk.
Hobble at least—I may not say, make haste.

Wit. Go soft and fair, you're welcome to our
service;
But if you hurry, send for witnesses 50
From off the turf—

Ado. You know th' affair—I've told you
Wherein I want your help—This pandar here,
Who has trick'd and baffled the poor lover long,
I think between my money and my servant
I have him fast—

Wit. We know all this already. 55
If these spectators knew as much 'tis well.
To pleasure them, the Comedy is acted—
More proper then to give them information;
That when things come about, they understand
them.

Never fear us—We know the whole affair— 60
We've learn'd our lesson with you, and can answer.

Ado. That's true enough—But come—That I
may know
You comprehend the business readily,
Repeat again what I've been saying to you.

Wit. You're trying us?—D'you think we don't
remember 65

You gave three hundred golden *Philippæans*
To *Collybiscus*, to your bailiff here,
To carry to your enemy the pandar?—
That he was to pretend he was a stranger,
And of some other city, far from hence? 70

V. 47. —not a hulk—] *Corbitam*. See note on V. 5.

V. 51. *From off the turf*—] The original is, *cursorer, racers*.

When he has brought the gold, you thither go,
To re-demand your money and your slave.

AGO. You have the whole by heart—You've sav'd
my life.

WIT. He'll deny all: will think you're seeking
Milphio.

That doubly proves the theft: and the poor pandar 75
Decreed your slave—And this you'd have us witness?

AGO. You take it right—

WIT. The affair's so very small,
That we can scarcely take it 'twixt our fingers.

AGO. This must be done with speed and expedition.

V. 77. *You take it right, &c.*] *Lambin* would fain fix an obscenity on this passage. But we are clear, with *Gronovius* and *Limiers*, that *Plautus* intended no such thing. The original is, *Tenetis rem? You understand the affair?* says *Agorastocles*, *Ita pauxilla est, digitulis primoribus. It is so small, that we can scarcely feel it 'twixt our fingers*, replies the witness. The whole is no more than a double entendre of the word *res*, which signifies money, property, as well as business—an affair—*Agorastocles* takes it in the last sense, the *Witness* chuses to take it in the former.

We meet with the same kind of *equivoque* again in *Plautus*:

PLAN. *Magna res est,*

PHÆD. *Nulla est mihi: nam quam habui, absumpsi celeriter—*

Curculio, Act V. Scene II. V. II.

PLAN. 'Tis an affair of consequence.

PHÆ. I've nothing now of consequence, what I've had
I've quickly seen an end of—

Here *Planesium* uses *res* for business—an affair—and *Phædrus*, as money, property, meaning that he has spent it all.

It is much the commentator had not endeavoured to have found out the same sense in this passage. But instead of that, he has explained it in the same manner we have done.

Then

Then make all haste that possibly you can., 80

WIT. Oh! fare thee well—Find nimbler witnesses;
We are too slow—

AGO. You move exceeding well—
Did you but speak as fluently—I wish [aside.
Your thighs were in your ancles.—

WIT. We, your tongue
Were in your back, your eyes were in your feet. 85

AGO. Marry! you should not be so very angry,
At what I said in jest—

WIT. And you should not
Thus with your idle jests, ill treat your friends.

AGO. Let's drop the argument—You know what
I want.

WIT. Full well—You would undo this perjurd
pandar. 90

*Tis that's your point.

AGO. You take it very right.
And see, where opportunely, *Milphio* comes;
And *Collybiscus* too, my bailiff, with him:
He's admirably accouter'd for the plot.

V. 84. —*were in your ancles.*] The original is, *femina in talos wellm.* Some editions, instead of *femina*, read *flemina*; and so make *Agorastocles* with a defluxion in the witness's ancles. Quite contrary, as we conceive, to *Plautus's* meaning; who rather wishes that their legs were stronger, in order that they might move on faster.

V. 94. —*admirably accouter'd.*] The original is, *basileus, regally.*

SCENE II.

Enter MILPHIO, and COLLYBISCUS, dressed like a person of condition.

MIL. [*to COLLYBISCUS.*] You have your lesson well by heart?—

COL. Exactly.

MIL. Take care you understand it.

COL. No more words.

Why, your own legs don't understand you better.

MIL. Come, practice all your speeches for the plot.

COL. Tragic nor comic actor cannot be
More perfect— 5

MIL. You're the man for me.

AGO. I'll join them.

Here are my witnesses [*to MILPHIO.*] all ready, see.

MIL. You never could have found so many men,
Men fit for the purpose: they have no vacation:

V. 3. *Why your own legs don't understand you better.*] The original is this: *Milphio* says, *Vide sis calleas. Take care you understand it.* *Collybiscus* replies, *Quid opus est verbi? callum aprugnum callere æque non finam.* A literal translation of which would scarcely be intelligible. There is a quibble in the word *calleo*, which signifies *to know*, or *to understand*, and, *to be as hard as brawn.* *Callus* means the *hardness* or *brawniness* of the skin; and *callum aprugnum*, the *horn of brawn.* The verb *calleo* is formed from *callus*; for knowledge is supposed to be gained by the labour of the mind, as the *callus* or hardness of the skin by that of the body. This conceit could not be translated. Another is substituted in the room of it, which, bad as it is, we hope the reader will pardon,

Meer knights o'th' post--They always live in court, 10
And there you'll see them oftner than the Prætor.
There's not a man of law this day in *Athens*
More fit to stir up barratry than these—
For if no suits were found, these men would sow
them.

WIT. The Gods confound thee!

MIL. [*aside.*] You into the bargain. 15
By *Hercules*! in this you've acted kindly,
[*to the witnesses.*]
To aid my love-sick master—Are they well
[*to AGORASTOCLES.*]

Instructed in this business?

AGO. In the whole of it.

MIL. Well, mind me then.—Know you this pandar,
Lycus?

WIT. Yes, perfectly.

COL. I know him not by sight; 20
Pray, point him out—

WIT. We shall take care of that.
We have our full instructions.

AGO. Here he has got
[*pointing to COLLYB.*]
Three hundred pieces in full tale.

WIT. But we
Would see the money, *Agorastocles*,

V. 10. *Meer knights o' th' post*—] The original is *comitiales*; by which we are told, are meant, litigious people, who constantly attend courts of law in order to foment differences between parties.

V. 15. *You into the bargain*—] This passage is differently read in different editions. We have followed *Gronovius*, who says, *Milphio* intends by his answer to curse the *Witnesses*; and therefore speaks in such a manner, that the words may bear another sense.

To know what evidence to give anon.

25

Aco. Then look upon't—'tis gold.

Col. Spectators, troth

'Tis play-house gold: with this well steep'd, in *Barbary*

V. 27. *'Tis play-house gold—*] The commentators tell us, that in a play, where money was to be produced, the actors made use of lupines instead of it, as our actors at present make use of counters.

Vir bonus et sapiens dignis ait esse paratus;

Nec tamen ignorat; quid distant æra lupinis—

HORAT. Lib. i. Epist. vii. V. 22.

The wise and good with better choice bestow,

Yet real gold from play-house counters know, FRANCIS.

There is an account of the manner of planting and managing these lupines, in *Pliny's Natural History*, Book xviii. Chap. xiv. And they are mentioned both by *Columella* and *Palladius De Re Rusticâ*: in the former, Book x. V. 115; and in the latter, Book vii. June 3. And the former (*Pliny*) tells us, they were food for man as well as for cattle.

Mr. Ray, after describing this plant, adds,

Ex Lupino macerato, subant nummi, quorum in Comædiis usus est:

Historia Plantarum, Vol. I. pag. 906.

From the lupine when soaked, are made pieces of money, such as are used in the performance of Comedies.

And *Blanchard*, after a very expressive and long description of the plant, says—

Flori succedit filiqua foeta seminibus planis compressis in complanatam figuram sphaericam; extus albis, intus medulla flavâ aurei coloris repletis;

And then adds,

Ex hac medulla confecere olim aurum comicum.

Lexicon Medicum Renovatum, pag. 530.

—To the flower, succeed pods full of flat seeds, compressed into a level shape, spherical, white on the outside; and within, full of yellow pith, of the colour of gold.

And then adds,

Of this pith they formerly made the money used in Comedies.

V. 27. —*well steep'd, in Barbary, &c.*] In *Barbariâ*, i. e. in *Italy*, or in any country but *Greece*: and though *Plautus* in general

ral

You might fat oxen—But for our design,
'Tis *Philippa*—

WIT. We'll pretend it is so.

COL. Pretend too, that I'm a foreigner.

WIT. And that 30

On your arrival here to-day, you ask'd us
To point you out a place, where in the joys
Of love and wine, you might indulge yourself—

MIL. Thorough-pac'd rogues!

AGO. For I've instructed them.

MIL. And who instructed you?—

COL. Come *Agorastocles*, 35

ral gives his characters *Roman* manners, notwithstanding the scene is laid in *Greece*, and consequently his characters are *Grecian*; yet sometimes he deviates into truth; and makes his characters speak as if they were really *Grecians*, who called every other nation but their own *Barbarians*. The *Grecians* had undoubtedly a better right to assume that insolence than a neighbouring nation of our own; whose best tragick writers have been notoriously guilty of the same fault—which the reader may see proved beyond a doubt, if he will do himself the pleasure of reading a most ingenious Essay on the writings and genius of *Shakspeare*. We would not reflect upon the learned of that nation, whose opinions we know to be different, and whose judgement we revere: but we are afraid, it is the general sentiment as well of their great vulgar, as their small.

In regard to their calling every nation but their own *barbarians*, and their cities *barbarous*, see *The Captives*, Vol. I. of this translation, A& IV. Scene II. v. 145, and the note.

V. 33. *Of love and wine*—] The original is, *pergracari*, *drink like a Grecian*. See *The Apparition*, A& I. Scene I. v. 26, and the note, Vol. III. of this translation.

——Let's die like *Romans*,

Since we have liv'd like *Grecians*.

BEN JONSON. *The Fox*, A& III. Scene VIII. *Volpone*.

330 THE CARTHAGINIAN.

Go in, for fear the pandar should discover
That you are with me; some unlucky accident
May then bring on a hindrance of our plot.

MIL. This man's exceeding wife!—Do as he bids
you. [to AGORASTOCLES.

AGO. Let's go--But you--Have I yet said enough? 40
[to the witnesses.

COL. Pray go.

AGO. I go—I ask!—Immortal gods!—

COL. Why don't you go?

AGO. I'm going—

MIL. Wise to do so.

[*Exeunt AGO. and MILPHIO.*

COL. Hift!—silence!—hif!

WIT. What now?

COL. The doors have done

A thing indecent.

WIT. What d'ye say? indecent?

COL. They've creak'd aloud. 45

WIT. Confound you! get behind us.

COL. It shall be so—

WIT. Well, we walk first, you say.

COL. So—These buffoons are playing their old
game;

They're placing of their friends behind their backs.

V. 45. *They've creak'd aloud.*] The original is, *crepuerunt clari*; which word has given *Plautus* an occasion for a pun. *Crepe* or *crepito*, signifying *to creak* or *make a noise*, and also *to fart*. This makes him say, *the doors have done a thing indecent*.

V. 47. —*These buffoons, &c.*] The original is, *scurræ*. See *The Discovery*, Act I. Scene I. v. 13. and the note, Vol. III. of this translation.

WIT.

WIT. The man you see there coming out's the pandar.

COL. He's a good man, he looks so like a rogue. 50
Now will I suck his blood, ev'n at this distance—

SCENE III.

Enter LYCUS.

LYC. Captain, I'll soon return—I fain would find
[*speaking to* ANTHEMONIDES *within.*]
Some pleasant rogues to make a jolly party.
Mean while they'll bring the entrails; and I fancy
The girls will be return'd from sacrifice.
But what's this croud? Do they bring any thing? 5
And who is he in regimentals there?
He is not of *Ætolia*.

WIT. Save you, *Lycus*.
The compliment goes somewhat 'gainst the grain,
For pandars are a set of people, we
Have no great love for—

LYC. As it cannot be, 10
I wish you happy: but I'm very sure.
Fortune will not permit it to be so—

WIT. That's a fool's treasure hoarded in his tongue,
That thinks it profit to abuse his betters.

V. 50. *He's a good man, &c.*] The witticism here seems to consist in the speaker's seeming to think that every knave was a good man, because he was a knave himself.

V. 7. *He is not of Ætolia.*] There are many various readings of this passage. We have followed *Taubman* and the younger *Douglas*.

LYC.

LYC. The man who does not know his way to
sea, 15

Should always take a river for his guide,
I knew not how before to abuse you well;
You're rivers, and I'll surely follow you.
Bless you? I'll follow as your banks shall lead.
Curse you? You'll find me treading in your steps. 20

WIT. To serve the bad, and hurt the good, alike
Is dangerous—

LYC. How so?

WIT. I'll tell you how.

Do a bad man a service, 'tis all lost:

Injure the good, your grief will last an age—

LYC. Wittily said!—But how concerns it me? 25

WIT. 'Twas your concern that brought us for
your sake,

Although we do not much admire your pandars.

LYC. If you bring ought of good, I thank you
for it.

WIT. Good of our own we neither bring nor give,
Nor promise you; nor wish you good from others—

LYC. Troth, I believe you now—So great's your
bounty. 30

But what d'ye want?—

WIT. This man that you see here
In regimentals, *Mars* is angry with.

LYC. Would he were so with you!

WIT. We bring him, *Lycus*,
To you for slaughter.

V. 34. *To you for slaughter—*] Meaning *Lycus*, alluding to his name, from *Λύκος*, a wolf. This passage has a double meaning; either that *Lycus* may plunder *Collybiſcus*, or that *Collybiſcus* may plunder him.

ACT III. SCENE III. 333

Col. [*aside.*] So—To-day the sportsman
Will have some game to carry home—The dogs 35
Will fairly drive the wolf into the toils.

Lyc. Who is he?

Wit. All we know of him is this :
Going to port, long after break of day,
We saw him landing from a merchant man.
He came to us directly from the ship ;
Saluted us—which we return'd. 40

Col. The rogues !—
How artfully they enter on the plot ! [*aside.*]

Lyc. What follow'd ?—

Wit. Why he join'd discourse with us—
Told us he was a stranger ; with the town
Quite unacquainted : wish'd some place convenient 45
To indulge his taste—We've brought the man to you ;
And, if the gods be but propitious to you,
Here is the rarest opportunity to make
Your market—

Lyc. Ay—Is he so very eager ?

Wit. He's flush of money.

Lyc. Yes, I have him sure. 50

Wit. In love and wine he'd fain indulge himself.

Lyc. A dainty place I'll find for him.

Wit. But he
Desires to be quite private ; none to know it,

There is another passage similar to this in *Plautus*.

*Fuit edepol Mars meo periratus patri:
Nam owes illius haud longe absunt a lupis.*

Truculentus, A& III. Scene I. V. 11.

—By Pollux' temple! Mars
Is monstrously enrag'd against my father,
His sheep have strol'd so very near the wolves.

No

334 THE CARTHAGINIAN.

No looker on—For, as he says himself,
He was a soldier of king *Attalus* 55
In *Sparta*; and fled thence but now, the city
Having surrendered—

COL. Soldiers excellent!

Sparta tops all—

LYC. May gods and goddesses
Rain blessings on you for your good advice,
And giving to our hands so rich a prey— 60

WIT. Besides, he has brought home provender,
he tells us,

Three hundred pieces, golden *Philippeans*,
To be receiv'd the better—

LYC. I'm a king,

If I can draw this fellow in to-day,

WIT. He's certainly your own—

LYC. I beg, by *Hercules*! 65

You'd recommend my house; it is the best.

WIT. 'Tis unbecoming us, or to persuade
Or to dissuade a stranger—If you're wise,
Do your own business—We have lur'd the ring-dove
Quite to your barn-floor—If you'd have him caught,
Best now yourself to catch him. 71

LYC. Are you going

So soon—

V. 55. —*a soldier of king Attalus, &c.*] This, as M. Marolles observes, is said ludicrously. *Attalus* was not a king of *Sparta*, but of *Pergamus*, in *Asia*.

V. 69. —*the ring-dove*—] The original is, *Palumbem ad arcam*. The threshing floor used to be strewed with corn to entice the *ring-doves*; when they came to feed, they were taken in nets.

DE L'ŒUVRE.

COL.

ACT III. SCENE III. 335

COL. The affair I have intrusted to you,
My friends—

WIT. You'd better talk to him, young man.
He is well skill'd in what you have in view.

COL. I wish, when I deliver him the gold 75
[to the witnesses.]

You would take notice.

WIT. We shall there at distance
Observe it well—

COL. [*aloud.*] For your good office, thanks!

LYC. [*aside.*] The game will all be mine.—

COL. [*aside.*] Yes! that's according
As the afs kicks!

LYC. 'Tis fit I speak him fair.— 80
The host salutes his guest—and bids him welcome.
I'm glad you are arriv'd in safety.

COL. May the gods bless you, since you wish me well.

LYC. I'm told you want a lodging—

COL. 'Tis the thing
I'm looking for.

LYC. 'Twas what your friends inform'd me,

V. 80. — *as the afs kicks, &c.*] It is difficult to determine with precision what *Plautus* means here. We have followed *Taubman*, who says, *as an afs kicks from himself, so the gain will go from Lycus, and not come to him.*

V. 81. *The host salutes his guest—*] *Hospes hospitem salutat.* The person who lived at a friend's house, as well as the person who received him, were each called *hospes*, *host*. So that, literally it might be translated, *an host receives his host*. But as *hospes* means *guest* as well as *host*, we have chose to translate it *an host salutes his guest*.

Who

Who went hence now—You'd have it free from
flies— 85

COL. By no means—

LYC. Why?

COL. If that had been the case,
I would have gone directly to a jail.
No; I am looking out for such a one,
Where I may be more delicately treated;
More tenderly, than ever were the guests 90
Of king *Antiochus*.

LYC. I can provide you
One that will suit your taste, if you can like
In a sweet place, a sofa neatly dress'd,
A witty merry lass—

COL. You're in the right road, pandar—

LYC. Where with *Leucadian, Lesbian, Thasian,*
Coan, 95

V. 85. —*free from flies*—] The original is, *a muscis*. There is an equivocal here intended, *musca* signifying a fly, and being also used for curious persons, and as a term of reproach for parasites. Our author has again the same allusion—

Musca est meus pater, nihil potest clam illum haberi.

Nec sacrum, nec tam profanum quicquam est, quin

Ibi illico adsit — Mercator, Act II. Scene III. v. 26.

My father, like a fly, is every where;

Enters all places sacred or profane.

COLMAN.

The reader is referred to that gentleman's ingenious note on this passage, Vol. II. of this translation.

V. 91. *Of king Antiochus*.] All the editions, except that of *Aldus*, read *Antiocho oculi*, *Antiochus's eyes*; on which the commentators have displayed a great shew of learning. But in that edition, it is *hospites* instead of *oculi*. We have adopted that reading, and translated it accordingly; by which all their learning is rendered needless.

Toothless with time, you may bedew your clay
An age: there costly unguents still I'll pour.
The o'erseer of the bath where you shall bathe,
In short shall heap a shop of perfumes on you—
But what I've said is something mercenary— 100

COL. How so?

LYC. Because they must have money down.

COL. You'll not receive more gladly than I give.

LYC. Follow me in then—

COL. Lead me in then you,

For I am yours, to your good pleasure bound—

[LYCUS and COLLYBISCUS go apart.]

WIT. Suppose we call out *Agorastocles*; 105
That he himself may be a witness, one
Without exception—Ho!—you thief-catcher;
Come out directly, haste; that you yourself
May see the money given to the pandar.

SCENE IV.

Enter AGORASTOCLES.

AGO. What now?—The matter?—

WIT. Look there to the right;
Your slave is counting out the gold to *Lycus*.

COL. [*to Lycus.*] Come, take 'em, come; here are
three hundred pieces,
All ready cash. We call them *Philippæans*.

V. 96. —*Toothless with time*—] The original is, *vinu edentulo*,
toothless wine, wine which by age has lost its sharpness.

V. 100. —*something mercenary*—] The original is, *latrocinantur*,
those who serve in war for pay.

338 THE CARTHAGINIAN.

For these I would be entertain'd—I'd have them . 5
Spent speedily—

LYC. By *Pollux*! you have found
A liberal steward, fitted to your purpose.
Come, let's go in—

COL. I'll follow you.

LYC. March on—

Within we will discourse of what remains.

COL. I'll tell you of our *Spartan* politicks— 10

LYC. Why, therefore follow me.

COL. Lead you the way—

You hold me in a string—

[*Exeunt* LYCUS and COLLYBISCUS.

AGO. Well, what advise

You now?—

WIT. That you be temperate with your fortune.

AGO. What if my inclination won't permit?

WIT. Then, be it as it may—

AGO. You saw the pandar, 15

When he receiv'd the gold?

WIT. We did—

AGO. You know

This is my slave—

WIT. Yes, that we do—

AGO. It is,

You know, against the laws—

WIT. Beyond a doubt.

AGO. Mind then—All this I wish you to re-
member

Before the Prætor; where 'twill be of use. 20

WIT. We will.

AGO. Suppose I knock now at the door,
While the affair is warm?—

WIT.

WIT. It would be right.

AGO. If I should knock, he will not open it.

WIT. Then break it open with your foot.

AGO. Should he 25

Come forth, it would be right to enquire of him

Whether my slave is there or no?

WIT. Why not?

AGO. And with two hundred golden *Philippæans*?

WIT. Why not?

AGO. That question leads him wrong—

WIT. In what?

AGO. D'ye ask—Because I've sunk an hundred pieces—

WIT. You judge quite right—

AGO. He'll think I am enquiring 30

For some one else—

WIT. Undoubtedly.

AGO. And will

At once deny it.

WIT. Ay, upon his oath.

AGO. And in the guilt of theft involve himself.

WIT. Doubtless.

AGO. The theft of all he has receiv'd— 35

WIT. Why not?

AGO. Now *Jove* confound you with
your why not!

V. 24. *Then break it open, &c.*] The original is, *panem frangito*. But *Aldus* in his edition, instead of *panem*, reads *pede*; which puts an end to the ridiculous quibble on the words *pultem* and *panem*, mentioned by commentators; and saves the trouble of explaining or attempting to translate it.

Limiers had observed the same; adopts the reading, and translates it accordingly.

34● THE CARTHAGINIAN.

WIT. And why not you?

ACO. Then will I go and knock.

WIT. Why not?

ACO. Time we were dumb—Hark! the door
creaks.

He's coming out, I see—the rascal, *Lycus*—
Come this way, pray—

WIT. Why not?—And, if you please, 40
Let's veil our heads, lest he should find us out;
Who have decoy'd him into such a scrape.

SCENE V.

Enter LYCUS.

LYC. Let all diviners now go hang themselves.
Why should I henceforth credit what they say?
Who, in the sacrifice, e'en now foretold

V. 42. *Who have decoy'd him—*] The original is, *fuimus illicet, who have been the decoyers. Illex* is properly a bird-call, quail-pipe, or decoy, used by fowlers to entice birds into their nets. We meet with the word in *Pliny*.

Capiuntur quoque pugnacitate ejusdem libidinis contra aucupis illicem exeunte in prælium duce totius gregis. Nat. Hist. Lib. x. Cap. 33.

When the fowler comes with his pipe or call to allure and train them forth, out goeth the captain of the whole flock directly against him.

And we meet with the word again in *Plautus*.

— *auceps sum ego,*

Esca est meretrix; lectus illix est; amatores equi—

Afinaria, Act I. Scene III. v. 68.

The fowler I; the corn, the courtezan,

The bed is the decoy, the birds the lovers—

Some

ACT III. SCENE V. 341

Some dreadful loss, and some dire mischief toward--
Since when, I have increas'd my fortune.

Agg. Save you! 5

Lyc. May the gods bless you, *Agorastocles*!

Agg. You greet me now more civilly than usual.

Lyc. 'Tis now a calm; as 'tis at sea sometimes—
I'm always us'd to shift the sail to windward.

Agg. I hope the women are all well at home. 10
For thee—I care not.

Lyc. Well enough they are :
But not for you.

Agg. Send me this day, I prithee,
This celebrated, famous day, this feast
Of *Venus*, send me *Adelphosum*.

Lyc. Say, has your dinner burnt your mouth
to-day? 15

Agg. How's that?

Lyc. Because your question only serves
To cool your chaps—

V. 14. —*this feast of Venus*—] See note on Act I. Scene I.
V. 73.

V. 17. *To cool your chaps*—] When a person in eating has
put any thing in his mouth too hot, he opens it, in order to
draw in the air to cool it. So that the meaning is, that *Ago-*
rastocles had only asked for air to cool his mouth, when he de-
manded *Adelphosum*. *Plautus* has a similar expression in another
place.

—*Dabo septingentos*—

Os calet tibi! num sit frigida faustus—

Rudens, Act V, Scene II, v. 38.

—I'll give seven hundred—

What's your mouth hot—that you are so afraid
Of cooling it—

COLMAN.

AGO. Pandar, attend—I hear
My slave's with you—

LYC. With me! You'll never find
That fact—

AGO. You lye.—He came to you, and brought
Some money to you—This was told to me 20
By those whom I can trust—

[*pointing to the witnesses.*]

LYC. You are a bite;
And come to ensnare me with your Witnesses.
There's nought of yours, people or property,
At my house—

AGO. Witnesses, remember that,
WIT. We'll not forget it. 25

LYC. [*laughing.*] Now I smoke this plot.
I smelt a rat before—These are the men
Who recommended me the *Spartan* stranger;
'Tis that has fir'd their brains; as, by his means,
I am to get three hundred *Philippæans*.

And, as they know this man to be my enemy, 30
They've set him on to say it is his slave
Who brought the gold, and is at home with me.
'Tis all a form'd contrivance how to chouse me;
And to divide the plunder 'mongst themselves.

From the wolf's jaws they'd snatch the lamb—
They're fools. 35

AGO. Do you deny my money and my slave
Are at your house?

LYC. I do deny it, flat;
And would till I was hoarse, were there occasion—

V. 35. *From the wolf's jaws they'd snatch the lamb—*] Again,
alluding to his name *Lycus*, from *λυκος*, a wolf.

WIT.

WIT. You're in a cleft stick, pandar—'Tis his
bailiff

We told you was the *Spartan*, and who brought you 40
Three hundred *Philippeans*; and the money
Is in that purse—

LYC. The plague now light upon you.

WIT. That has already lighted upon you.

AGO. Hang-dog! give up the purse—You're
prov'd a thief,

You're taken with the manner—Pray attend, 45
[*to the witnesses.*]

And see me bring my slave out of his house.

[*goes into the LYCUS's house.*]

LYC. Now I'm undone indeed—Without a doubt,
This snare was laid designedly to catch me.

But why do I delay to hang myself,

E're neck and heels I'm dragg'd before the Prætor--50

Out on't! what sad soothsayers I have had!

If ought of good they promise, it comes slowly;

If ought of ill, it speeds with instant hast—

Now will I go, consult my friends, which way,

They think the very best—to hang myself. 55
[*Exit LYCUS.*]

SCENE VI.

Re-enter AGORASTOCLES, driving out
COLLYBISCUS.

AGO. Walk out here, that the witnesses may see.
[*to COLLYBISCUS.*]

You come from thence—Well! is not this my slave?
[*to the witnesses.*]

COL. Most truly, *Agorastocles*, I am—

AGO. What now, thou wicked pandar!

WIT. With whom d'ye rate thus ?
He's sneak'd away—

AGO. I hope, sneak'd to the gallows. 5

WIT. We hope so too—

AGO. I'll summon him to court
To-morrow—

COL. Any more commands for me ?

AGO. Go ; you may take your regimentals with
you.

COL. I was not made a soldier then in vain.

I got a little plunder there within. 10

While the rogue's family was fast asleep,

I made a noble meal upon the entrails.

And now I'll march off home.

AGO. My friends,
You've kindly dealt with me, and lent me too

V. 6. — *I'll summon him to court* —] The original is, *sub-
scribam homini dicam*. *Dica* is an action at law, an indictment or
process. So *subscribere dicam*, is to bring an action or an indict-
ment at law, or to commence a process. We meet with the word
again in our author.

Jam quidem te ad Prætores rapiam, et tibi scribam dicam.

Aulularia, Act IV. Scene X. v. 30.

I'll have you 'fore the Prætor, and commence

A suit against you—

THORNTON.

And we meet with the phrase in other authors.

Ego te cognatam dicam, et tibi scribam dicam.

TERENTIUS. *Phormio*, Act I. Scene II. v. 77.

I'll say that you're her kinsman,

And sue a writ against you.

COLMAN.

Scribitur Heraclio dica. CICERO in *Verrem*. Lib. ii. Sect. 15.

Heraclius has an action commenced against him.

Your

Your fair assistance—I beseech you meet me 15
Early to-morrow in the court—You follow me.

[to COLLYBISCUS.]

Farewell to both— [to the witnesses.]

WIT. The same farewell to you.

[Exeunt AGOR. and COL.]

He does us a notorious wrong to think
We are to serve him at our own expence.
Such is the disposition of our rich ones! 20
Serve them, their thanks are lighter than a feather;
Offend them, and their vengeance falls like lead.
Come, let us home; since we have done our work,
And ruin'd this corrupter of our youth. [Exeunt.]

V. 22. —*their vengeance falls like lead.*] The same sentiment frequently occurs in other antient authors.

Ita naturâ comparatum sit, ut altius injuriæ quam merita descendant, et illa citò defluant, hæc tenax memoria custodiat: quid expectat qui offendit, dum obligat? Satis adversus illum gratus est, si quis beneficio ejus ignorat. SENECA de Beneficiis, Lib. i. Cap. 1.

It is so provided by nature, that injuries leave a deeper impression on our minds than favours bestowed; and the last are quickly forgotten, while the former are continually remembered; what can a person expect who offends while he obliges? His gratitude is sufficient, if a man does but pardon the benefit received.

* * * This Act is opened by *Agorastocles*, and the two witnesses he had been in search of. When, after some drollery on the character *Plautus* has given them, that of being very slow and deliberate in their motions, as becoming *free* and sober citizens, and not like *slaves*, they are joined in the second Scene by *Milphio*, and *Collybiscus* dressed like a person of condition. *Agorastocles* repeats to *Collybiscus* again, (for *Milphio* had been supposed to have been doing it before they enter upon the stage) the nature of the part he is to act; and at the same time gives the proper instructions to the witnesses. This done, *Agorastocles* and *Milphio* retire,

retire, and leave them to put their plot in execution. *Lycus* the pandar begins the third Scene, entering from his own house, and telling the captain he should soon return; and joins *Milphio* and *Callybiscus*; the latter pretends to be a young officer, who had a mind to amuse himself with some liquor, and the company of a courtesan; and that he was coming to apply to him to assist him in that design. *Lycus* immediately swallows the bait; and after proper acknowledgements, hugs himself in the thoughts of the windfall which had just happened to him. He then conducts the pretended officer, who is also supposed to be a foreigner, into a private apartment; not forgetting however first to touch the ready. *Agorastocles*, who was not far off, now begins the fourth Scene, by joining the witnesses; between whom it is agreed to surprize *Lycus* directly in the fact: on which they knock at his door; and he begins the fifth Scene, by rejoicing in his supposed good fortune, and abusing the diviners for knowing no better what would happen to him. On being charged by *Agorastocles* and the witnesses, with having received the money, and having the former's servant now under his roof, *Agorastocles* claims him. *Lycus* at first denies it, but is obliged to yield to conviction, on the testimony of the witnesses. In the sixth Scene, *Callybiscus*, on his master's summons, makes his appearance, and the design is discovered, so as to put it beyond all manner of doubt. The embarrassment that *Lycus* is under, on one side, who makes off to advise with his friends on what is to be done on the occasion, and the satisfaction *Agorastocles* enjoys on the success of his plot, on the other, fills up the interval between this Act and the next.

End of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Enter MILPHIO.

MILPHIO.

I Wait to know what way my plot proceeds—
 'Tis my whole bent to ruin this same rogue,—
 Just as he teazes my unhappy master,
 My master with his fist and foot returns
 The same to me.—It is a curse to serve 5
 A man in love: chiefly, if he's debarr'd
 The object of his love—See! *Syncerastus*
 The pandar's slave, here coming from the temple!—
 I'll list to what he says—

S C E N E II.

Enter SYNCERASTUS.

SYN. 'Tis clear enough

That gods as well as men, shew little favour
 To a poor fellow, servant to a master
 No better than himself; and such a one
 Is now my lot.—There is not to be found 5
 In all the earth, a more perfidious man,
 Or more malicious than my master is;
 No man so dirty, none so base a scoundrel—

By

348 THE CARTHAGINIAN.

By heavens ! I'd rather spend my life in quarries,
Or at the mill, with fetters heavy laden, 10
Than live this pandar's slave—Gods ! what a kind
Of mortals these !—How they debauch the world !
Save me, good heavens !—every sort of men
Is in their quarters to be seen ; 'tis just

V. 9. —*in quarries*—] The original is, *latumias*, which were prisons dug out of the rocks, where criminals were confined. Such were the *lapidicinae* at *Syracuse* in *Sicily*.

DE L'OEUVRE from ASCONIUS.

These *latumias* are mentioned again in our author.

Inde ibis porro in latumias lapidarius—

Captivi, ACT III. Scene V. v. 65.

To the stone quarries after shalt thou go—

And they are mentioned in other authors ; and called *latumias* *Syracusanae*, from their being common in *Syracuse*.

The reader may not be displeased with *Thucydides*'s account. Take it from Mr. *Hobbes*'s Translation, Book vii. near the end. Speaking of the *Athenians* and their confederates, whom the *Syracusans* had taken prisoners, he says,

“ As for those in the quarries, the *Syracusans* handled them
“ at first but ungently : for in this hollow place, first the sun
“ and suffocating air, (being without roof) annoyed them every
“ where ; and, on the other side, the nights coming upon that
“ heat, autumnal and cold, put them, by reason of the altera-
“ tion, into strange diseases. Especially doing all things for
“ want of room, in one and the same place ; and the carcases
“ of such as died of their wounds, or change of air, or other like
“ accident, lying together there on heaps. Also the smell was
“ intolerable, besides that they were afflicted with hunger and
“ thirst. For for eight months together, they allowed them no
“ more, but to every man a *cotyle* [about half a pint] of water,
“ by the day, and two *cotyles* of corn. And whatsoever misery
“ is probable, that men in such a place may suffer, they suffered.”

As

As if you were arriv'd at *Acheron*.
 A knight, or a foot-soldier would you see,
 A libertine, or thief, or run-away
 Scourg'd or imprison'd, or to slavery
 Let him have been condemn'd, has he but money,
 He's welcome, and you'll find him there — No
 man's 20

Deny'd: and therefore all the house is darkned;
 And hiding places every where abound —
 Guzzling and gormandising every corner
 Is full of, just as in a tipling-house.
 There you may see, in earthen ware inscrib'd 25
 Epistolary tablets, seal'd with pitch.
 Letters a cubit long compose the names

V. 27. *Letters a cubit long, &c.*] The casks wherein the *Romans*
 put their new wines, were inscribed with the names of the Con-
 suls for that year; and by this date they knew their age.

So *Horace*, addressing his cask of wine —

O nate nunc cum consule Manlio — Lib. iii. Ode xxi.

With me coeval in the year of *Manlius* —

DUNCOMBE.

*Cras habet Albanis aliquid de montibus, aut de
 Setenis, cæjus patriam, titulumque senectus
 Delevit multa veteris fuliginæ testa —*

JUVENAL Sat. v. V. 33.

Perhaps to-morrow he may change his wine,
 And drink old sparkling *Albin* or *Setine*,
 Whose title and whose age with mould o'ergrown,
 The good old cask for ever keeps unknown.

BOWLES, in DRYDEN'S Translation.

The letters or figures marked on them, were of the same mate-
 rials with the vessels themselves, which were made of earth —
litteratas fideles epistolas, as *Plautus* calls them, V. 14. So again,
 speaking of the vessel or cask belonging to *Venus*. — *hæc*

350 THE CARTHAGINIAN.

With which they're mark'd—Thus 'tis, that in our cellar

At home, we have a muster-roll of vintners—

MIL. All this is wonderful, by *Pollux*' temple! 30
Unless this slave be made his master's heir.

For this soliloquy seems spoke o'er *Lycus*,

As if he were quite dead—I long to accost

This fellow—Tho' at the same time I hearken

Most willingly to what he's talking of himself. 35

SYN. When I see here these doings, heartily
I'm vex'd to think, that slaves the best and costliest,
Should at our house be stript of the small stock,
Which for themselves they were allow'd to earn.

For what is idly got, is idly spent. 40

MIL. This rogue holds forth as he were good for
somewhat,

When he, by *Hercules*! could teach e'en idleness
To be more idle—

SYN. From the temple now
I bring these vessels home—My master could not
With all his victims gain the goddess' smiles. 45
No, not upon her festival—

MIL. [*apart.*] Sweet *Venus*!

SYN. Our girls howe'er, with their first offerings
softned

Venus at once—

—*bac literata est*—

Rudens, Act II. Scene VI. v. 21.

—'tis letter'd—

The *Romans* had this custom with other things, as our author hints in the Prologue to this very Play, of the *cakes* the *Pedisequi* who were in waiting, were so fond of. V. 41.

MIL.

ACT IV. SCENE II. 351

MIL. [*apart.*] Again I say, sweet *Venus*!

SYN. Now I'll go home—

MIL. Hola! Why, *Syncraftus*!

SYN. Who calls?

MIL. A friend—

SYN. It is not like a friend 50

To stop me, when he sees I'm loaded thus—

MIL. But I will serve you in return for this,
Whene'er you please, and where you shall command.
Account the agreement sign'd—

SYN. I'll serve you then
In this, if you'll hereafter—

MIL. What?

SYN. Why only 55
When I am to be scourg'd, present your back
For me—

MIL. Be hang'd—

SYN. I know not what you are.

MIL. I'm good for nothing—

SYN. Be so to yourself then—

MIL. I've somewhat I would say to you—

SYN. But my burthen
Won't let me stay—

MIL. Why, lay it down by you; 60
And turn your face to me—

SYN. Well then, I do so—
Yet I want leisure—

MIL. Save you, *Syncraftus*!

SYN. Ah! *Milphio*! how may gods and goddesses
All blest—

MIL. Blest whom?

SYN. Not you; no, nor myself;
Nor yet my master—

MIL. Whom then?

SYN. Any one 65

Besides:—for none of us deserve a blessing—

MIL. Cleverly said!

SYN. I say but what is right—

MIL. But what is't you're now doing?—

SYN. I am doing

What it appears adult'ers rarely do.

MIL. What's that?

SYN. I'm bringing home my vessels safe— 70

MIL. Thee and thy master too, may gods confound!

SYN. Me they may spare, that him they may destroy—

I could, if I'd a mind, so manage matters,

That he, my master, would be surely ruin'd;

But that I tremble, *Milphio*, for myself— 75

MIL. On what account, I prithee?

SYN. You're a rogue—

MIL. To bad men so I am—

SYN. It badly fares

With me.

MIL. No, you should say quite otherwise—

For how can you fare badly, when at home

Victuals and mistresses you have in plenty, 80

Nothing to pay: not the least present e'er

To a she-friend expected—

SYN. But may *Jupiter*

So bless me!—

MIL. As you want merit to be blest.

SYN. As I could wish this family may perish—

V. 81. *Nothing to pay*—] The original is, *tribolum*, literally, *three oboli*. An obolus is worth about five farthings of our money.

MIL. If then you wish it, lend a helping hand--85

SYN. It is not easy flying without feathers.

My wings are not yet fledg'd--

MIL. Pluck out no hair

For these two months to come; and I'll engage

Beneath your arms your feathers will be rank--

SYN. Go hang yourself--

MIL. Go you too, and your master--90

SYN. Who knows that man, will quickly be corrupted--

MIL. How's that?

SYN. As if you could a secret keep.

MIL. I'll keep one better than a tattling woman.

SYN. I could with ease persuade myself to trust you,
But that I know you--

MIL. Trust me at my peril, 95
And be'nt afraid--

SYN. I should do ill to trust thee;
And yet I will--

MIL. You know my master is
Sworn enemy to yours?

SYN. I know he is--

MIL. About his love affair--

SYN. Why there you've lost
Your labour--

MIL. Ay--How so?

SYN. You teach your grannam--100

MIL. Doubt not, my master will most willingly
Do all the mischief in his power to yours.

V. 100. --*teach your grannam*--] The original is, *docere*, literally, *instruct one who knows the matter already*. We have made use of a common proverb to express it.

354 THE CARTHAGINIAN.

And would you but assist, it will be done
With much more ease—

SYN. But, *Milpbio*, there's one thing
I fear—

MIL. What is't?

SYN. Left while I'm laying snares 105
Here for my master, you're betraying me—
For should he know I've told it any mortal,
He'd break my bones—

MIL. No soul shall know't from me,
Except my master—Nor, but on condition
He give no hint the notice comes from you. 110

SYN. I scarce can trust you; yet I think I'll do it.
Be sure you keep it secret tho'—

MIL. Not Faith
Herself you can more safely trust—Out with it—
Both time and place invite—We are here alone—
SYN. Your master, *Milpbio*, would he act with
caution, 115

Might ruin mine—

MIL. How? how?

SYN. Why easily—

MIL. Let's hear your easily, that he may know it—

SYN. Why, *Adelpbasium*, whom your master doats on,
Is free by birth—

MIL. How so?—

V. 108. *He'd break my bones—*] The original is, *se me ex syncerasto crucifragium fecerit*. Taubman reads *crucifragum*. Aldus, *me exyncerastum fecerit*. The last seems preferable, as it retains the sound of the name, which the poet certainly intended. The speaker seems to quibble on his own name; *Syncerastum* signifying, as Varro informs us, several kind of meats mixed together, or what we call a *botch-potch*. Whatever it is, it can scarcely be expressed in tolerable English.

SYN. In the same way

As is her sister *Anterastilis*. 120

MIL. How prove you that?—

SYN. Because he bought them both
At *Anastorium* in their infancy,
For eighteen minæ, of a *Sicilian* pirate—

MIL. For how much did you say?

SYN. For eighteen minæ.

MIL. What, both?—

SYN. Ay, and a third, their nurse besides. 125
The man who sold them, own'd them to be stolen—
Nay, said that they were free, and born at *Carthage*.

MIL. Good heavens! how happily things come
about?

My master *Agorastocles*, born too
At *Carthage*, was thence stolen at six years old— 130
Brought hither—He was sold to my old master;
Who when he died, adopted him his heir.

SYN. All this will do—To effect it the more easily,
Let him assert their freedom, as he may,
Being their countryman—

MIL. Then say no more. 135

SYN. Our pandar's at last gasp, should he demand
them—

MIL. He shall not stir a foot, before he's ruin'd;
I've so contriv'd it—

V. 124. *What, both?—*] *Milprie* says this, as astonished at
the smallness of the price: because it was usual to give thirty
minæ for one slave.

V. 136. *Our pandar's at last gasp—*] The original is, *ad in-*
citas lenonem redigit. *Ad incitas redigere*, *Gronovius* tells us, sig-
nifies, to reduce to great straits, or put to great difficulty. It occurs
again in *Plautus*:

SYN. Heaven grant it so!

That I may serve this pandar here no more.

MIL. You shall for this, my fellow-freedman be, 140
An't please the gods—

SYN. And may it please the gods!
Would you ought else with me?—

MIL. Nothing at all:
But fare you well, and happiness attend you.

SYN. Troth, that's in yours, and in your master's
power.

Farewell—Under the rose tho' this, observe--- 145

MIL. Just as if nothing had been said---Adieu!

SYN. Strike while the iron's hot, or else 'twill end
In smoke---

—*nunc hic cujus est*

Ut ad incitas redactus!—

Trinummus, A& II. Scene IV. v. 135.

—Why there's my master now!

To what sad straits is he reduced—

THORNTON.

Limiers, after *Scaliger*, informs us, that this is a metaphor taken from the game of chess; and that, *ad incitas lenonem redigit*, means, *he will give the pandar a dangerous check*: and that the following verse is a farther proof of it.

Quin prius disperibit faxo, quam unam calcem civerit.

—before he makes a move

I'll give him a check-mate—

He adds that *calcem*, for *calculum*, a *chess-man*, is a diminutive from *calx*; and observes at the same time, that *Milphio* is a little mistaken, because he could not check-mate *Lycus* before he had made a move. But that, he says, must be looked upon as a blunder of a slave, who might be supposed not thoroughly to understand the game; or else an exaggeration; as much as to say, he will destroy *Lycus*, before he has taken one step to prevent it.

V. 145. —*Under the rose tho'—*] The original is, *elanculum ut sint dicta.*

MIL.

MIL. The advice is good---It shall be so---

SYN. Excellent stuff we have to work upon!

Provide you but as excellent a workman--- 150

MIL. Can't you be silent---

SYN. I am dumb, and vanish---

MIL. A glorious opportunity you've given me---

[Exit SYNCERASTUS.]

He's gone---'Tis plain intended by the gods,

My master's safety, and this pandar's ruin:

Such instant mischief hovers o'er his head! 155

Before one half takes place, another follows!

I'll in, and tell my master every thing---

For should I call him hither, 'fore the door,

And here repeat what you've already heard,

[to the spectators.]

It were a solecism---I had much rather 160

Offend one man, my master here within,

Than all you here---Immortal gods! what mischief,

What misery now awaits this pandar here.

But how I tarry---This affair begun,

Brooks no delay---To-night we will consult; 165

And what our privy-council shall determine,

Will follow---But if longer here I loiter,

Who breaks my head, will serve me right---I'll in;

And wait my master's coming from the Forum.

[Exit.]

V. 165. —consult—] See note on *The Discovery*, A& I. Scene VII. v. 1. Vol. III. of this translation.

*** This A& is opened by *Milphio*, who in a soliloquy is going to expatiate on the consequences of the plot now going forward, but is interrupted by the entrance of *Syncerastus*, a servant of *Lycus* the pandar, whom he stands aside to observe. This *Syncerastus* begins the second Scene with bitter complaints against the pandar his master; whom he paints in such colours,

as seem sufficiently to shew his discontent. *Milphio*, after having heard some things come from him, which excited his curiosity, joins him; and after a little conversation, and promising fidelity to each other, *Synerastus* trusts him with the important secret, which naturally brings on the catastrophe. He discovers to him that *Adelphasium* and her sister *Auterastilis*, are women of condition, and free; and that if *Agorastocles* would attend to his advice, he had it in his power to ruin *Lycus*, by getting these two women out of his hands. *Milphio*, as it may be easily imagined, very readily listens to this advice, and goes directly to communicate it to his master *Agorastocles*. The time necessary to concert such measures, as may be proper to forward and compleat this design, fills up the fourth interval between this and the next Act.

End of the FOURTH Act.

ACT.

* A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Enter HANNO, *the* CARTHAGINIAN.

HANNO.

*Ye gods and goddesses, who rule this region,
And its inhabitants, propitious all*

* The reader is desired to observe, that what, in the original is in the *Punic* language, is printed in the Italic character.

The celebrated SAMUEL BOCHART, that prodigy of oriental literature, has explained the first ten lines of this Scene in the original; and seems (to us at least) to have succeeded better than any other of the learned, who have undertaken them. *Plautus* gives the spectators afterwards in *Latin* what had been before spoken in *Punic*; and consequently was unintelligible to most of them. The original, expressed by BOCHART in *Hebrew* characters, will, upon comparison, be found very nearly to agree with the *Latin* text, as given by *Plautus* himself. It should be remembered however, that much confusion of words, and letters, must inevitably have happened in transcribing the *Punic*; as well as much ambiguity, in expressing that language in *Roman* characters; and of course, a wide field opened for criticism and conjecture.

BOCHART could find no traces of the *Hebrew* language, of which the *Punic* was undoubtedly a dialect, in the lines from the eleventh to the sixteenth: he imagines them to be *Lybic*, and that the sense of them had been given before in *Punic*. Be this as it may, BOCHART despaired of translating them. M. PÉTIT has given us a translation of them: a bold attempt after so eminent a master. The learned will judge of his success.

The learned reader may consult BOCHART's *Phaleg*. col. 721—722. *Lugdun.* 1707.—and SELDEN *de Dijs Syris Prolegom.* cap. 2. (*Amstel.* 1681.)

The *Punic* will be printed at the end of this Comedy, after the method used by the late learned Bishop Hare; and some few words in the *Hebrew* character likewise, where it has been judged necessary;—with proper references.

V. 1. *Ye gods and goddesses—*] M. De L'Oeuvre tells us from *Gueudeville*, that it was the custom of the antients to salute, and

Attend, and make my journey to this place
 End happily, and crown me with success;
 The long desir'd success, to find at last
 My two lost daughters, and my brother's son :
 Antidamas, who liv'd here formerly,
 Was once my guest—But he has paid his debt,
 As common fame reports, and is no more.
 But Agorastocles, his son, they say,
 Inhabits here—This hospitable ticket—
 And image of the hospitable god,
 I bring along with me---I am inform'd

5

10

pay their adorations to the tutelary gods of every country in which they arrived.

V. 6. —*my brother's son*—] In the original, these words are repeated ; which repetition M. Le Clerc, in his *Bibliothèque Universelle*, Tom. ix. tells us is not conformable to the *Latin* tongue, but common in the *Hebrew* language. This repetition, he observes gives us to understand that a line is lost, which was wrote in *Punic* ; for if this repetition had not been in the original, *Plautus* had not repeated the words, *my brother's son*—

LIMIERS,

With great submission to M. LE CLERC, there seems no need to suppose a line is lost, as the sense is entire.

V. 8. —*he has paid his debt*,] The original is, *fecisse sibi, quod faciundum fuit*, i. e. *he is dead*.—This circumlocution, *Limiers* observes, shews us the superstition of the antients, who avoided, as much as they could, the thoughts of death, and even to pronounce the word. And M. *Gueuderville* observes, that the same thing is too common in modern times.

V. 11. —*This hospitable ticket*—] The original in *Plautus's Latin* is, *Deum hospitalem et tesseram mecum fero*. The *tessera hospitales*, or *hospitable ticket*, was a ticket left by the guest with his host at parting, or two tickets exactly similar, and mutually exchanged, which entitled the host to all the offices of hospitality from his guest, or his family, in return. Usually the image or symbol of some deity was inscribed on it. *Hanno's* had that of *Ciun*, i. e. *Saturn*.

He

*He lives within this neighbourhood---I'll enquire
Of these two men, who now are coming forth---* 15
[*seeing AGORASTOCLES and MILPHIO.*]

SCENE II.

Enter AGORASTOCLES and MILPHIO.

AGO. Say'ft thou then *Milphio*, *Syncerastus* told thee

That these two girls are neither of them slaves;
But free; of noble birth; and stolen from *Carthage*?

MIL. Yes, I affirm it—And I add this likewise,
If you had spirit, you would claim them both 5
As free—T'roth! 'tis a baseness in you,
To suffer your own countrywomen here
Before your eyes to be pent up, and treated
As slaves, meer slaves, who once, at home were free—

HAN. [*apart.*] These mens discourse is musick to
my heart. 10

My ears devour their words; and every syllable
Cheers up my mind, and kindles hope anew.

AGO. [*to MILPHIO.*] Had I but evidence of this,
your project
Should instantly be put in practice—

V. 11. *My ears devour their words, &c.*] The original is, *creta oratio*, literally, *speech like chalk*; and it follows, in the next line but one, *have cleansed me from all uneasiness*. This, says *Limiers*, is the reason why his discourse is compared to chalk, which according to *Pliny*, *Natural History*, Book xxxv. Chap. xv. was used to take spots out of wearing apparel, and to clean it. Instead of *creta*, the edition of *Aldus*, and other old editions, read *certa*; and this reading is followed by some subsequent ones, in particular that of *Gryphius*. But as this would sound odd to an *English* ear, a small liberty is taken in the translation. See *The Miser*, Note on Act III. Scene VI. v. 68. Vol. II. of this translation.

MIL,

MIL. Evidence!

What tell you me of evidence?—Inlist
 Most strenuously upon it—Unknown good fortune
 Will come and aid your purpose—

AGO. This attempt
 May be indeed begun with ease; but not
 Brought to the wish'd event so easily—

MIL. But see! what is that creature, who comes
 forward
 In his long robes?—Returns he from the baths,

[seeing HANNO, and his servants.]

Thus muffled in his cloak? A *Carthaginian*
 To read him by his countenance—And with him
 He has, you see, some antiquated slaves—

AGO. How know you that?

MIL. They're loaded with his baggage. 25
 They have, it seems, no fingers on their hands,

AGO. Whence comes that idle fancy?

MIL. Why, they carry
 Their rings upon their ears—I'll e'en accost them,
 And speak to them in *Punic*—If they answer,

V. 28. —*Their rings upon their ears—*] BOCHART informs us from *Suidas*, that the custom of wearing rings in the ears, was brought from the *Syrians* and *Phœnicians* to the *Carthaginians*. The same custom was also common amongst the *Egyptians* both men and women.

“ And *Aaron* said unto them, break off the golden ear-rings
 “ which are in the ears of your wives, of your sons and of your
 “ daughters, and bring them unto me.”

Exodus, Chap. xxxij. V. 2.

“ And *Gideon* said unto the them, I would desire a request of
 “ you, that you would give me every man the ear-rings of his
 “ prey. (for they had golden ear-rings, because they were *Is-*
 “ *maelites*.)

I'll chatter on in *Punic*—But if not, 30
My tongue shall speak some language they are us'd to.
But what say you?—Have you forgot your *Punic*?

AGO. I have—How could I otherwise—No phrase
Do I remember of it—When stolen from *Carthage*,
I was but six years old—

HAN. [*apart.*] How many children 35
Free born, are stolen from *Carthage* in this manner!

MIL. What say you, Sir?

AGO. What is't you ask?

MIL. Inform me,

Is it your will I speak to him in *Punic*?

AGO. Do'st understand it?

MIL. Understand it?—Yes,

As well as any *Punic* of them all. 40

“ And they answered, we will willingly give them.”

Judges, Chap. viii. V. 24, 25.

To this custom *Juvenal* alludes.

*Natus ad Euphratem, molles quod in aura fenestra
Arguerint, licet ipse noxem*——

Sat. i. V. 104.

Tho' born a slave, tho' my torn ears are bor'd,

'Tis not the birth, 'tis money makes the lord——

DAYDEN.

On which passage he has this observation, that the ears of all
slaves were bored as a mark of servitude, which custom is still
usual in the *East-Indies*, and in other parts, even for whole
nations; who bore holes in their ears, and wear large weights
at them. This custom also still prevails among the *Cherokees*.

Limiers observes, that this is a piece of satire on the *Africans*,
who wore them so; and in particular, on the *Carthaginians*,
whom the *Romans* always treated with a particular aversion.

AGO.

364 THE CARTHAGINIAN.

AGO. Go, and accost him then—Enquire his purpose,
Why he comes hither—Who he is—What country-
man,

And whence?—Spare not, but sift him thoroughly.

MIL. *God save you!*—What's your country?—
From what town?

HAN. I'm Hanno, son of Mythymbal, from Car-
thage. 45

AGO. What answers he?—

MIL. He says his name is *Hanno*,
The son of *Mythymbal*, and comes from *Carthage*—

HAN. *All hail to both—*

MIL. He hails us both—

HAN. *My masters.*

MIL. Sure 'tis some gift he means to offer you.
You hear him promise.

AGO. In my name again 50
Return his compliment, and bid him welcome.

MIL. In his own name, my master *bids you wel-*
come.

HAN. *Oh! what a son of tears!*

MIL. That be thy portion;
But leave it not to me.

AGO. What is't he says?

MIL. He says his jaws are very painful, Sir— 55
Perhaps he may mistake us for physicians.

V. 49. —*Sure 'tis some gift—*] The original is, *doni*. *Milphio* plays upon the words *adonai* and *doni*, of nearly the same sound. For the A in the beginning of *Adonai*, would naturally suffer an elision after *Havou*.

V. 53. *That be thy portion;*] Here *Milphio* again plays upon the words *bocca* and *bucça*.

AGO.

AGO. If that be his opinion, undeceive him
This instant—Tell him we are not—A stranger
Should never be deceiv'd—

MIL. *We are no doctors—*

AGO. In troth, I would assist him all I may, 60
And aid his purpose—Ask, if I can serve him?

MIL. You there, who wear no girdle—For what
cause,

Why come you to this city?—What's your business?

HAN. Open your doors—

AGO. What says he?—

HAN. Give to Saturn

A welcome entrance, I intreat—

AGO. What asks he? 65

MIL. Why, hear you not he talks of mice from
Africa,

To be presented at the Ædile games,
To publick view?

V. 62. *You there who wear no girdle—*] This is equivocal, and seems to allude to the particular habit of the *Carthaginians*, and also that he had no money in his purse; it being the custom of the *Romans* to have their purses fastened to their girdles. So that *zonam perdidit* became a proverb, in speaking of any one that had no money. See *Erasmi Adagia*, Chil. i. Cent. 5—16.

— *Quid flas?*

Post hac ille catus, quantumvis rusticus: ibit,

Ibit eo, quo vis, zonam qui perdidit, inquit.

HORAT. *Epist.* Lib. ii. Ep. ii. V. 38.

What stops your course? The rustic shrewd replied
An't please you, Captain, let another trudge it,
The man may venture who has lost his budget.

FRANCIS.

V. 66. — *of mice from Africa—*] Leopards or panthers perhaps, to make a shew of, by *Milphio* jocularly called *mice*.

HAN.

HAN. *The messenger, who asks
A safe abode, and kind endurance here---*

AGO. Well, my interpreter, what says he now?

MIL. He tells us, he has bought some petty
wares, 70

Shoe-straps and water-pipes, and nuts to part with:
And now he begs you'd help him in the sale.

AGO. Sure he's some merchant then!—

HAN. *Us strangers here—*

AGO. What? How?—

HAN. *Admit at once in hospitable guise—*

AGO. Interpret, *Milphio*, what is it he says? 75

MIL. He tells you he has spades and forks for sale,
For garden use, and sickles for our corn.
I fancy he comes here against your harvest.

AGO. What is all this to me?

MIL. 'Tis my intent

You should be well inform'd of all his traffick, 80
Lest you should fancy I conceal one syllable.

HAN. *'Tis on your deities, before invoc'd,
On their account—*

MIL. Hem!—Be not over hasty
To traffick with him—

AGO. What is it he says?
What's his request?—Explain it—

MIL. He beseeches 85
To end his misery, you would place him under
A hurdle; and heap stones enough upon it,
To kill him quite, and finish all his sorrows.

V. 86. —*under a bundle, &c.*] A punishment in use among
the Carthaginians; and not unknown to other nations.

Tacitus mentions it—

Distinction

ACT V. SCENE II. 367

HAN. Answer, O Baal! great lord of heaven and earth!

AGO. What! How!—Interpret to me what he says. 90

MIL. Why here indeed, I'm puzzled quite, and know not

A single word he utters.—

HAN. You shall not long

Be puzzled, I assure you—For henceforth

I'll speak in Latin plainly, and inform you

I know your knavery—'Tis not the sign 95

Of a good faithful servant, thus to sneer,

And spend your wit on an unhappy stranger.

MIL. I know you well, a sycophant, a cheat,

Come hither with your jargon to deceive us—

A crawling serpent with your forked tongue— 100

Distinctio, puerum ex delicto. Prædiores et transfugas arboribus suspendunt. Ignavos et imbelles et corpore infames, cruce ac palude, injecta insuper cruce, mergunt.

De Moribus Germanorum, Cap. xii.

Punishments vary according to the quality of the crime. Traitors and deserters they hang upon trees. Cowards and sluggards, and unnatural prostitutes, they smother in mud and bogs, under a heap of hurdles. GORDON.

We find it mentioned too in *Livy*, and as a new kind of death. Speaking of *Turnus*, he says,

—*Novo genere laibi, dejectus ad caput aque Fœrentinæ, cruce superna injecta, faxisque congestis, mergatur*— Lib. i. Cap. li.

—he was condemned to a new kind of death: for he was thrown in at the head of the spring *Fœrentinum*, and a hurdle being laid upon him, and stones heaped upon it, he was drowned.

V. 100. —*with your forked tongue.*] *M. Linters* observes that the *Carthaginians* were called *bilinguis*, *double-tongued*, because they spoke two languages, that of the *Tyrians*, and that of the *Africans*,

368 THE CARTHAGINIAN.

AGO. Forbear ill language, *Milphio*, curb your tongue,

If wise, henceforth you will forbear reproaches,
Or you shall smart severely—I'll not suffer you
Thus to abuse my countryman—Remember
That I myself to *Carthage* owe my birth— 105

HAN. My countryman, all hail!—

AGO. All hail again

I cordially return, whoe'er you are:
If I in ought can serve you, speak, command me,
And take my service for the sake of *Carthage*—

HAN. With my best thanks your kindness I receive. 110

I think, I have a friend to entertain me—
I'm seeking now for *Agorastocles*,
Antidamas's son—Direct me to him,
If he be known to you—Are you acquainted
With such a youth as *Agorastocles*? 115

AGO. Son by adoption to *Antidamas*,!
Antidamas, whose father was *Damarchus*!
If you enquire for him, the very person
Stands talking with you now—Myself am he.

HAN. Good heaven! What is't I hear?—

AGO. You hear that I'm 120

Antidamas's son—

Africans. In consequence of this they were stiled *crafty*, *deceitful*, *unfaithful*. *Punica fides*, as has been observed before, became a proverb.

Quippe domum timet ambiguam, Tyriosque bilingues.

VIRGIL. *Æneid*. Lib. i. V. 664.

—For much she dreads the ambiguous race,
And double-talking *Tyrians*—

TRAPP.

HAN.

HAN. If this be so,
Compare my hospitable ticket.—Here,
Look at it : I have brought it with me ; see—

AGO. Pray let me see it then—Exactly true !
It tallies well with that I have at home— 125
[looking at it.]

HAN. Most worthy host, all hail ! Your father
formerly—
Once, formerly, your father was my guest—
This hospitable token from *Antidamas*
Did I receive at parting— [showing it.]

AGO. In return,
As he was yours, so you shall be my guest. 130
I bid you doubly welcome, as from *Carthage*
My native place—

HAN. Heaven give you all you wish !
But say ?—By what strange fate, if born at *Carthage*,
Did an *Ætolian* take you for his son ?

AGO. From *Carthage* I was stol'n—*Antidamas* 135
Your former guest, first purchas'd me a slave,
And for his son at length adopted me.

HAN. *Antidamas* was by *Demarchus* too
Adopted.—But no more of him—To you
I must confine my questions—Pray inform me, 140
Remember you your parents' names ?

AGO. The names
Of both I do remember perfectly.

HAN. Repeat them instantly—Perhaps I knew
them.
They might perhaps be also of my kindred—

AGO. My mother's was *Ampfigura*—My father's 145
Jackson—

HAN. O would that they were living now !
AGO. Are they both dead ?

HAN. Both, to my grief unutterable.

Amphigura, your mother, was my kinswoman,
My cousin-german—And your father *Jachon*
My uncle's son—Dying, he left me heir
To his estate—His loss I bear most heavily. 159
But if you be indeed the son of *Jachon*,
On your left hand there is a scar—A monkey
Bit you, a boy, as you was playing with him.
Shew me your open hand, and let me view it. 155

AGO. See then—'Tis there—All hail! my dearest
kinsman.

HAN. All hail! again to *Agorastocles*—
In finding thee, I seem to live anew.

MIL. In troth, it pleases me that things fall out
So happily for both—Shall I advise 160
A word or two?—

HAN. Most willingly—You may.

MIL. The father's fortune then of right is his,
And 'tis but justice that his son should be
His father's heir, and take his whole estate—

HAN. I mean no other—All shall be restor'd—165
I will diminish nothing, when he comes
To *Carthage*—

MIL. Nay, restore it, tho' he should
Continue to live here.

HAN. He shall have mine
Beside, whene'er I die—

MIL. A lucky thought
Just comes across me—

HAN. What is't?—

V. 169. —*whene'er I die*—] The original is, *si quid me fiat*
if any thing happens to me. This is another instance of what was
remarked, in the note on Verse 8, Scene I.

MIL. We shall need 179

Your helping hand.—

HAN. Speak, and explain yourself.
My best assistance you may use most freely.—
What is the business?—

MIL. Could you play a part?

HAN. Yes, on an enemy—To cheat a friend
Were meer absurdity—

MIL. A foe to him, 175
[pointing to AGORASTOCLES.]

He is undoubtedly—

HAN. With all my heart,
I'll do him an ill turn—

MIL. My master, here
Fancies a girl this pandar has in keeping.

HAN. Discretely, sure!—

MIL. This pandar lives hard by.
HAN. Does he?—Most willingly I'll play upon
him. 180

MIL. He has at home two girls; two sisters are
they,

He keeps for traffick---One of these my master
Is desperately in love with---But has never
Once touch'd her---

HAN. An unhappy passion!

MIL. Now

This pandar plays on him---

HAN. To enhance his merchandize. 185

MIL. My master here would cheat him in his
turn.

HAN. He's right, if he can do it---

MIL. This contrivance
Is labouring in my brain---The plan is thus---

372 THE CARTHAGINIAN.

My plot must turn upon you--We shall cite you
To vouch them your two daughters, and both
free--- 190

That they were stolen from *Carthage*, and re-claim
them.

You fully comprehend it?---

HAN. But too well.

Two daughters of my own, were stol'n like them,
When little children, with their nurse.

MIL. Most happily
You make a parallel---We set out finely--- 195

HAN. A parallel more perfect than I wish it.

[*aside, weeping.*]

MIL. [*aside.*] Alas!--In troth, we've got a subtle
mortal, [to AGORASTOCLES.]

A wily, cunning, tricking, artful knave:

See how he whimpers!--Every gesture shews

An able actor---Why, he tops e'en me, 200

The very architect of fraud---

HAN. Their nurse---

Explain to me her person---

MIL. Not o'er tall.

Dusky her hue.

HAN. Ay, ay, the very same,

No doubt---

MIL. Her form agreeable---

Her mouth is small, her eyes as black as jet. 205

HAN. Her very form you have describ'd exactly.

MIL. Choose you to see her?---

HAN. I would rather choose

To see my daughters---But go thou and call her.--

V. 201. *Dusky her hue*—] *Aquilas*, neither black nor white,
of the colour of water, from *aqua*.

If

ACT V. SCENE III. 379

If they're indeed my daughters, she their nurse,
She'll know me instantly—

MIL. Within!—Who's there? 2 10
Tell *Giddeneme* to come forth directly—
Here's one has business of importance with her--

SCENE III.

Enter GIDDENEME, and BOY.

GID. Who is it knocks?

MIL. A very near acquaintance.

GID. What is your business?

MIL. Hark you, *Giddeneme*,
Is that same long-sleev'd man there your acquaintance?

GID. Who is't I see? O *Jupiter* supreme!
Why 'tis my very master, and the father 5
Of my two mistresses—*Hanno* 'tis of *Carthage*.

MIL. Look again, gipsy--This same *Punic* juggler
Is at his art most excellent—In troth
He carries all before him—

GID. O, my master,
All hail!—All hail to *Hanno*—to myself, 10
And to thy daughters much unhop'd for, welcome.
Nay, wonder not, nor gaze so fix'd upon me.
Know you not *Giddeneme*, your poor slave?

HAN. I know thee well—But where are my two
daughters?
That is my first concern—

GID. In *Venus*' temple. 15

HAN. What do they there?—Inform me—

GID. 'Tis the feast
Of *Venus*: and they're gone to pray the goddess

374 THE CARTHAGINIAN.

To be propitious to them—

MIL. Yes, indeed!

• Their prayers have well succeeded, now he's come!

AGO. What then, are these his daughters?

GID. Certainly. 20

Your kindness at this time most critical,
Hath sav'd us all—This day—This very day
Their names were to be chang'd, to the vile purpose
Of common prostitution:—both devoted
For hire, as slaves, to that abandon'd trade. 25

Boy. Shall not I bid him welcome?

GID. Child, remember

*They are at Venus' festival; as yet
The time's not proper—Hold your peace at present,
And keep the Captain ignorant of this.*

AGO. Tell me what 'tis they say to one another. 30

[to MILPHIO.]

V. 23. *Their names were to be chang'd—*] The commentators tell us that women who intended to gain a livelihood by prostitution, and to follow the trade of courtezans, were registered by the *Ædiles*, and changed their names: And when they quitted that course of life, and became honest women, they resumed the name of their family: The name they went by during the time of their living in a course of debauchery, was wrote over the door of their chamber, and with it, the price of their favours. *Juvenal*, speaking of *Messalina*, tells us, that she assumed the name of *Lycisca*.

Titulum iussit Lyciscæ—

Sat. vi. V. 123.

Lycisca was a noted courtezan, and mentioned as such by *Martial*, Lib. iv. Ep. xvii. For this too *Gronovius* tells us we have the authority of *Seneca*—

Meretrix vocata es; superpositus cellæ tuæ titulus—

You are called a courtezan; your name is wrote over your chamber-door,

MIL.

ACT V. SCENE III. 375

MIL. The boy salutes his mother; she, her son.

HAN. Peace! let alone the female conversation.

AGO. What female conversation?

HAN. Why, loud talk,
Without all meaning, and beyond all measure.

Do thou [to MILPHIO.] then take these home along
with thee; 35

And take the nurse too—

AGO. Strictly you obey him.

MIL. But who then will be here to find his
daughters?

AGO. Myself shall do that office most exactly.

MIL. I go then—

AGO. Go—Don't tell me so, but go
This moment—Let a supper be got ready, 40
For my dear kinsman—

MIL. Herbs may serve your turn.
[to HANNO'S slaves.]

I shall [aside.] take care to set you to the mill,
Then to the water-wheel; where each shall wear
A trusty clog, when tardy, at his heels.
Ye shall have slender cause to praise your keeping. 45

AGO. But, kinsman, let me speak—And you must
grant me—

What I now ask, you—Promise me in marriage
Your eldest daughter—

HAN. Granted, willingly.

AGO. Indeed! And do you promise? 50

HAN. From my heart.

AGO. Again, hail, kinsman! Now you're mine,
indeed! 50

Now shall I visit her at last with freedom!

V. 41. Herbs may serve your turn.] The original is, *lachanam*
from the Greek *λαχανον*.

And, kinsman, would you see your daughter, follow me.

HAN. I will—I from my soul have wish'd it long.

AGO. What if we meet them, as we pass?

HAN. I fear

Lest we should pass them—*Jupiter* supreme! 55

At last restore my hopes, and make me happy.

AGO. I hope my charmer will be mine for ever.

But look! I see them coming.

HAN. These my daughters!

How wonderfully grown!—

AGO. Nay, wonder not—

They're *Grecian* columns, tall and elegant. 60

MIL. I fancy, what to-day I said in joke,

May turn out quite the truth, a serious matter,

That these two girls are certainly his daughters.

AGO. By heaven 'tis past all doubt—*Milphio*, do you

Take home your guests—Ours we shall wait for here. 65

[*Exit MILPHIO.*]

V. 60. *They're Grecian columns—*] This compliment paid to *Greece* is founded on the elegance and taste of the works of art in that country. Every one is acquainted with the different orders of columns the most esteemed among the *Grecians* and *Romans*; they were the *Ionic*, the *Doric*, the *Attic*, and the *Corinthian*. The columns made according to these orders, were of marble, or of stone, and were raised upon a pedestal of the same materials, which made them appear higher. And it is to this the allusion is here made. LUMIERS.

V. 65. — *Ours we shall wait for here.*] From the beginning of this Act to this Verse, translated by the learned editor of *Rhazes de Variolis et Morbillis*.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

*Enter ADELPHASIUM and ANTERASTILIS,
from the temple of VENUS.*

ANT. Whoever hath a taste for elegance,
And visited the goddess' shrine to-day,
To feast his eyes, found it well worth his pains.
By *Castor's* temple, I was charm'd myself
To see how elegant the offerings were ;
Worthy the queen of elegance herself !
Who could despise the honours of her day,
Where such variety of beauties met,
Each plac'd with art and nice propriety ?
Odours of myrrh, and all *Arabia's* sweets,
Breath'd round. Thy fane and festival, O goddess,
Shone equal ; such a croud of votaries
To *Caledonian Venus* bow'd. For us,
Our influence prevail'd, aton'd with ease,
For we were fair : nor were we, like the rest,
The may-game of the youth.

ADEL. I'd rather, sister,
Others should find it so, than you be left
To praise yourself.

ANT. Sister, I wish so too.

ADEL. And I.—Since well I know the difference
Between ourselves and others.—Born as we are,
Shame should preserve us pure, and free from vice.

HAN. Great *Jove* ! who dost preserve and guard
mankind,

By whom we live and breathe this vital air,
On whom depends the hope of human life,
Make this day prosperous to my affairs.

THE CARTHAGINIAN.

Grant liberty to those, whom I, for years
Have mourn'd, and from their native country lost
Ev'n in their infancy; that I may know
For unremitting piety, there is
A due reward—

AGO. Great Jove, I will engage 30
Shall grant your wish—He stands in awe of me.

HAN. Forbear, forbear such impious discourse.

AGO. Uncle, weep not—

ANT. Sister, how pleasant 'tis
To bear away the palm of victory!

Our beauty clearly won the prize to-day. 35

ADEL. You're not so wise as I could wish, my sister.
Why sure, because you have 'scap'd ridicule,
You do not therefore think yourself a beauty.

AGO. Uncle, my uncle of all uncles uncle.—

V. 31. —*He stands in awe of me.*] We see no reason why *Plautus* makes *Agorastobolus* guilty of this impious speech. For he by no means appears to be a bad character. *Hannu* reproves him gently for it, by saying, *Face quiesce, Morda, tuam tongue, I beg you.* We have heightened the reproof a little in the translation.

V. 37. —*you have 'scap'd ridicule.*] The original is, *non est oblitum est fulgure*; literally, *your face is not daub'd with soot.* The young fellows who went to the temple of *Venus*, in order to see the women pass by, used sometimes to divert themselves, at the expence of those who were not over handsome, by daubing their faces with some filth they carried about them. And as the decision was often owing more to caprice than judgement, those who escaped, often owed it more to good fortune than to their beauty. And it is to this *Adelphastum* alludes.

LIMIERS from DÔUZA.

V. 39. *Uncle, my uncle of all uncles uncle.*] The original is, *O patruè, O patruè mi patruissimè.* This singular way of writing, too common in *Plautus*, we have endeavour'd to imitate in the best manner we could:

HAN.

ACT V. SCENE IV. 379

HAN. Kinsman, my son, what would you have? 40

AGO. Attend

Upon this business.

HAN. I'm about it.

AGO. Uncle,

My best, my dearest uncle—

HAN. What's the matter?

AGO. How pretty, elegant, and wise she is?

HAN. She has her father's disposition then

In that—

AGO. In what?—The wisdom she deriv'd 45
From you, she has worn out long since—To me
And to my love, she owes her wisdom now.

ADEL. Sister, such is our birth, tho' now we're
slaves,

We can't consistent with our character,
Do any thing would bring us in contempt. 50
Women have many faults; and of the many,
This is the chief; delighted with themselves,
Too great a zeal they have to please the men.

ANT. Excess of joy, the omèn for our sacrifice!
And what the soothsayer has foretold of both. 55

AGO. I hope he prophesied no less of me.

ANT. That in few days, in spite of our old master,
We should regain our liberty—And yet,
Unless our parents and the gods assist,
I know no room for hope.

AGO. 'Twas trust in me 60
That made the soothsayer promise them their liberty,
Because I lov'd this girl.

V. 61. —*the soothsayer*—] This is a severe reflection upon the *aruspices* or *soothsayers*, but agreeable to a character, who had a little before made so free with *Jupiter*. See note on V. 31.

ADEL.

ADEL. Follow this way.

[to ANTERASTILIS.]

ANT. I follow.

HAN. If convenient, stop a moment.

ADEL. Who calls us back?

AGO. One who desires to serve you. 65

ADEL. There's need enough of that--But who is he?

AGO. Your friend—

ADEL. And so is every one, who is not
My foe—

AGO. He's a good man, my love.

ADEL. I'd rather
Have such a man my friend, than one who's bad.

AGO. If you'd engage in friendship, none so fit
To be your friend.

ADEL. I do not now propose it. 70

AGO. He longs to do you many services.

ADEL. He proves his worth, by serving those
who're good.

HAN. I'll give you joy.

ADEL. And pleasure to yourself.

HAN. And liberty to you—

ADEL. At such a price
You purchase us for ever for your own— 75

AGO. If I were *Jove*, I'd marry this dear girl,
And turn old *Juno* out of doors—How fitly,

V. 63. —*stop a moment.*] *Plautus*, who in general follows the theatrick rules better than most writers of Comedy, seems here to have forgot the rules of nature. For it is unnatural to suppose, a parent who had been so long in search of his daughters, should be so near them, as to see them, and hear them talk, and not immediately fly into their embraces. And when he does speak to them, he teizes and torments them a long time, and for no other reason, than to divert the spectators.

How

How decent, how confid'rately she talk'd!
And with what modesty she fram'd her speech!
She must, she shall be mine.

HAN. How artfully 80

[to AGORASTOCLES.]

I play'd my part?

AGO. Yes, handsomely, by *Hercules*!
Cleverly too—

HAN. Return then to the charge

AGO. Proceed, be short—The pit I see is thirsty—

HAN. Why loiter we? Let us complete our
business.

I summon you before the magistrate. 85

AGO. Then seize them, uncle—

HAN. Seize them then yourself,
If you are wise—

AGO. And do you bid me seize
This fair one?

HAN. Hold her fast.

ADEL. And is this man
Truly your uncle, *Agorastocles*?

V. 83. —*The pit, I see, is thirsty*—] The original is, *sitiant qui sedent*. We are aware that that part of the spectators who were in the pit always stood. But as that was the place allotted for the common people, and as they were more like to be tired with the Play, and want to go to their cups, than the more respectable spectators, we have ventured to render it in that manner. *Sedent* may not mean *fit*, strictly, but, *are placed*.

V. 86. *Seize them then yourself*—] The original is, *Nunc tene, patre, Seize them then, uncle*. To which Hanno answers, *tu, si frugi es, seize them then yourself, if you have any spirit*. There is an equivocal here, which depends on the word *teneo*, which is sometimes used in a roguish sense. We are aware that many editions read *legisse libellos*; but as the other reading is to be found, it is sufficient for our purpose.

AGO. I'll make you know that presently—I'll be 90
Sweetly reveng'd on you—I swear by *Pollux*!
That you shall be my bride.—

HAN. Come, come away
Before the magistrate; nor wast the time.

ANT. Be you a witness for me, and lead on.

AGO. I'll witness for you—Her I will embrace 95
And love that—so I would have said,—but I
Have spoke my wishes.

HAN. Still, you loiter here.
I summon you again—You would not sure
Be drag'd by force.

ADEL. Why summon us? Are we
In debt to you?

AGO. Ask him that question. 100

ADEL. Does
My own cur bark at me?

V. 94. *Be you a witness for me.*] The original is, *Ego te attestabor*. When a person was summoned before the Prætor (which summons was generally in these words, *ip jure voco*) he had a right to call on any by-stander to be a witness of what passed. And the phrase made use of was, *anteflare me*; and then the person summoned, touched the witness's ear, to signify he should not forget it.

V. 96. *—that—*] *Illud, that*—alludes to what he would have witnessed—*her I will embrace and love*, seems to have slip'd from him contrary to his intention. This is endeavoured to be shewn by the breaks in the translation.

V. 101. — *My own cur bark at me?*] This we have translated literally; *me meæ canes latrant*; a proverbial expression, by which *Adelphastum* means, *Do those from whom I ought to hope assistance and support, set themselves against me?* It is usual for dogs to fawn upon their masters, and to bark at strangers.

AGO.

ACT V. SCENE IV. 183

AGO. Yet, pat me but
A little, feed me with a kiss or two,
You'll make your cur as gentle as a lamb.

HAN. Come on, unless you would be carried—

ADEL. How
Have we offended you?

HAN. You're thieves—

ADEL. We thieves? 105

HAN. Both thieves—

AGO. I know it to be true.

ADEL. What robbery
Is this?

AGO. Ask him there.

HAN. You've for many years
Conceal'd my daughters : women of distinction,
Free, and of highest birth—

ADEL. You'll never prove us
Guilty of such a villainy—

AGO. I'll bet 110
A kiss, you've said what's false, I care not whether
I win or lose—

ADEL. I have no business with you—
Be gone—

AGO. Ay, but by *Hercules* ! you have—
He is my uncle ; I'm in duty bound
To be his advocate ; and I'll inform him 115
How many thefts you're guilty of ; and how

V. 102. —*feed me with a kiss or two,*] The translation here is a little varied from the original.

V. 103. —*as gentle as a lamb.*] The original is, *oile tranquilliorem, smoother than oil*. But it would not sound well in *English*, to say of a dog, you would make him smoother or more quiet than oil ; we have therefore varied the phrase.

You

384 THE CARTHAGINIAN.

You keep for slaves his daughters, whom you know
Free-born, and from their native country stolen.

ADEL. Where, or who are they, pray ?

AGO. They're teiz'd enough.

[to HANNO.]

HAN. Shall I discover——— ?

AGO. Now's the time, good uncle. 120

ADEL. Sister, I dread this matter—how 'twill end—
I am so funk and spiritless.

HAN. Attend,

Both of you, hear.—And first, I could have wish'd
The gods, if possible, had spar'd your innocence.
For what their gracious wills have done for me, 125
For you, and for your nurse, we ought to give them

V. 120. *Shall I discover—*] See note on V. 63.

V. 126. —*for your nurse—*] The original is *matri*. But it does not appear that *Hanno* had any wife living; therefore we conclude, in this place *Giddeneme* is the person meant. *Plautus* again uses *mater* for *nurse*.

*Ita formâ simili, pueri, ut mater sua
Non internoſſe poſſet quæ mammam dabat.
Neque adeo mater ipſa, quæ illos peperat.*

Menæcbmi Prologus, V. 19.

So like in form and feature, that the mother
Could not diſtinguiſh them, who gave them ſuck,
Nor the true mother who had brought them forth—

Which plainly diſtinguiſhes the *wet-nurse* from the *mother*,
though both are called *mater*.

Other authors alſo uſe *mater* for *nurſe*.

*Fecerat et viridi factam Mavortis in antro
Procubiſſe lupam : geminos huic ubera circum
Ludere pendentes pueros, et lambere matrem
Impavidos : illam ſereti cervice reflexam
Mulcere alternos, et corpora lingere linguâ.*

VIRGIL. *Æn.* Lib. viii. V. 630.

Here

Eternal thanks, for that they have been pleas'd
To honour and approve our piety—

You are my daughters—*Agorastocles*

Is your relation, my own brother's son. 130

ADEL. Good heavens! do they mislead us with
false hopes?

AGO. So may the gods protect me! as 'tis sure
He is your father—Come, give him your hands—

ADEL. Our father, our unhop'd for father, hail!
Indulge us in one dear embrace.

HAN. My daughters, 135
My dearest, my long wish'd-for children, Oh!—

ANT. My father! we are both of us your daughters,
Let both of us embrace you.

AGO. Who shall after
Embrace poor me?

HAN. Now I indeed am happy.
Whole years of misery are now repaid 140
With joy!

ADEL. We scarce can think it credible.

HAN. 'Twill be more credible, when I inform you,
Your nurse did at first sight acknowledge me.

ADEL. Where, I beseech you, is she?

HAN. At his house.

[*pointing to AGORASTOCLES.*]

AGO. Why do you hang upon his neck so long? 145
Before he has promis'd you in marriage to me.

Here in a verdant cave's embow'ring shade
The fost'ring wolf and martial twins were laid;
The indulgent mother, half reclin'd along,
While at her dugs the sportive infants hung,
Look'd fondly back, and form'd them with her tongue. }

PITT.

ADEL. I've done—

AGO. Hail! mine that is to be!

[*kissing and embracing her.*]

ADEL. Pray spare

Your compliment.

AGO. And hail too, *Anterastilis*!

ANT. Forbear, you teize me.

HAN. Let's now arm in arm

Unite, and henceforth form the band of friendship.

150

Who are on earth more happy?

AGO. Worth finds here

Her due reward!—He has reach'd at length his wishes!

O *Zeuxis*! O *Apelles*! why are you

Now number'd with the dead? when here's a subject
Of your great pencils worthy, far above

155

The touch of meaner hands—

HAN. To you, ye gods,

What thanks, what gratitude I justly owe,

Who thus have fill'd my heart with joy and gladness,
And brought my daughters to my widow'd arms!

ADEL. The just reward of fatherly affection! 160

AGO. Now uncle, call to mind your former promise,

That gave your eldest daughter to my vows.

HAN. I've not forgot it.

AGO. Nor forget her fortune.

V. 153. O *Zeuxis*, O *Apelles*!—] *Zeuxis* and *Apelles* were two famous painters who flourished in the time of *Alexander* the Great. The reader will find an account of them in *Pliny's Natural History*, B. xxxv. C. 9.

V. 158. —*with joy and gladness,*] The original is, *letitia tanta et tantis gaudiis*.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter ANTHEMONIDES.

ANTHE. If I am not reveng'd, and smartly too,
For that same mina, which I gave the rascal,
May I a common may-game be; the scoff
Of fools—The beast has brought me here to dine;
And he is gone abroad himself; while I
Am left, forsooth, his knaveship's hall-keeper—
Neither the Pandar, nor the girls return'd;
And not a scrap to eat—'Stead of my dinner,
I laid my hands on this, and so march'd out.

V. 6. —*his knaveship's hall-keeper*—] The original is, *atriensis adibus*. Slaves so called were looked upon as above the rank of common slaves. They attended at the entrance of the house, in the rooms where their masters eat, and where they made their libations. *Servius* in a note on a passage in *Virgil, Æneid*, Lib. ix. V. 648. gives the same account of them, and refers to *Plautus* in his *Afinaria*, Act II. Scene I. V. 16. where it is mentioned; and in many other places.

V. 8. —*'stead of my dinner*—] *Pro minore parte prandii*. There are many various readings of this passage. This is the reading of *Camerarius*, and is followed by most of the common editions. Some of the older ones read, *pro majore parte prandii*. And *Aldus* reads, *quicquid datur, promere &c.* What may be the exact meaning is difficult to say. *Gueudeville* says it means the least part of his dinner, Because, says he, the Pandar had invited the Captain to dinner, and was not to be found at home, the man of war, forced to go without his meal, took along with him something from the Pandar's house, (perhaps any eatable he could meet with) in order to regale himself.

388 THE CARTHAGINIAN.

I'll pay him—It shall be in soldier's coin. 10

[drawing his sword.]

He thinks he has found his man, whom he may cheat.

Would I could meet now, while my choler's up,

This mistress, I'd so baste her with my fists,

I'd make a mulberry of her; she should look

Blacker than any *Ethiop*, or the knaves 15

Who carry buckets at the publick games.

[Here both the daughters run to their father.]

ADEL. O hold me fast, dear Sir, I dread that kite—

[seeing ANTHEMONIDES.]

It is a ravenous bird—lest he should seize

Your chick.

ANT. I cannot hold you fast enough,
My father—

ANTHE. But I loiter here: with this 20

I might have bought a dinner—Hey! what's this!

What's this I see? How! What!—a duplicate!

A strange conjunction—Who's this fellow here,

With his long skirts so like a tavern boy?

Do I see clear? Can that be *Anterastilis*, 25

My flame?—'Tis she, as sure as I'm alive.

I've for some time perceiv'd she flighted me.

But is she not asham'd, i'th' publick street

V. 10. *—it shall be in soldier's coin.*] The original is, *ens militari terigero leunculum*. There is an equivoque in the word *ere*, which signifies either *money* or a *sword*; because both were made of metal. The commentators suppose *Anthemonides* draws his sword when he speaks this.

V. 16. *Who carry buckets—*] These were sun-burnt slaves, who carried *certina's*, vessels filled with water to sprinkle the horses; or, perhaps, as we do at our races, to wash their mouths, and refresh them when they are heated with running.

GRONOVIVS.

To

To embrace a tawny moor? I'll send this rascal
Strait to the gallows—These long skirted fellows
Are mighty women's-men. But I'll accost her, 30.
This negro-loving hussy!—Holla! You—
Woman, to you I speak—Ar't not ashamed?
What business, fellow, hast thou with that woman?

HAN. Youth, save you—

ANTH. I will not be sav'd—What is't
To you? How dare you touch this girl?

HAN. It lik'd me. 35

ANTHE. It lik'd you?—

HAN. Yes, it lik'd me.

ANTHE. Strap, go hang thee.
Dar'ft thou turn lover, thou! thou hop o' my thumb!

V. 36. *Strap*—] The original is *ligula*; which has many significations, but is here used as a word of contempt, said of any thing that is thin, slim and slender.

V. 37. *—thou hops' my thumb!*] The original is, *ballex viri*; which signifies, some commentators say, the *great toe of a man*: others have taken it for *balet, a berring*. Here follow several opprobrious names, which *Anthemonides* bestows on *Hanno*, most of them alluding to the littleness of his person. It is probable this Play had its name from this passage, and is therefore called not *Pænus, The Carthaginian*, but *Pænulus, The Little Carthaginian*. No reason appears why *Hanno* should be a little man. Possibly the part might be wrote for an actor who was so. Tho' *Plautus* uses diminutives where he cannot well mean them in that sense, as *Afuaris, Mofellaria, Aulularia, &c.* The meaning of some of these names is very difficult to be understood, especially as they are different in different editions. Two of them are omitted, because we could not fix any determinate meaning to them, viz. *Sarrapis sementium* and *Halpagoras*, or *Ἁλς ἀγροῦς*. As to the former, we are told that the god *Serapis* was represented as little and deformed; and that he was particularly worshipped by those who had sowed corn. Yet some read *Serapis semicinetium*, and others *Arra pisa ementium*. *Halpagoras* is

390 THE CARTHAGINIAN.

Dar'st thou pretend to be a man, thou eel-skin,
Thou leathern bucket, frowzy vest; thou stinkest
Of leeks and garlick, worse than *Roman* rowers. 40

Ago. Ho! younker!—Do your cheeks or should-
ers itch,

That you affront this man: and do you want
A drubbing?

ANTHE. Why dost not accompany
Thy railing with a drum? for thou'rt a priest
Of *Cybele*, I think; and not a man. 45

Ago. I'll make you know how I'm a priest—
Come out,

My slaves, and bring the cudgels—

ANTHE. Do not take
In earnest, what I only said in jest.

explained to mean an heap of salt; and *Lambin* says, as salted things have a disagreeable smell, so have heaps of salt. If they have, it must be a kind of salt we are unacquainted with.

We think it not improbable that the reader is beforehand with us, in calling to mind a passage in *Shakspeare*, so very similar to this, that one would be almost tempted to think he took the hint from it, and professedly imitated it. It is in the First Part of *King Henry the Fourth*, Act II. Scene IX. The reader may not be displeased, if we transcribe it.

P. HENRY. "I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine coward, this bed-preffer, this horse-back breaker, this huge hill of flesh.

FALSTAFF. "Away you starveling, you elf-skin, you dry'd neats-tongue, bull's-pizzle, you stock-fish. O for breath to utter what is like thee!—you taylor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck——"

V. 44. —*with a drum*—] The priests of *Cybele* were eunuchs, and always had a drum with them.

ANT. How can you, *Anthemonides*, delight
To abuse my father and my cousin thus?
This is our father—But this very now
He found us out; and this, his brother's son.

[*meaning AGORASTOCLES.*]

ANTHE. May *Jupiter* so love me, as I'm glad.
It is a lucky chance; it cheers my heart.
I'm glad of any ruin to this pandar;
And that your fortune's equal to your virtues.

ANT. Troth, what he says is probable, my father—
Believe him—

HAN. Well, I do—

AGO. And so do I.—

Look, see the pandar *Lycus*! the good man!
Look, look! I see him—He is coming home. 60

HAN. Who is this man?

AGO. Or *Lycus*, or the pandar:
Which e'er you please—Your daughters were his
slaves;

And he's the rascal that has stolen my gold.

HAN. A precious fellow you're acquainted with!

AGO. Drag him before the Prætor.

HAN. By no means. 65

AGO. Why so?

HAN. Because I'd better bring my action.

SCENE VI.

Enter LYCUS.

No one, in my opinion, is deceiv'd,
 Who fairly lays his case before his friends.
 All mine, and even to a man, advise
 That I should rather hang myself, than be
 Decreed a slave to *Agorastocles*. 5

AGO. Pandar, we'll to the magistrate.

LYC. I beg you,
 Do, prithee, give me leave to hang myself—

[to AGORASTOCLES.]

HAN. Pandar, I summon you before the Prætor.

LYC. What business have you with me?

HAN. Business, say you?

Why, I affirm my daughters were born free, 10
 Women of rank; and with their nurse were stolen,
 When children—

LYC. That I knew some time ago;
 And wonder'd much, that none e'er came to claim
 them.

They certainly are none of mine.

ANTHE. And, Pandar,
 I also summon you—

LYC. I owe a dinner— 15
 Well, you shall have it—

AGO. I must be paid double
 Of what you've stolen—

V. 15. *I owe a dinner—*] See *The Apparition*, Act IV. Sc. III.
 V. 14. Vol. III. of this translation,

ACT V. SCENE VI. 393

LYC. Take it then from hence—

[*pointing to his neck.*]

HAN. What pains and penalties to me you owe!

LYC. Take what you please—

ANTHE. And take for me a mina.

LYC. Take it from hence: [*meaning his neck.*] one hanging pays you all. 20

AGO. Do you object to my demand?

LYC. I do not.

AGO. Then, in, my girls—And, uncle, don't forget That you betrothe—

HAN. I mean no less.

ANTHE. Farewell.

AGO. Adieu!

ANTHE. I take this pawn here for my mina.
[*laying bold on LYCUS.*]

LYC. Oh! I'm undone—

AGO. Ay, so indeed you will be, 25
When you appear in court.

LYC. To save that trouble,
I here acknowledge, I'm your slave—No need

V. 20. —*one hanging pays you all.*] There is a passage so very like this in FIELDING's *Miser*, Act V. Scene IV. that one would be almost tempted to think he had his eye on this passage.

“ I have not bound my heirs and executors; and so, if I hang myself I am off the bargain.”

V. 21. *Do you object to my demand?—I do not.*] The original is, *Nunquid recusas contra me?—advorsum quidem.* Salmasius would have us read, *Nunquid recusas contra—Ne advorsum quidem:* and says it is a play on the words *contra* and *advorsum*. If so, it may be translated,

AGO. Would you ought contrary to my demand?

LYC. Nothing indeed against it.

394 THE CARTHAGINIAN.

To go before the Prætor—But I beg you,
Let me but pay the simple sum—I think
I can scrape up three hundred Philippæans; 30
And on the morrow I'll proclaim an auction.

AGO. With all my heart—so you remain with me
In wooden hold.

LYC. Content.

AGO. Let's in, then, uncle,
And celebrate this feast with jollity,
For our success, and for the Pandar's ruin. 35

To the SPECTATORS.

A long farewell, for we have been long winded.
The cloud of ills at length has broke upon
The Pandar's head—Nothing is wanting now,
But seasoning to our Comedy; which, if
You have been pleas'd, you'll give, with your ap-
plause. 40

[*Exeunt.*]

V. 29. —*pay the simple sum*— The original is, *simpulum solvere*.
The punishment for theft was formerly, paying double the value
of the thing stolen. So *Agorastocles* says, V. 16.

——— I must be paid double
Of what you've stolen——

But he is here contented with the promise *Lycus* makes of repay-
ing him just what he had taken. This is what is meant by *simpulum*
solvers. LIMIERS.

V. 39. —*seasoning to our Comedy*—

The *seasoning* of a Play is the applause.

BEN JONSON, *The Fox*, Act V. Sc. XII. *Volpone*.

* * This, the fifth and last Act, opens with the arrival of *Hanno* the *Carthaginian*; who in a short soliloquy in his own country language, the *Punic*, begs the assistance of the gods in finding out his nephew and his daughters. His nephew *Agorastocles*, he knew lived at *Chalydon*, where he was now arrived; but in what part of that city, he knew not; nor did he even know his person. In this perplexity, he sees two persons advancing towards him, who turn out to be *Agorastocles* himself, followed by his servant *Milphio*; him he immediately accosts, not in the least suspecting he was the very person he was in search of. In this, which is the second Scene, the discovery is in part made; and is by the author as agreeably managed as it is interesting. *Milphio* pretends to understand the *Punic* language; and offers to explain to his master what the stranger [*Hanno*] shall say, who still speaks in that language. But as *Milphio's* knowledge of it is only pretence, for he really understands but little of the matter, *Plautus* makes him continually running into ridiculous mistakes, merely by alluding to *Latin* words of the same sound. On this, *Hanno*, who finds out they were laughing at him, and who also spoke *Latin*, gives them in that language, to understand the business he came about. On this, he soon acknowledges *Agorastocles* as his nephew. He is then given to understand that there were in the neighbourhood two young women, who were detained as slaves, though they were really free. These he has scarce a doubt would turn out to be his daughters; and therefore asks to see their nurse, who he was told had brought them up. This nurse [*Giddineme*] makes her appearance in the third Scene, and immediately acknowledges her old master *Hanno*. This occasions great joy on all sides. In the fourth Scene, *Hanno* discovers *Adelphasum* and *Anterastilis* to be his daughters. And now *Agorastocles* has nothing else to wish for, but to be married to his cousin *Adelphasum*, whom, without knowing her to be so, he had long been in love with; and to which *Hanno* gives his consent. It is to be remembered, that *Lycus* the *Pandar* had promised to sell *Anterastilis* to *Anthemonides* the *Captain*; and that he had been imposed upon. In the fifth Scene, he makes his appearance, in order to have satisfaction. But being told that the young woman was found out to be free, and that her father was present, he turns all his resentment against the *Pandar*, who makes his appearance in the sixth and last Scene; when all parties unite in insisting upon having satisfaction for the injury done by him to the

396 THE CARTHAGINIAN.

the two young women; and it is only by throwing himself upon the mercy of *Agrastotes*, that he escapes being carried before the Prætor,

Many of the ancient editions, that of *Aldus* in particular, and some of the more modern ones, as that of *Paræus* and the *Vari-orum*, here add another Scene. But as the commentators in general agree that it is supposititious, and not written by *Plautus*, as the Comedy is properly concluded without it, and as it has no great merit in itself, we have not translated it.

N O T E S

Relating to the PUNIC, in this ACT.

SCENE I.

The first ten lines are expressed by M. BOGHART in *Hebrew* and *Roman* characters, in his *Phaleg*. in Fol. *Lugdun.* 1707, col. 721, to which the reader is desired to refer. The little portion of *Punic*, in the following Scenes, are expressed in *Italic* letters, that the reader may not be too much disgusted at the sight of so many *Hebrew* characters, in a work of this nature.

It will be necessary to premise, that the *Hebrew* aspirate

1. *Hbeth* or *Gbeth*, *ch* [ח] which answers nearly to the Greek *χ*, is thus distinguished *ḥ*.

2. The *Teth* [ט] by *t*.

3. The *Tzadi* [צ] by *z*.

4. The *Sbin* [ש] by *f*.

5. The *Ain* [א] by *ā*.

The characters to represent the four first letters were invented by the late learned Bishop HARE; the last letter, *Ain*, he constantly printed in his *Psalter* in the proper *Hebrew* character. It seems however, that *ā*, the character here invariably substituted for it, may sufficiently distinguish it from the *Alph* [א].

SCENE II.

The first *Punic* word which occurs is in

Page 364, Line 44. *ḥavvob*. Save you. All hail,

The next in Line 45. *ḥanno Methymbali mibḥadri ānak*.

Hanno the son of *Methymbal*, from *Carthage*.

That

THE CARTHAGINIAN. 399

That *Carthage* was called *šadri ānak* (the seat or residence of the *Anakims*) see BOCHART's *Phaleg*. Col. 347.

Page 364, Line 48. *šawwu, šalwete*, hail to both.

Line 49. *Doni*, for *Adonai*, my masters.

Line 53. *Mab bar boccab*.

Oh! what a son of tears!

Page 365, Line 59. *Rufen našu lifcom*.

Literally, There are no physicians by you.

Našu seems to be the *Arabic*

ليسكم *lifcom*, لیسکم

L. 64, 65. *mephare šu - maboa la Cinn na*.

Literally, Open. I beg an entrance to *Saturn*.

L. 67, 68. *lac lešonneni meluni našub*.

The messenger, &c.

L. 73, 74. *išim āruinim - peluni regaā*.

Us strangers here, &c.

Literally, Us unarmed, naked men.

Deliba. Vid. CASTELL. *Lexic. in*

voce דקד.

L. 82, 83. *mippenihem zecurijm*.

'Tis in your deities, &c.

Page 367, Line 88. *āani Baāl, baāl jamain vaarzjin*.

עני בעל בעל שמואים וארצין

It is to be observed here, that the letter *ain* [*ā*] was sometimes sounded, as here, like *G*. A very remarkable instance of this is in the word *āmorab*, in which the sound of *ā* in the Septuagint is expressed by *G*, *Gomorrab*, as well as in the New Testament; and which sound of it is adopted by our *English* translators. See *Genesis*, cap. xix. v. 28. and *Epist. of Jude*, v. 7.

'Tis well known, that in the *Arabic* alphabet, the *ain* is represented as two letters; one, without a point over it, is the *Hebrew* *Ain*; the other with a point over it, is called *Gain*, [or *g*] and this contrivance seems to have been used originally, to fix the proper sound of each, which before was ambiguous. This letter, *ā* with a point over it, [غامورا] appears in the *Arabic* New Testament of *Erpenius*, in the fore-cited passage of the *Epistle of Jude*, and likewise in the *Arabic* New Testament printed in *London*, at the expence of the Societies for propagating the Gospel in foreign parts.

SCENE III.

Page 374, Line 26. BOY. *bin den ašallo harvob.*
Shall I not, &c.

Line 26. GID. *bini šellin moštinen.*

27—29. *Ma apbši äeth: anof tudum etb
älam na kisšinum.*

Page 375, Line 41. MIL. *lachanam vos.*

This seems to be *λαχων*, not
Punic, but *Greek*.

MR. PETIT has expressed in *Hebrew* characters all the *Punic* which is found in these Scenes. His translation may be seen in his *Miscellanies*, and in the *Delphin* edition of *Plautus*: how well he has succeeded, must be left to proper judges to determine. The translation offered here differs widely from his; particularly in the speech of *Hanno*, page 367, line 89.

Baal was the common name of the gods of the *Canaanites* or *Phœnicians*. Provoked at the insolence of *Milphio*, *Hanno* addresses himself to *Baal*, as lord of heaven and earth, to hear, assist, and answer him. The learned need not be informed, that *baäl* signifies also husband, lord, master. A very striking instance of both we have in *Hosea*, cap. ii. v. 16. *Tikrai ajši, velo tikrai äed baäli*, v. 17. *Vabafrothi etb šemoth habbaäalim mippiba*, &c. "Thou shalt call me (*ajši*) my husband, and shalt call me no more my lord, my *bäal* (*baäli*) v. 17. For I will remove the name of (*baälim*) lords or idols from her mouth, &c." And therefore though *baäl*, as well as *ajšb*, signified a husband, yet as *baäl* was the general name given to false gods, the word was no longer to be used, but another of the same import substituted for it. Here *baäl* is by *Hanno* called, *great lord of heaven and earth*, to denote his supremacy over all the other *Baäls* (*baäalim*) or inferior deities; as *Jupiter* was the supreme god of the *Greeks* and *Romans*. The word occurs twice in this single line; the first signifies the name of the idol deity, the second, lord.

In the third Scene, line 26—29, the speeches of the *Boy* and *Giddeneme* are divided somewhat differently from the usual manner. *Bini šellin moštinan*, (Child remember, they are at *Venus'* festival) are in all the editions put into the speech of the *boy*: but if this translation be received, they must necessarily be spoken by *Giddeneme*.

Line 41. *λαχανον vos*, spoken by *Milphio* apart, and unheard by *Agorastocles* or *Hanno*, may probably enough be *Greek*, and spoken by him in that language, upon a presumption the slaves would not understand it if they heard it. For surely he would never have ventured to tell them in their own language, and in sight of their master, and his own, that he intended to treat them with severity and ill-nature.

For the meaning of the word *kisfinum*, Captain, line 29, see CASTELL. *Lexicon*, col. 3308.

Upon the whole, every translation must of necessity be conjectural, where the original itself is undetermined. Suppose (which is nearly a parallel case) one of our *Saxon* ancestors, unacquainted with *French*, had written down the sound of as many short speeches he had heard uttered in that language, as there are of *Punic* in these Scenes. Suppose too, that this writing of his had been copied from age to age, by persons as much unacquainted with *French*, as the copiers of *Plautus* were with the *Punic* language; let any one judge of the consequence.—If the interpretation offered here is judged to suit better with the parts in which it is interwoven, than others which have been given formerly, it may probably be true. If not, critics are requested to produce a better: and till they do, they have a fair field in this trifling attempt, to display, as they may be disposed, either their candor, or ill-nature.

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